Song Titles and Song Beginnings

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

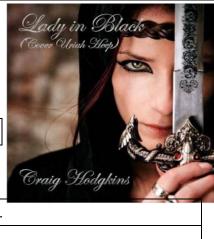
Try to put the right pieces together and glue them.

She came to me one morning,



one lonely Sunday morning.





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