

# Song Titles and Song Beginnings

Cut out the frames with scissors. Then you will need a glue stick or cellotape.

Try to put the right pieces together and glue them.

|                             |                    |                            |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| She came to me one morning, | <b>STICKY ZONE</b> | one lonely Sunday morning. |
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|-------------------------------------|------------------------|--|
| Country Roads, take me home         | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | hold your hand.                            |
| Don't sit under the apple tree      | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | all night long.                            |
| I never promised you                | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | to the place I belong.                     |
| Raindrops                           | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | they call the Rising Sun.                  |
| I want to                           | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | a rose garden.                             |
| Bridge over                         | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | though my story's seldom told.             |
| Yes, sir, I can boogie              | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | with anyone else but me.                   |
| You can't always get                | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | what you want.                             |
| We all live                         | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | in the wall.                               |
| Another brick                       | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | in a yellow submarine.                     |
| I'm just a poor boy                 | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | troubled water.                            |
| There's a house in New Orleans      | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | keep falling on my head.                   |
| I'd rather be a hammer              | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | the drums, Fernando?                       |
| Goodbye to you                      | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | down to Gorky Park.                        |
| I followed the Moskva               | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | it's just another rainy Sunday afternoon.  |
| I'm sitting here in a boring room   | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | my trusted friend.                         |
| In a cavern, in a canyon            | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | across the sea.                            |
| Can you hear                        | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | than a nail.                               |
| I'm sailing home again,             | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | excavating for a mine.                     |
| How many roads must a man walk down | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | coming for to carry me home.               |
| If you're going to San Francisco    | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | the rain has gone.                         |
| Every night in my dreams            | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | a song of old San Antone.                  |
| I can see clearly now,              | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | be sure to wear some flowers in your hair. |
| In the jungle, the mighty jungle    | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | to take a walk.                            |
| I asked my love                     | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | the lion sleeps tonight.                   |
| Swing low, sweet chariot,           | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | before you call him a man?                 |
| Yesterday, all my troubles          | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | No sir, I don't mean maybe.                |
| Deep within my heart lies a melody, | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | I see you, I feel you.                     |
| Yes sir, that's my baby.            | <del>STICKY ZONE</del> | seemed so far away.                        |