



| Every single night, I endure the flight                 | Every single night's a fight with my brain       |
|---|--|
| Of little wings of white-flamed butterflies in my brain | I just (8) to feel everything                    |
| These ideas of (1) (2) the                              | l just (9) to (10) everything                    |
| mind  | I (11) want to feel everything                   |
| Trickle down the spine                                  | So I'm gonna try to be still now                 |
| Swarm the belly, (3) to a blaze                         | Gonna (12) the mill a little while and           |
| That's when the pain comes in                           | If we had a (13) (14) size bed                   |
| Like a second skeleton                                  | We could move in it and I'd (15) forget          |
| Trying to fit beneath the skin                          | If what I am is what I am, 'cause I (16)         |
| I can't fit the feelings in, no                         | (17) I does                                      |
| Every single night's a light with my brain              | And maybe I'd relax, let my breast (18)          |
| What do I say to her?                                   | (19) open  |
| Why do I say it to her?                                 | My heart's made of parts of all that's around me |
| What does she think of me?                              | And that's why the (20) just can't get           |
| That I'm not what I (4) to be                           | (21) me  |
| That I'm what I try not to be                           | Every single night's alright                     |
| It's got to be (5) else's fault                         | Every single night's a fight                     |
| I can't get caught                                      | And every (22) fight's alright with my brain     |
| If what I am is what I am, 'cause I does what I does    | I just want to (23) everything                   |
| Then brother, get back                                  | I (24) want to feel everything                   |
| 'Cause my breast's gonna bust open                      | I just want to feel everything                   |
| The rib is the shell and (6) is the yolk                | I just (25) to feel everything                   |
| And I just (7) a meal for us both to choke on           |  |
|   |  |



- 1. mine
- 2. percolate
- 3. swelling
- 4. ought
- 5. somebody
- 6. heart
- 7. need
- 8. want
- 9. want
- 10. feel
- 11. just
- 12. renounce
- 13. double
- 14. king
- 15. soon
- 16. does
- 17. what
- 18. just
- 19. bust
- 20. devil
- 21. around
- 22. single
- 23. feel
- 24. just
- 25. want

## Fill in the gaps