

## LUKAS GRAHAM - 7 YEARS

Once I was seven years old my momma told me  
Go make yourself some friends or you'll be lonely  
Once I was seven years old

**Fill in the gaps with appropriate verbs:**

had        thought        seemed        told        were        started

It was a big big world, but we \_\_\_\_\_ we were bigger  
Pushing each other to the limits, we were learning quicker  
By eleven smoking herb and drinking burning liquor  
Never rich so we \_\_\_\_\_ out to make that steady figure  
Once I was eleven years old my daddy \_\_\_\_\_ me  
Go get yourself a wife or you'll be lonely  
Once I was eleven years old

I always \_\_\_\_\_ that dream like my daddy before me  
So I started writing songs, I \_\_\_\_\_ writing stories  
Something about that glory just always \_\_\_\_\_ to bore me  
'Cause only those I really love will ever really know me

Once I was 7 years old, my story got told  
Before the morning sun, when life was lonely  
Once I was 7 years old

**Listen and reorder the lines (write the numbers):**

- (\_\_\_\_) Once I was twenty years old
- (\_\_\_\_) 'Cause I know the smallest voices, they can make it major
- (\_\_\_\_) And if we don't meet before I leave, I hope I'll see you later
- (\_\_\_\_) I only see my goals, I don't believe in failure
- (\_\_\_\_) I was writing 'bout everything, I saw before me
- (\_\_\_\_) Once I was twenty years old, my story got told
- (\_\_\_\_) I got my boys with me at least those in favor

**Listen and write the missing words:**

Soon we'll be thirty years old, our songs have been sold  
We've \_\_\_\_\_ around the world and we're still roaming  
Soon we'll be thirty years old

I'm still learning about life  
My woman \_\_\_\_\_ children for me  
So I can sing them all my songs  
And I can tell them stories  
Most of my boys are with me  
Some are still out seeking glory  
And some I \_\_\_\_\_ to leave behind  
My brother I'm still sorry

Soon I'll be sixty years old, my daddy got sixty-one  
Remember life and then your life becomes a better one  
I \_\_\_\_\_ a man so happy when I wrote a letter once  
I hope my children come and visit, once or twice a month  
Soon I'll be sixty years old, will I think the world is cold  
Or will I have a lot of \_\_\_\_\_ who can warm me  
Soon I'll be sixty years old  
Soon I'll be sixty years old, will I think the world is cold  
Or will I have a lot of children who can warm me  
Soon I'll be sixty years old

Once I was seven years old, my momma told me  
Go make yourself some \_\_\_\_\_ or you'll be lonely  
Once I was seven years old  
Once I was seven years old