

## Fill in the gaps

| eah, I am a man, man, man, man                      | It's the colours you have                         |
|---|---|
| Up, up in the air                                   | No need to be sad                                 |
| And I run around, around, around this town, town    | It really ain't that bad                          |
| And act like I don't care                           | It's the colours you have                         |
| So when you see me flying by the planet's moon      | No need to be sad                                 |
| You don't need to explain if everything's changed   | It (5) ain't (6) bad                              |
| Just know I'm just like you                         | It's the colours you have                         |
| So I pull the switch                                | No need to be sad                                 |
| The switch, the switch inside my head               | You've still got your hands                       |
| And I see black, black, green and brown             | So I am a man, man, man                           |
| Brown, brown, brown and blue, yellow, violets, red  | Up, up in the air                                 |
| And suddenly a light appears inside my brain        | And I float around, around, around (7) town, town |
| And I think of my ways                              | And know I shouldn't care                         |
| I think of my days and know that I have changed     | So when you see us there                          |
| It's the colours you have                           | There out in the open road                        |
| No need to be sad                                   | You don't need to explain                         |
| It really ain't (1) bad                             | If everything's changed                           |
| It's the colours you have                           | Just (8) that you don't know                      |
| No need to be sad                                   | We call it life                                   |
| You've still got your hands                         | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                   |
| So mistress, mistress have you been up to the roof? | When we can't call it at all                      |
| He shot himself, self                               | We call it life                                   |
| There's blood on the wall                           | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                   |
| (2) he couldn't face the truth                      | When you can't call it at all                     |
| Oh, knock that down                                 | Yeah, We call it oh                               |
| (3) the ground and find some space                  | That's (9) we (10) it                             |
| And tell (4) friends, friends                       | We do it for love, sweet love                     |
| You'll be back again, again                         |   |
| Before it's too late                                |   |



- 1. that
- 2. Because
- 3. Leave
- 4. your
- 5. really
- 6. that
- 7. this
- 8. know
- 9. what
- 10. call

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