Brothers In Arms by Dire Straits

Fill in the gaps

These mist covered mountains
Are a (1) now for me
But my home is the lowlands
And (2) will be
Some day you'll (3) to
Your valleys and your farms
And you'll no longer burn
To be brothers in arms
Through these fields of destruction
Baptism of fire
I've witnessed (4) suffering
As the battles raged higher
And though they did (5) me so bad
In the fear and alarm
You did not (6) me
My brothers in arms
There's so (7) different worlds
So (8) different suns
And we have (9) one world
But we live in different ones
Dat we are an americal cried
Now the sun's gone to hell and
Now the sun's gone to hell and
Now the sun's gone to hell and The moon's riding high
Now the sun's gone to hell and The moon's riding high Let me bid you farewell
Now the sun's gone to hell and The moon's riding high Let me bid you farewell Every man has to die

On our brothers in arms



- 1. home
- 2. always
- 3. return
- 4. your
- 5. hurt
- 6. desert
- 7. many
- 8. many
- 9. just

Fill in the gaps