

She called it sweet revenge

Fill in the gaps

	Shatter every window
Ory (1) cracks (2) the	'Til it's all blown away
skies	Every brick, every board
Those storm clouds gather in her eyes	Every slamming door, blown away
Her daddy was mean old mister	'Til there's nothing left standing
Mamma was an angel in the ground	Nothing left of yesterday
The weatherman called for a twister	Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away
She prayed blow it down	Blown away
There's not enough rain in Oklahoma	There's not enough rain in Oklahoma
To wash the sins out of that house	To (8) the sins out of that house
There's not (3) (4) in Oklahoma	There's not (9) wind in Oklahoma
Γo rip the nails out of the past	To rip the nails out of the past
Shatter every window	Shatter every window
Til it's all blown away	'Til it's all blown away
Every brick, every board	Every brick, every board
Every slamming door, blown away	Every slamming door, blown away
Til there's nothing left standing	'Til there's nothing left standing
Nothing left of yesterday	Nothing left of yesterday
Every tear-soaked whiskey memory (5) away	Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away
Blown away	Blown away
Blown away	Blown away
She heard those (6) screaming out	Blown away
Her daddy laid there passed out on the couch	Blown away
She (7) herself in the cellar	Blown away
Listened to the screaming of the wind	
Some people called it taking shelter	



- 1. lightning
- 2. across
- 3. enough
- 4. wind
- 5. blown
- 6. sirens
- 7. locked
- 8. wash
- 9. enough

Fill in the gaps