Choose the correct option

It's like a burning house, and I'm just sitting on the couch /on the sofa

Chilling out as it all burns down around me

And I'll cry for you in a neon bus

If my pain will stretch that close /far

From Crosby Street straight to your seats

It just might wake you from your sleep

The wind is blowing, hot /warm and cold

Who am I? I don't know

Do I still have /belong to you, or am I only longing to?

Like the blinding lights upon Times Square / Street

Black and white without you there

Nothing more /else than piles of stone

Left neglected, overgrown

The busy streets feel cold and weak

The city / town needs its beauty sleep

It's burning around me, and my heart is pounding

The curtains are on fire and all I have decided is that the future is you

We'll be something as one /two

And this light out of you is nothing like they used to

Oh, but it's nothing to be sad / stressed about

LIVEWORKSHEETS