# Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

### Fill in the gaps

Like you'd never (5)

#### Outside the cafe by the cracker factory You were practicing a magic trick And my (1)\_\_ 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 strawberry 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ "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 looked like yourself From the side but your profile Could not hide the fact You knew I was approaching your throne

\_\_\_\_\_ arms you occupied

The bench like a toothache

Stood and puffed your (4)\_\_\_\_\_ out

Like you'd never (5)	a war
Although I tried so not to suffer	
The indignity of a reaction	
There was no (6)	_ 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 liked to aggravate	
The icky man on (8)	_ 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	
Your pastimes, consisted of the	strange
And twisted and deranged	
And I hate that little game	
You had called "Crying"	



## 1. thoughts

- 2. called
- 3. folded
- 4. chest
- 5. lost
- 6. cracks
- 7. that
- 8. rainy

# Fill in the gaps

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