

Christine:

In sleep he \_\_\_\_\_ to me. In dreams he \_\_\_\_\_  
That voice that \_\_\_\_\_ to me and \_\_\_\_\_ my name.  
And do I \_\_\_\_\_ again. For now I \_\_\_\_\_  
The Phantom of the Opera \_\_\_\_\_ here inside my mind.

Phantom:

Sing once \_\_\_\_\_ with me, our \_\_\_\_\_ duet  
My \_\_\_\_\_ over you grows \_\_\_\_\_ yet.  
And \_\_\_\_\_ you turn for me to glance \_\_\_\_\_  
The Phantom of the Opera is there \_\_\_\_\_ your mind.

Christine:

Those who have seen your \_\_\_\_\_ draw back in \_\_\_\_\_  
I am the \_\_\_\_\_ you wear

Phantom:

It's me they \_\_\_\_\_

Both:

You/my \_\_\_\_\_ and my/your \_\_\_\_\_ in one \_\_\_\_\_  
The Phantom of the Opera is there inside my/your \_\_\_\_\_