

## Fill in the gaps

| In the suburbs I                                 |              | Sometimes I can't believe it                   |                 |
|--|--------------|--|-----------------|
| I learned to drive                               |              | I'm movin' past the feeling and into the night |                 |
| And you told me we'd never survive               |              | So can you understand?                         |                 |
| Grab your mother's keys we're leavin'            |              | Why I (6) a (7)                                | while I'm still |
| You always seemed so sure                        |              | young  |                 |
| That one day we'd (1) in                         |              | I wanna hold her hand                          |                 |
| In a suburban world                              |              | And show her some beauty                       |                 |
| your part of town gets minor                     |              | Before this damage is done                     |                 |
| So you're standin' on the opposite shore         |              | But if it's too much to ask,                   |                 |
| But by the time the first (2) fell               |              | it's too (8) to ask                            |                 |
| We were already bored                            |              | Then send me a son                             |                 |
| We were already, already bored                   |              | (9) the overpass                               |                 |
| Sometimes I can't believe it                     |              | In the parking lot we're still waiting         |                 |
| I'm movin' past the feeling                      |              | It's already passed                            |                 |
| Sometimes I can't believe it                     |              | So move your feet from hot pavement            |                 |
| I'm movin' past the feeling again                |              | and (10) the grass                             |                 |
| Kids wanna be so hard                            |              | Cause it's already passed                      |                 |
| But in my dreams                                 |              | It's already, already passed!                  |                 |
| we're (3) screamin' and runnin' through the yard |              | Sometimes I can't believe it                   |                 |
| And all of the walls                             |              | I'm movin' past the feeling                    |                 |
| that they built in the seventies finally fall    |              | Sometimes I can't believe it                   |                 |
| And all of the houses                            |              | I'm movin' past the feeling again              |                 |
| they build in the (4)                            | finally fall | I'm movin' past the feeling                    |                 |
| Meant nothin' at all                             |              | I'm movin' past the feeling                    |                 |
| Meant nothin' at all                             |              | In my dreams we're still screamin'             |                 |
| It meant nothin                                  |              | We're still screamin'                          |                 |
| Sometimes I can't believe it                     |              | We're still screamin'                          |                 |
| I'm movin' (5) the feeling                       |              |  |                 |
|  |              |  |                 |



- 1. fight
- 2. bombs
- 3. still
- 4. seventies
- 5. past
- 6. want
- 7. daughter
- 8. much
- 9. Under
- 10. into

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