## Global concepts by Robert DeLong

## Fill in the gaps

| I think it burns my sense of truth         |
|--------------------------------------------|
| To hear me (1) at my youth                 |
| I need a way to sort it out                |
| After I die, I'll reawake                  |
| Redefine what was at stake                 |
| From the hindsight of a god                |
| I'll see the people (2) I use              |
| See the substance I abuse                  |
| The ugly places that I lived               |
| Did I (3) money? Was I proud?              |
| Did I play my songs too loud?              |
| Did I leave my life to chance              |
| Or did I make you fu***g dance?            |
| Symmetry exists only in our mind           |
| Our brain is (4) squares                   |
| So I woke up with (5) defined              |
| But the (6) still linger there, in my head |
| I'll see the people that I use             |
| See the substance I abuse                  |
| The ugly places (7) I lived                |
| Did I make money? Was I proud?             |
| Did I play my songs too loud?              |

| Did I leave my life to chance            |         |  |
|------------------------------------------|---------|--|
| Or did I make you fu***ng dance?         |         |  |
| Global concepts uncommon the world round |         |  |
| But we share a (8)                       | frame   |  |
| That if you can hear reacts to every     | y sound |  |
| But no two people move the same          |         |  |
| I think it burns my sense of truth       |         |  |
| To hear me shouting at my youth          |         |  |
| I need a way to sort it out              |         |  |
| After I die, I'll re-awake               |         |  |
| Redefine what was at stake               |         |  |
| From the hindsight of a god              |         |  |
| I'll see the people that I use           |         |  |
| See the substance I abuse                |         |  |
| The ugly places that I lived             |         |  |
| Did I make money? Was I proud?           |         |  |
| Did I play my (9) too                    | loud?   |  |
| Did I leave my life to chance            |         |  |
| Or did I make you fu***ng dance?         |         |  |



- 1. shouting
- 2. that
- 3. make
- 4. shaping
- 5. entropy
- 6. forms
- 7. that
- 8. mortal
- 9. songs

## Fill in the gaps