

## Fill in the gaps

| Shakedown 1979                                  |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| Cool kids never have the time                   |  |  |
| On a live wire right up off the street          |  |  |
| You and I should meet                           |  |  |
| Junebug skipping like a stone                   |  |  |
| With the headlights pointed at the dawn         |  |  |
| We were sure we'd never see an end to it all    |  |  |
| And I (1) even care to (2)                      |  |  |
| these zipper blues                              |  |  |
| And we don't know                               |  |  |
| Just where our bones will rest to dust, I guess |  |  |
| Forgotten and absorbed into the earth below     |  |  |
| Double cross the vacant and the bored           |  |  |
| They're not sure just what we have in the store |  |  |
| Morphine city slippin dues down to see          |  |  |
| We don't even care as restless as we are        |  |  |
| We feel the pull in the $(3)$ of a              |  |  |
| (4) guilts                                      |  |  |
| And poured cement, lamented and assured         |  |  |

| To the lights and towns below                      |                            |  |
|--|----------------------------|--|
| Faster than the speed of sound                     |                            |  |
| Faster than we thought we'd go                     |                            |  |
| Beneath the (5)                                    | of hope                    |  |
| Justine never knew the rules                       |                            |  |
| Hung down with the freaks and the ghouls           |                            |  |
| No (6)   | _ ever need be made        |  |
| know you (7)                                       | _ than you fake it, to see |  |
| And we don't even care to shake these zipper blues |                            |  |
| And we don't know                                  |                            |  |
| Just where our bones will rest to dust, I guess    |                            |  |
| Forgotten and absorbed into the earth below        |                            |  |
| The (8) heat                                       | s the urgency of sound     |  |
| As you can see there's no one around               |                            |  |
|  |                            |  |



- 1. don't
- 2. shake
- 3. land
- 4. thousand
- 5. sound
- 6. apologies
- 7. better
- 8. street

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