Bad Blood by Bastille

Fill in the gaps

| We were young and drinking in the park |
|---------------------------------------------------------|
| There was nowhere (1) to go |
| And you said you always had my back |
| Oh but how were we to know |
| That these are the days that bind you together, forever |
| And these little things define you forever, forever |
| All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry? |
| It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie? |
| If we're only ever looking back |
| We will drive (2) insane |
| As the (3) goes resentment grows |
| We will (4) our different ways |
| But those are the (5) bind us together, forever |
| And (7) little (8) define us forever, forever |
| All this bad (9) here, won't you let it dry? |
| It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie? |
| And I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore |
| I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore |
| I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore |
| I don't wanna hear you (10) about it anymore |
| All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry? |
| It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie? |



- 1. else
- 2. ourselves
- 3. friendship
- 4. walk
- 5. days
- 6. that
- 7. those
- 8. things
- 9. blood
- 10. talk

Fill in the gaps