

And I'm on my way...

Fill in the gaps

Written In The Stars by Tinie Tempah & Eric Turner

| (On) | | *** | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| Written in the stars | | (Yeah), I needed a change | | | | | | | | |
| A (1) | miles away | When we ate we (5) took because we | | | | | | | | |
| A message to the main (oh) Seasons come and go | | (6) a change | | | | | | | | |
| Seasons come and go | | I needed a break | | | | | | | | |
| But I will never change | | For a sec I even gave up believing and praying | | | | | | | | |
| And I'm on my way | | I even done the legal stuff and was leaded astray | | | | | | | | |
| Let's go yeah! | | Now money is the root to the evilist ways | | | | | | | | |
| You're listening n | ow | But have you ever been so hungry that it keeps you awake | | | | | | | | |
| They say they ain | 't heard nothing like this in a while | Mate, now my hunger would leave (7) amazed | | | | | | | | |
| That's why they p | olay my song on so many different dials | Great, it feels like a long time coming, fam | | | | | | | | |
| Cause I got more hits than a disciplined child When they see me everybody (brrrrrap's, brrrrrraps) Man (2) like a young gun fully black Barrack I (3) tear drops (4) the massive | | Since the day I thought of that cunning plan | | | | | | | | |
| When they see me everybody (brrrrrap's, brrrrrraps) Man (2) like a young gun fully black Barrack I (3) tear drops (4) the massive | | One day I had a dream I tried to chase it | | | | | | | | |
| Man (2) | like a young gun fully black Barrack | But I wasn't going nowhere, running man! | | | | | | | | |
| I (3) | tear drops (4) the massive | I knew that maybe someday I would understand | | | | | | | | |
| attack | | Trying to turn a tenner to a hundred grand | | | | | | | | |
| I only make hits like I work with a racket and bat | | Everyones a kid that no-one (8) about | | | | | | | | |
| Look at my jacket and hat | | You (9) have to keep screaming until they hear you | | | | | | | | |
| So damn berserk | | out | | | | | | | | |
| So down to earth | | (Oh) | | | | | | | | |
| I'm bringing gravi | ty back | Written in the stars | | | | | | | | |
| Adopted by the major I want my family back | | A million miles away | | | | | | | | |
| People work hard just to get all their salary taxed | | A message to the main | | | | | | | | |
| Look I'm just a writer from the ghetto | | (Oh) | | | | | | | | |
| Like Malory black man! | | Seasons come and go | | | | | | | | |
| Where the hells all the sanity at, damn! | | But I will never change | | | | | | | | |
| I used to be the kid that no one cared about | | And I'm on my way | | | | | | | | |
| That's why you have to keep screaming | | | | | | | | | | |
| Til they hear you out | | (Oh) | | | | | | | | |
| (Oh) | | Written in the stars | | | | | | | | |
| Written in the star | rs | A million miles away | | | | | | | | |
| A million miles av | vay | A message to the main | | | | | | | | |
| A message to the main | | (Oh) | | | | | | | | |
| (Oh) | | Seasons (10) and go | | | | | | | | |
| Seasons come and go | | But I will never change | | | | | | | | |
| But I will never change | | And I'm on my way | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |



- 1. million
- 2. I'm
- 3. cried
- 4. over
- 5. never
- 6. needed
- 7. them
- 8. cares
- 9. just
- 10. come

Fill in the gaps

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