

Stood and puffed your chest out

Fill in the gaps

Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the care by the cracker factory	Like you'd never (6) a war
You were practicing a magic trick	Although I (7) so not to suffer
And my (1) got rude	The indignity of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no cracks to (8) or gaps to claw
On the (2) of your pick and mix	And (9) pastimes consisted of the strange
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And twisted and deranged
That I haven't been called cold before	And I hate that little game
As you bit into (3) strawberry lace	You had called "Crying lightning"
And then offered me your attention	And how you liked to aggravate
In the form of a gobstopper	The icky man on rainy afternoons
It's all you had left and it was going to waste	Uninviting
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	But not half as impossible
And twisted and deranged	As everyone assumes you are
And I love that little game	"Crying lightning"
You had called "Crying lightning"	Your pastimes consisted of the strange
And how you liked to aggravate	Twisted and deranged
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	And I hate that little game you had called
The next (4) that I caught my own reflection	Crying lightning
It was on its way to meet you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You never looked like yourself	Crying lightning
From the side but your profile	Your pastimes, (10) of the strange
Could not hide the fact	And twisted and deranged
You knew I was approaching your throne	And I hate that little game
With folded (5) you occupied	You had called "Crying"
The bench like a toothache	



1. thoughts

- 2. last
- 3. your
- 4. time
- 5. arms
- 6. lost
- 7. tried
- 8. grasp
- 9. your
- 10. consisted

Fill in the gaps