## Colours by Grouplove

Before it's too late

## Fill in the gaps

| Yeah, I am a man, man, man                          | It's the colours you have                          |
|---|--|
| Up, up in the air                                   | No (5) to be sad                                   |
| And I run around, around, around, around this town, | It really ain't that bad                           |
| (1)   | It's the colours you have                          |
| And act like I don't care                           | No (6) to be sad                                   |
| So (2) you see me flying by the planet's moon       | It really ain't that bad                           |
| You don't need to explain if everything's changed   | It's the colours you have                          |
| Just know I'm just like you                         | No need to be sad                                  |
| So I pull the switch                                | You've (7) got your hands                          |
| The switch, the switch inside my head               | So I am a man, man, man                            |
| And I see black, black, (3) and brown               | Up, up in the air                                  |
| Brown, brown and blue, yellow, violets, red         | And I float around, around, around this town, town |
| And suddenly a light appears inside my brain        | And know I shouldn't care                          |
| And I think of my ways                              | So when you see us there                           |
| I think of my days and know that I (4) changed      | There out in the open road                         |
| It's the colours you have                           | You don't need to explain                          |
| No need to be sad                                   | If everything's changed                            |
| It really ain't that bad                            | Just know that you don't know                      |
| It's the colours you have                           | We call it life                                    |
| No need to be sad                                   | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                    |
| You've still got your hands                         | When we can't call it at all                       |
| So mistress, mistress have you been up to the roof? | We call it life                                    |
| He shot himself, self                               | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                    |
| There's blood on the wall                           | When you can't call it at all                      |
| Because he couldn't face the truth                  | Yeah, We call it oh                                |
| Oh, knock that down                                 | That's (8) we call it                              |
| Leave the ground and find some space                | We do it for love, (9) love                        |
| And tell your friends, friends                      |  |
| You'll be back again, again                         |  |



- 1. town
- 2. when
- 3. green
- 4. have
- 5. need
- 6. need
- 7. still
- 8. what
- 9. sweet

## Fill in the gaps