Bad Blood by Bastille

Fill in the gaps

We were young and drinking in the park
There was nowhere (1) to go
And you said you always had my back
Oh but how were we to know
That these are the days that bind you together, forever
And these little things (2) you forever, forever
All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?
It's been (3) for years, won't you let it lie?
If we're (4) ever looking back
We (5) drive ourselves insane
As the friendship goes (6) grows
We will (7) our different ways
But those are the (8) that bind us together, forever
And those little things define us forever, forever
All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?
It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie?
And I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore
I don't (9) hear you talk about it anymore
I don't (10) hear about the bad blood anymore
I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore
All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?
It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie?



- 1. else
- 2. define
- 3. cold
- 4. only
- 5. will
- 6. resentment
- 7. walk
- 8. days
- 9. wanna
- 10. wanna

Fill in the gaps