

The blinds here are so sharp and they cut

The light from a primitive sun

You know I really wanted her

Society thinks so highly of

This hotel I vomited on

Before I lost the sight of her

My man, he quietly closes the door

Now the pharaoh has woken

My hands, I feel like I've been (1)\_\_\_\_\_ befor

She has (2)\_\_\_\_\_ spoken

Anyway

There's no reason to get hurt

You don't need to sell your shirt

To do the Devil's work

You've finally found your place

You know it always was...

You know it always was...

I saw someone who looked like you on

The (3)\_\_\_\_\_ at Bondi Station

## Fill in the gaps

| But (4) a younger era                      |
|--|
| The lights in the bell house were still on |
| We all (5) somebody to love                |
| Be we clothed or naked                     |
| My man, he quietly closes the door         |
| Now the pharaoh has woken                  |
| My hands, I feel (6) I've been here before |
| She has already spoken                     |
| Anyway                                     |
| There's no reason to get hurt              |
| You don't (7) to (8) your shirt            |
| To do the Devil's work                     |
| You've finally found (9) place             |
| You know it always was                     |
| You know it always was                     |
| You've finally found your place            |
|  |



## 1. here

- 2. already
- 3. platform
- 4. from
- 5. need
- 6. like
- 7. need
- 8. sell
- 9. your

## Fill in the gaps

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