Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory	Like you'd never lost a war
You were practicing a magic trick	Although I tried so not to suffer
And my thoughts got rude	The indignity of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw
On the last of your (1) and mix	And your pastimes consisted of the strange
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And (7) and deranged
That I haven't been called cold before	And I hate that (8) game
As you bit into your strawberry lace	You had called "Crying lightning"
And (2) offered me your attention	And how you liked to aggravate
In the form of a gobstopper	The icky man on rainy afternoons
It's all you had left and it was going to waste	Uninviting
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	But not half as impossible
And twisted and deranged	As everyone assumes you are
And I love that little game	"Crying lightning"
You had called "Crying lightning"	Your pastimes (9) of the strange
And how you (3) to aggravate	Twisted and deranged
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	And I hate that little game you had called
The next time that I (4) my own reflection	Crying lightning
It was on its way to (5) you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You never looked like yourself	Crying lightning
From the side but your profile	Your pastimes, (10) of the strange
Could not hide the fact	And twisted and deranged
You knew I was (6) your throne	And I hate that little game
With folded arms you occupied	You had called "Crying"
The bench like a toothache	

Stood and puffed your chest out



- 1. pick
- 2. then
- 3. liked
- 4. caught
- 5. meet
- 6. approaching
- 7. twisted
- 8. little
- 9. consisted
- 10. consisted

Fill in the gaps