

Fill in the gaps

| Well and I'm sitting alone |
|--|
| With my (1) out of tune |
| And it's a loving (3) in june |
| And I try to (4) a song |
| With a happy (5) melody |
| Like I (6) tried so many times before |
| But I can't really tell you, what is wrong |
| But all that comes out is (7) sad song |
| Maybe it's because I slept to |
| And nobody called me on my phone |
| Maybe I (8) hit town, (9) some fun |
| Do small-talk and drink, 'til the (10) sun |
| Maybe I should buy a brand new dress |
| Or learn a useful game (11) chess |
| Another (12) night turns to day |
| With (13) of mine, (15) gray |
| No I can't really (16) you |
| Just (17) is wrong, my dear |
| But still what comes out is |

Another sad song



- 1. guitar
- 2. slightly
- 3. night
- 4. write
- 5. summer
- 6. have
- 7. another
- 8. should
- 9. have
- 10. morning
- 11. like
- 12. lonely
- 13. another
- 14. hair
- 15. turning
- 16. tell
- 17. what

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