

I dance around this empty house Tear us down Throw you out Screaming down the halls Spinning all around and now we fall Pictures framing up the past Your taunting smirk behind the glass This (1)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ full of ash Once a tickle Now a rash This used to be a funhouse But now it's full of evil clowns It's time to start the countdown I'm gonna burn it down, down, down I'm gonna (2)\_\_\_\_\_ it down Nine, eight, seven Six, five, four, three, two, one, fun Echoes knocking on locked doors All the laughter from before I'd rather live out on the street Than in this haunted memory I've called the movers Called the maids We'll try to exorcise this place \_\_\_\_ to the yard Drag my (3)\_ Crumble tumble This used to be a funhouse But now it's full of evil clowns

It's (4)\_\_\_\_\_ to start the countdown

## Fill in the gaps



## 1. museum

- 2. burn
- 3. mattress
- 4. time
- 5. gonna
- 6. gonna
- 7. change
- 8. break
- 9. evil
- 10. time

## Fill in the gaps