

Fill in the gaps

| You'll take my (1) but I'll (2) yours too |
|--|
| You'll fire your musket but I'll run you through |
| So when you're waiting for the next attack |
| You'd better stand there's no turning back. |
| The bugle sounds and the charge begins |
| But on this battlefield no one wins |
| The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath |
| As I plunge on into certain death. |
| The horse he sweats with fear we break to run |
| The mighty roar of the Russian guns |
| And as we race towards the human wall |
| The screams of pain as my comrades fall |
| We (3) bodies (4) lay on the ground |
| And the Russians fire another round |
| We get so (5) yet so far away |
| We were (6) to (7) another day. |
| We get so close near enough to fight |
| When a Russian gets me in his sights |
| He pulls the (8) and I feel the blow |
| A burst of rounds take my horse below. |
| And as I lay there gazing at the sky |
| My body's numb and my throat is dry |
| And as I lay forgotten and alone |
| Without a tear I (9) my parting groan |



1. life

- 2. take
- 3. hurdle
- 4. that
- 5. near
- 6. meant
- 7. fight
- 8. trigger
- 9. draw

Fill in the gaps