



Fill in the gaps

Jesus Of Suburbia by Green Day

I'm the son of rage and love
The Jesus of suburbia
From the Bible of
None of the above
On a steady diet of
Soda pop and Ritalin
No one ever died for my sins in hell
As far as I can tell
At least the ones I got away with
And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In the land of make believe
That don't believe in me
Get my (1)_____ fix
Sitting on my crucifix a living room
On my private womb
While the Moms and Brads are away
To fall in love and fall in debt
To alcohol and cigarettes
And mary jane
To (2)_____ me insane
Doing someone else's cocaine
And there's nothing wrong with me
This is how I'm supposed to be
In the land of make believe
That don't believe in me
At the center of the Earth
In the parking lot
Of the 7-11 where I was taught



Fill in the gaps

The motto was just a lie

It says home is (3)_____ your heart is

But what a shame

'Cause everyone's heart

Doesn't beat the same

It's beating out of time

City of the dead

At the end of another lost highway

Signs (4)_____ to nowhere

City of the damned

Lost children with dirty faces today

No one really seems to care

I read the graffiti in the bathroom stall

Like the holy scriptures of a shopping mall

And so it seemed to confess

It didn't say much

But it only confirmed that

The center of the earth

Is the end of the world

And I could really care less

City of the dead

At the end of another lost highway

Signs misleading to nowhere

City of the damned

Lost children with dirty faces today

No one really seems to care

Hey!

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care



Fill in the gaps

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't

I don't care if you don't care

I don't care...

Everyone's so full of shit

Born and raised by hypocrits

Hearts recycled but never saved

From the cradle to the grave

We are the kids of war and peace

From Anaheim to the Middle East

We are the stories and (5)_____ of

The Jesus of Suburbia

Land of make believe

And it don't believe in me

Land of make believe

And I don't believe

And I don't care!

I don't care!

I don't care!

I don't care!

I don't care!

Dearly beloved, are you listening?

I can't remember a word (6)_____ you (7)_____ saying

Are we demented or am I disturbed?



Fill in the gaps

The space that's in between insane and insecure

(Oh) therapy, can you please fill the void?

Am I retarded or am I (8)_____ overjoyed?

Nobody's perfect and I (9)_____ accused

For lack of a (10)_____ word, and that's my best excuse

To live

And not to breathe

Is to die

In tragedy

To run

To run away

To find

What you believe

And I

Leave behind

This hurricane of ***** lies

I lost

My faith to this

This town

That don't exist

So I run

I run away

The light

Of masochist

And I

Leave behind

This hurricane of ***** lies

And I

Walked this line

A million and one ***** times



Fill in the gaps

But not this time

I don't feel any shame

I won't apologize

When there ain't nowhere you can go

Running away from pain

When you've been victimized

Tales from another broken

Home

You're leaving...

You're leaving...

You're leaving...

(Ah!) You're leaving home...



Answer

1. television
2. keep
3. where
4. misleading
5. disciples
6. that
7. were
8. just
9. stand
10. better

Fill in the gaps