## SUB inglés

## Fill in the gaps

## The trouble with girls by Scotty McCreery

| The trouble with (1) is they re a mystery         | And they bat those eyes                        |
|---|--|
| Something about them (2) me                       | They steal you with "hello"                    |
| Spent my whole life trying to figure out          | They kill you with "good bye"                  |
| Just what them girls are all about                | They hook you with one touch                   |
| The trouble with girls                            | And you can't break free                       |
| Is they're so dang pretty                         | Yeah, the trouble with girls                   |
| Everything about them does something to me        | Is nobody (7) trouble as much as me            |
| But I guess that's the way it's suppose to be     | The way they hold you out on the dance floor   |
| They smile, that smile                            | The way they ride in the middle of your truck  |
| They bat those eyes                               | The way they give you a kiss at the front door |
| They (3) you with "hello"                         | But if you're wishing you could've gone up     |
| They kill you with "good bye"                     | And (8) as you walk away                       |
| They hook you (4) one touch                       | You hear that sweet voice say: "stay"          |
| And you can't break free                          | They smile, that smile                         |
| Yeah, the trouble with girls                      | And they bat those eyes                        |
| Is nobody (5) trouble as much as me               | They (9) you with "hello"                      |
| They're sugar and spice and angel wings           | They kill you with "good bye"                  |
| And hell on heels and tight blue jeans            | They're the perfect drug                       |
| A summer night, down by the lake                  | And I can't break free                         |
| An old memory that you can't shake                | Yeah, the trouble with girls                   |
| They're hard to find, yet there's so many of them | Is nobody loves trouble as (10) as me          |
| The way that you hate, that you already (6) them  |  |
| But I guess that's the way it's suppose to be     |  |
| They smile, that smile                            |  |



- 1. girls
- 2. puzzles
- 3. steal
- 4. with
- 5. loves
- 6. love
- 7. loves
- 8. just
- 9. steal
- 10. much

## Fill in the gaps

https://www.subingles.com