

Fill in the gaps

You're too far to bring me close
Too high to see below
Just hangin' on your daily dose
I know you never (1) anyone
(But the rolling papers for your grass)
How can you give what you don't have
You keep on aiming for the top
And quit before you sweat a drop
I feed your empty brain
(With your hydroponic pot)
I bet you'll find someone like you
'Cause there's a foot for every shoe
And now I wish you luck
But I've other things to do
I'll leave again 'cause I've been waiting in vain
You're so in love with yourself
If I say my heart is sore
Sounds (2) a cheap metaphor
I won't repeat it no, no more
Rather eat my (3) (4) a fork
Or drive a cab in New York
'Cause to talk to you is harder work
What's the point of wasting all my words
If it's just the same or even worse
Than reading poems to a horse (ah)

You keep on aiming for the top
And quit (5) you sweat a drop
Feed your empty brain
(With your hydroponic pot)
I bet you'll find (6) like you
'Cause there's a foot for every shoe
I wish you luck but I've other things to do
I'll leave again 'cause I've been waiting in vain
But you're so in love with yourself
If I say my (7) is sore
Sounds like a cheap metaphor
So I won't repeat it no more
I'll leave again 'cause I've been waiting in vain
But you're so in love, so in (8) with yoursel
If I say my heart is sore
Sounds like a cheap metaphor
So I won't repeat it no more
I'll leave again 'cause I've been waiting in vain
But you're so in love, so in love with yourself
If I say my heart is sore
Sounds like a cheap metaphor
So I won't repeat it no more



1. needed

- 2. like
- 3. soup
- 4. with
- 5. before
- 6. someone
- 7. heart
- 8. love

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