Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory You were (1)_ a magic trick And my thoughts got rude As you talked and chewed On the last of your pick and mix So, you're mistaken if you're thinking That I haven't been called cold before As you bit into your strawberry lace And (2)_____ offered me your attention In the form of a gobstopper It's all you had left and it was going to waste Your pastimes (3)_____ of the strange And twisted and deranged And I love that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And how you liked to aggravate The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The (4)_____ time that I caught my own reflection It was on its way to meet you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never looked like yourself From the side but your profile Could not hide the fact You knew I was approaching your throne With folded arms you occupied

The bench (5)_____ a toothache Stood and puffed your chest out

Like you'd (6) lost a war
Although I tried so not to suffer
The indignity of a reaction
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw
And your pastimes consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game
You had called "Crying lightning"
And how you liked to aggravate
The icky man on rainy afternoons
Uninviting
But not half as impossible
As (7) you are
"Crying lightning"
Your pastimes (9) of the strange
Twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I (10) that little game
You had called "Crying"



- 1. practicing
- 2. then
- 3. consisted
- 4. next
- 5. like
- 6. never
- 7. everyone
- 8. assumes
- 9. consisted
- 10. hate

Fill in the gaps