RED Taylor Swift

Loving **him/his** is like **loving/driving** a new Maserati
Down a dead end street
Faster than the wind, passionate as sin
Ending /Finishing so suddenly

Loving him is like **trying/lying** to change your mind
Once you're already flying through the free fall
Like the colours in autumn, so bright
Just before they lose it all

Losing him was blue, like I'd never known
Missing/Raising him was dark gray, all alone
Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never met
But loving him was red (red, red, red, red)
Losing/Loving him was red (red, red, red, red)

Touching him was like realizing all you ever wanted
Was right there in front of you
Memorizing him was as easy as **knowing/looking** all the words
To your old favorite song

Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword
And **realizing/knowing** there's no right answer
Regretting him was like wishing you'd never found out
That love could be that strong

Losing him was blue, like I'd never known
Missing him was dark gray, all alone
Forgetting/taking him was like trying to know somebody you never met
But loving him was red (red, red)
Oh, red (red, red)
Burning red (red, red, red, red)

Remembering him comes in flashbacks and echoes
Tell myself it's time now, gotta let go
But moving on from him is impossible

LIVEWORKSHEETS

When I still see it all in my head
In **burning/loving** red

Burning, it was red

Oh, losing him was blue, like I'd never known
Losing/Missing him was dark gray, all alone
Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never met
'Cause loving him was red (red, red)
Yeah, yeah, red (red, red)
Oh, burning red (red, red, red, red)

And that's why he's **spinning/eating** 'round in my head
Comes back to me burning red (red, red)
Yeah, yeah (red, red)

His love was like **driving/working** a new Maserati
Down a dead end street

LIVEWORKSHEETS