

Fill in the gaps

| | | Shatter every window |
|--|-------------------------|---|
| Dry (1) | cracks across the skies | 'Til it's all blown away |
| Those storm (2) | gather in her eyes | Every brick, every board |
| Her daddy was mean old mister | | Every slamming door, blown away |
| Mamma was an angel in the ground | | 'Til there's nothing left standing |
| The weatherman called for a twister | | Nothing left of yesterday |
| She prayed blow it down | | Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away |
| There's not enough rain in Oklahoma | | Blown away |
| To wash the sins out of that house | | There's not enough rain in Oklahoma |
| There's not enough wind in Oklahoma | | To (7) the sins out of that house |
| To rip the (3) | out of the past | There's not (8) (9) in Oklahoma |
| Shatter every window | | To rip the nails out of the past |
| 'Til it's all blown away | | Shatter every window |
| Every brick, every board | | 'Til it's all blown away |
| Every slamming door, blown away | | Every brick, every board |
| 'Til there's nothing (4) standing | | Every slamming door, (10) away |
| Nothing left of yesterday | | 'Til there's nothing left standing |
| Every tear-soaked whisk | ey (5) blown away | Nothing left of yesterday |
| Blown away | | Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away |
| Blown away | | Blown away |
| She (6) those sirens screaming out | | Blown away |
| Her daddy laid there passed out on the couch | | Blown away |
| She locked herself in the cellar | | Blown away |
| Listened to the screaming of the wind | | Blown away |
| Some people called it tak | ring shelter | |
| She called it sweet reven | ge | |



- 1. lightning
- 2. clouds
- 3. nails
- 4. left
- 5. memory
- 6. heard
- 7. wash
- 8. enough
- 9. wind
- 10. blown

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