

Fill in the gaps

| I don't think that (1) | seat |
|--|------------------------|
| Has ever looked this (2) | to me |
| He tells me about his night | |
| And I count the colors in his eyes | |
| He'll never fall in love, he swears | |
| As he runs his fingers through his hair | |
| I'm laughing 'cause I (3) | he's wrong |
| And I don't think it ever crossed his mind | |
| He tells a joke, I fake a smile | |
| But I know all his favorite songs | |
| And I (4) tell you | |
| His favorite color's green | |
| He loves to argue | |
| Born on the seventeenth | |
| His sister's beautiful | |
| He has his father's eyes | |
| And if you ask if I love him | |
| I'd lie | |
| He looks around the room | |
| Innocently overlooks the truth | |
| Shouldn't a light go on | |
| Doesn't he know that | |
| I've had him (5) | for so long and |
| He sees everything black and white | е |
| Never let nobody see him cry | |
| I don't let (6) see n | ne wishing he was mine |
| I could (7) you his favorite color's green | |
| He loves to argue | |

| Born on the seventeenth |
|------------------------------------|
| His sister's beautiful |
| He has his father's eyes |
| And if you ask me if I (8) him |
| I'd lie |
| He (9) there, then walks away |
| My God, if I could only say |
| "I'm holding every breath for you" |
| He'd never tell you |
| But he can play guitar |
| I think he can see through |
| Everything but my heart |
| First thought when I wake up |
| Is "My God he's beautiful" |
| So I put on my make-up |
| And pray for a miracle |
| Yes, I could tell you |
| His favorite color's green |
| And he loves to argue |
| Oh, and it (10) me |
| His sister's beautiful |
| He has his father's eyes |
| And if you ask me if I love him |
| Don't you ask me if I love him |
| 'Cos I'd lie |
| |



- 1. passenger
- 2. good
- 3. hope
- 4. could
- 5. memorized
- 6. nobody
- 7. tell
- 8. love
- 9. stands
- 10. kills

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