Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory You were (1)_ a magic trick And my thoughts got rude As you talked and chewed On the last of your pick and mix So, you're mistaken if you're thinking That I haven't been called cold before As you bit into your (2)_ lace And then offered me your attention In the form of a gobstopper It's all you had left and it was going to waste Your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I love that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And how you liked to aggravate The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next time that I caught my own reflection It was on its way to meet you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never (3)_____ ___ (4)____ yourself From the side but your profile Could not hide the fact You knew I was (5)____ You had called "Crying"... With folded arms you occupied The bench like a toothache

Stood and puffed your chest out

Like you'd never lost a war Although I tried so not to suffer The indignity of a reaction There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw And your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate (7) little game You had called "Crying lightning" And how you (8)_____ to aggravate The icky man on rainy afternoons Uninviting But not half as impossible As everyone assumes you are "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange Twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you had called Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate that (9)___



- 1. practicing
- 2. strawberry
- 3. looked
- 4. like
- 5. approaching
- 6. your
- 7. that
- 8. liked
- 9. little

Fill in the gaps

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