

Fill in the gaps

'Cause I know that time has numbered my days
And I'll go along with everything you say
But I'll ride home laughing, look at me now
The walls of my town, (1) come crumbling down
And my ears hear the call of my unborn sons
And I know that (2) colour all I've done
But (3) explain it all to the watchman's son
I ain't ever lived a year better spent in love
'Cause I'll know my weakness, know my voice
And I'll believe in grace and choice
And I know perhaps my heart is fast
But I'll be born without a mask
Like the city that nurtured my greed and my pride
I stretch my arms into the sky
I cry Babel! Babel! Look at me now
But the walls of my town
They come crumbling down
You ask where will we stand

In the winds that will howl
As all we see will slip into the cloud
So come down from your mountain
And stand (4) we've been
You know our breath is (5) and our bodies thin
Press my nose up to the glass around your heart
I should've known I was weaker from the start
You'll build your walls
And I will play my bloody part
To tear, tear them down
Well (6) gonna tear, tear (7) down
Cause I know my (8) know my voice
And I'll believe in grace and choice
And I know perhaps my heart is fast
But I'll be born (9) a mask



- 1. they
- 2. choices
- 3. I'll
- 4. where
- 5. weak
- 6. I'm
- 7. them
- 8. weakness
- 9. without

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