

Evil S I yes to find a shore

Fill in the gaps

A beach that doesn't quiver anymore
And we can (1) some plants to (2)
my walls
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars
Was I? I was too (3) to bathe
Or paint or write or try to make a change
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch
And I don't have to love or think too much
Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk
Mental mystics in a twisted (4) car
Tried to amplify the sound
Of light
And love
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"
Might even take a knife to split a hair
Or even scare the children off my lawn
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs
Every mess invested was a score
We couldn't use computers anymore
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored
And you might have to plan for the (5) wars
Try to break my heart, I'll drive to Arizona
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm



- 1. crush
- 2. paint
- 3. lazy
- 4. metal
- 5. weekend
- 6. sand
- 7. diamond
- 8. open
- 9. open
- 10. reason

Fill in the gaps