

Fill in the gaps

| This town is colder now, I think it's (1) of us | Something (4) my (5) out |
|--|---|
| It's time to make our move, I'm shakin' off the rust | And I'm standing down |
| I've got my heart set on anywhere but here | Stop and stare |
| I'm staring down myself, (2) up the years | I think I'm moving but I go nowhere |
| Steady hands, just take the wheel | Yeah I know that (6) gets scared |
| Every glance is killing me | But I've (7) what I can't be, oh |
| Time to make one last appeal for the life I lead | Stop and stare |
| Stop and stare | You start to wonder why you're here not there |
| I think I'm moving but I go nowhere | And you'd give anything to get what's fair |
| Yeah I know that (3) gets scared | But fair ain't (8) you really need |
| But I've become what I can't be, oh | Oh, you don't need |
| Stop and stare | |
| You start to wonder why you're 'here' not there | (What you need, what you need) |
| And you'd give anything to get what's fair | Stop and stare |
| But fair ain't what you really need | I think I'm moving but I go nowhere |
| Oh, can you see what I see? | Yeah I know that everyone gets scared |
| They're tryin' to come back, all my senses push | I've become what I can't be |
| Untie the weight bags, I never thought I could | Oh, do you see (9) I see |
| Steady feet, don't fail me now | |
| I'm gonna run till you can't walk | |



- 1. sick
- 2. counting
- 3. everyone
- 4. pulls
- 5. focus
- 6. everyone
- 7. become
- 8. what
- 9. what

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