

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. hefty
- 2. friction
- 3. Until
- 4. With
- 5. them
- 6. rising
- 7. coming
- 8. around
- 9. waves
- 10. around

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