## SUB inglês

## Fill in the gaps

## View (from an airplane window) by The Monomes

| It feels so strange to be out of place         | is lost inside my secrets               |
|--|---|
| (1) you know you're breathing in different air | I miss you                              |
| I search for (2) that I try to trace           | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| With a gin and tonic rocking in my chair       | My (8) are                              |
| The taste can spread                           | locked inside a box                     |
| but I know you aren't there                    | and there's a key that would open it    |
| And I'll hide myself in a bottle of beer       | is lost inside my secrets               |
| 'Cause my memories are                         | I miss you                              |
| locked inside a box                            | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| and there's a key that (3) open it             | Cerulean sky torn apart like a drum     |
| is lost inside my secrets                      | like a strum like a tear of my soul     |
| I miss you                                     | The man stood still with his mind aware |
| I try to find you in my suitcase               | 'Cause my memories are                  |
| The sun is gone, but the (4) still burns       | locked inside a box                     |
| The view up here                               | and there's a key that would open it    |
| makes me be the clear                          | is lost inside my secrets               |
| Let me shake my ball                           | I (9) you                               |
| and you will appear                            | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| Although I think tonight                       | My memories are                         |
| I might be sleeping here                       | locked inside a box                     |
| Cerulean sky (5) apart like a (6)              | and there's a key that would open it    |
| like a strum                                   | is lost inside my secrets               |
| like a (7) of my soul                          | I miss you                              |
| The man stood still with his mind aware        | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| 'cause my memories are                         |   |
| locked inside a box                            |   |
| and there's a key that would open it           |   |



- 1. When
- 2. feelings
- 3. would
- 4. light
- 5. torn
- 6. drum
- 7. tear
- 8. memories
- 9. miss

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