Fill in the gaps



I was in the winter of my life- and the men I met along the road
were my only summer.
At night I (1) sleep with vision of myself dancing
and laughing and crying with them.
Three year down the (2) of being on an endless
world tour and my memories of them were the only things that
sustained me,
and my only real (3) times. I was a singer, not
very popular one, who once has dreams of becoming a
beautiful poet-
but upon an (4) series of events
saw those dreams dashed and divided like million stars in the
night sky that I wished on over and over again-
sparkling and broken.
But I (5) didn't mind because I knew
(6) it takes getting (7)
you ever wanted and then losing it to know what true freedom
is.
When the people I used to know found out what I had been
doing, how I had been living- (8)(9)
me why.
But there's no use in talking to (10) who have
a home, they (11) no idea (12) its like to
seek safety in other people,
for home to be wherever you lied you head. I was always an
unusual girl, my mother (13) me that I had a
(14) soul.
No moral compass pointing me due north, no fixed
personality. Just an inner indecisiveness that was as wide as
wavering as the ocean.
And if I said that I did't plan for it to turn out this way I'd be
lying- because I was born to be the other woman.
I belonged to no one- who belonged to everyone, who had
nothing-
who wanted everything with a (15) for every
experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to
the point that I couldn't even talk about-
<u>'</u>
and pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzles and dizzied me.
l've (16) out on that open road
·
You can be my full time, daddy
White and gold
Singing (17) has been getting old
You can be my full time, baby
Hot or cold
Don't break me down
I've been travellin' too long



With one pretty song

I hear the birds on the summer breeze,

I drive fast

I am alone in the night

Been tryin' hard not to get into trouble, but I

I've got a war in my mind

So, I just ride

Just ride, I just ride, I just ride

Dying young and playing hard

That's the way my father (18)_____ his life an art

Fill in the gaps

Drink all day and we talk 'til dark
That's the way the road doves do it, ride 'til it's dark
Don't leave me now
Don't say good bye
Don't (19) around
Leave me high and dry
I hear the birds on the summer breeze,
I drive fast
I am alone in the night
Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I
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I've got a war in my mind
I just ride
Just ride, I just ride
I'm tired of feeling like I'm f-ck-n crazy
I'm tired of driving 'till I see (20) in my eyes
I look up to hear (21) saying,
Baby, too (22) I strive, I just ride
I hear the birds on the summer breeze,
I drive fast
I am alone in the night
Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I
I've got a war in my mind
I just ride
Just ride, I (23) ride, I just ride
Every night I used to pray that I'd find my people- and finally I
did- on the (24) road.
We have nothing to lose, nothing to gain, nothing we desired
any more -
except to make our lives into a work of art. LIVE FAST. DIE
YOUNG. BE WILD. AND HAVE FUN.
I believe in the country America used to be. I believe in the
person I want to become,
I believe in the freedom of the open road. And my motto is the
same as ever-
*I (25) in the kindness of strangers. And
when I'm at war (26) myself- I Ride. I Just Ride.*
Who are you? Are you in (27) all
your (29) fantasies? Have you created a
life for yourself where you're free to experience them? I Have.
I Am Fucking Crazy. But I Am Free.

SUB inglés

- 1. fell
- 2. line
- 3. happy
- 4. unfortunate
- 5. really
- 6. that
- 7. everything
- 8. they
- 9. asked
- 10. people
- 11. have
- 12. what
- 13. told
- 14. chameleon
- 15. fire
- 16. been
- 17. blues
- 18. made
- 19. turn
- 20. stars
- 21. myself
- 22. much
- 23. just
- 24. open
- 25. believe
- 26. with
- 27. touch
- 28. with
- 29. darkest

Fill in the gaps

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