



# Passenger

## 27

Twenty-seven years twenty-seven years old  
the only thing I know, the only thing I get told  
I've gotta sell out if I wanna get sold  
don't want the devil to be taking my soul,  
I write songs that come from the heart  
I don't give a fuck if they get in to the chart or not  
The only way I can be is to say what I see  
and have no shadow hanging over me

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'cause running's the thing I've always done  
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done  
I'm a hungry heart I'm a loaded gun

Twenty-seven years twenty-seven years now  
The only thing I know  
I know that I don't know how to please everybody all of the time  
'cause everybody's always ..... changing their minds  
A little bit faded  
A little bit jaded  
I'm not gonna stop and I won't be persuaded  
To write words I can't believe in  
To see my face on a video screen

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'cause running's the thing I've always done  
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done  
I'm a hungry heart  
I'm a loaded gun

Twenty-seven years twenty-seven years done  
Written six hundred songs only twelve get sung  
Eighty-seven thousand cigarettes have passed through these lungs  
And every single day I wish I'd never smoked one  
A week brushing my teeth and a week getting my haircut  
Eight years sleeping I'm still tired when I wake up  
A whole year eating and I still lost weight .....  
Five proper girlfriends and five messy break-ups  
Twent-seven birthdays twenty-seven new years  
Thirty thousand quid just so I could have a few beers  
Ever dying old hopes  
Ever growing new fears  
I don't know where I'm going but I know how I got here

I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'cause running's the thing I've always done  
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done,  
I'm a hungry heart I'm a loaded gun,  
I don't know where I'm running but I know how to run  
'cause running's the thing I've always done  
I don't know what I'm doing but I know what I've done  
I'm a hungry heart I'm a loaded gun



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### ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

- a) Is it important to him that his songs get to the charts?      yes       no
- b) Why can't he please everybody all the time?  
\_\_\_\_\_
- c) "I'm not gonna stop and I won't be persuaded to write words I don't believe in"  
What is the meaning of „to persuade“? \_\_\_\_\_
- d) What kind of heart is he? \_\_\_\_\_
- e) What does he think of smoking cigarettes? \_\_\_\_\_
- f) What is the thing in life he has always done? \_\_\_\_\_
- g) faded = something lost colour      --> \_\_\_\_\_  
jaded = exhausted      --> \_\_\_\_\_

### WRITE DOWN THE MISSING NUMBERS

- a) ..... songs, but only ..... sung
- b) ..... cigarettes
- c) ..... brushing my teeth, ..... getting my haircut
- d) ..... sleep
- e) ..... eating
- f) ..... proper girlfriends and ..... messy break-ups
- g) ..... birthdays and ..... new years
- h) ..... quid just to drink a ..... beers

### LISTEN TO THE SONG AGAIN: SING ALONG AND CLAP YOUR HANDS