

## Fill in the gaps

| If my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds | We could even play                        |
|---|---|
| Then it could (1) my ears               | For the whole account                     |
| And make friction heat                  | And keep the grins in check               |
| Lips could even crack                   | And (6) the singing louda                 |
| Until it all runs coarse                | We will be fine                           |
| Or we could let it out                  | But I get into it                         |
| And let it run its course               | We will be fine                           |
| We can stand outside                    | But I get into it                         |
| With a silver frame                     | We (7) be fine                            |
| Until the clouds come by                | But I get into it                         |
| And then they feel them in              | But I get into it                         |
| We could even play                      | But I get again                           |
| For the whole account                   | But I get again                           |
| And keep the grins in check             | But I get again                           |
| And keep the singing loud               | When my thoughts                          |
| We (2) be fine                          | When my thoughts                          |
| But I get (3) it                        | They run fast                             |
| We will be fine                         | When my thoughts                          |
| But I get into it                       | When my thoughts                          |
| We will be fine                         | they run fast                             |
| But I get into it                       | I can see the waves rising all (8) us     |
| but I get into it                       | But we are locked in our (9) of houses    |
| If my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds | And we coming out all around us           |
| Then it could skin my ears              | And we can't seem to get distance         |
| And make friction heat                  | All the waves they are                    |
| Lips could even crack                   | Tumbling away                             |
| Until it all runs coarse                | And we can't see the stormy weather       |
| Or we could let it out                  | When the waves are crashing all around us |
| And let it run its course               | Our (10) are landlocked                   |
| We can stand outside                    | and we finished                           |
| With a silver frame                     |   |
| (4) the clouds (5) by                   |   |
| And then they feel them in              |   |



- 1. skin
- 2. will
- 3. into
- 4. Until
- 5. come
- 6. keep
- 7. will
- 8. around
- 9. rows
- 10. houses

## Fill in the gaps

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