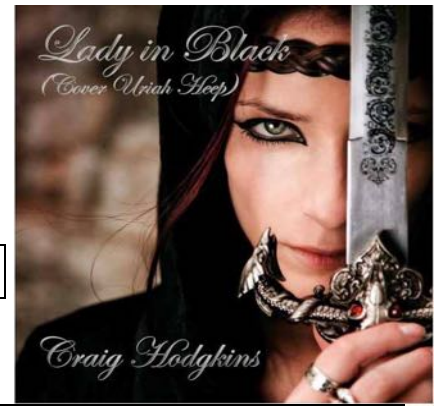


Cut out the frames with scissors. Then you will need a glue stick or cellotape.

Try to put the right pieces together and glue them.

Schneide die Rechtecke mit der Schere aus. Dann brauchst du einen Klebestift oder ein Klebband. Versuch, die richtigen Teile zusammenzufügen und zu kleben.

She came to me one morning, STICKY ZONE one lonely Sunday morning.



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.