Global concepts by Robert DeLong

Fill in the gaps

I think it burns my sense of truth
To hear me shouting at my youth
I need a way to sort it out
After I die, I'll reawake
Redefine what was at stake
From the hindsight of a god
I'll see the people that I use
See the substance I abuse
The ugly (1) that I lived
Did I (2) money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?
Did I leave my life to chance
Or did I make you fu***g dance?
Symmetry exists (3) in our mind
Our brain is shaping squares
So I woke up with entropy defined
But the forms still linger there, in my head
I'll see the people that I use
See the substance I abuse
The ugly places (4) I lived
Did I make money? Was I proud?
Did I play my songs too loud?

Did I leave my life to chance	
Or did I (5) you fu***ng dance?	
Global concepts uncommon the world round	
But we share a mortal frame	
That if you can hear reacts to (6) soun	d
But no two people move the same	
I think it (7) my sense of truth	
To hear me shouting at my youth	
I need a way to sort it out	
After I die, I'll re-awake	
Redefine what was at stake	
From the hindsight of a god	
I'll see the people that I use	
See the substance I abuse	
The ugly places (8) I lived	
Did I make money? Was I proud?	
Did I play my songs too loud?	
Did I (9) my life to chance	
Or did I make you fu***ng dance?	



1. places

- 2. make
- 3. only
- 4. that
- 5. make
- 6. every
- 7. burns
- 8. that
- 9. leave

Fill in the gaps