

## Fill in the gaps

| All the pretty girls on a Saturday night              | Will you break and take all the words from my mouth? |
|---|--|
| So I call your name, cross my fingers                 | I wish all the pretty girls were shaking me down     |
| Uncross the others, hesitate                          | But not you  |
| Oh) I don't think straight                            | You still wear boots and your hair is too long       |
| Nith nothing to prove                                 | And then this one                                    |
| don't (1) say I'm leaving                             | Doesn't want to admit she's fallen in love           |
| Il stay until the weekend                             | (Oh) c'mon (oh) c'mon what's a boy to do             |
| ou can take all your things                           | When all the pretty girls can't measure to you?      |
| The boxes and rings                                   | I don't understand your reasons                      |
| And get going   | Please just stay over the weekend                    |
| Cause I've been waiting for                           | You can't take all those things                      |
| All the pretty girls on a Saturday night              | They define you and me                               |
| Let it be, and come to me with the look in (2) eyes   | Everything we've become                              |
| Nill you break and take all the worlds from my mouth? | You're all that I need                               |
| wish all the pretty girls                             | Please don't make me face my generation alone        |
| Vere shaking me down, so I call                       | All the pretty girls on a Saturday night             |
| (3) you out   | Let it be, and come with me                          |
| lust to feel a little better about myself             | With the look in your eyes                           |
| He does) I do (you do)                                | Will you break and take all the (7) from my          |
| Baby I do, I do, I do                                 | mouth?   |
| Fill their lips start to move                         | I wish all the pretty (8) were                       |
| And (4) friends wanna talk music                      | (9) me down  |
| say "I've never heard the tune"                       | But not you  |
| But I have, I just hate the band                      | I feel your faith is destroying the world            |
| Cause they (5) me of you                              | And then this one never really understood            |
| Every single night ends up the same                   | The 80s is over and done                             |
| don't say much at all, but I bring up your name       | (Oh) c'mon, what's a boy to do                       |
| Over and over and over)                               | When all the pretty girls can't measure to you?      |
| (6) it's striking me out                              | All the pretty girls on a Saturday night             |
| All the pretty girls on a Saturday night              | All the pretty girls on a Saturday night             |
| Let it be, and come with me                           | All the pretty girls on a Saturday night             |
| Nith the look in your eyes                            | All the (10) girls on a Saturday night               |
|   |  |



- 1. wanna
- 2. your
- 3. call
- 4. their
- 5. remind
- 6. think
- 7. words
- 8. girls
- 9. shaking
- 10. pretty

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