

Fill in the gaps

| Evil S I yes to find a shore | | I'll sit and listen to the sound | |
|---|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| A beach (1) do | esn't (2) anymore | Of sand and cold | |
| And we can crush some plants to paint my walls | | Twisted diamond heart | |
| And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars | | I'm the (6) | warrior |
| Was I? I was too lazy to bathe | | My (7) | are the only things I have |
| Or paint or write or try to make a change | | I can amplify the sound | |
| Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch | | Of light | |
| And I don't have to love or think too much | | And love | |
| Instant (3) | plans written on the sidewalk | I'm a (8) | and I'm a sound |
| Mental mystics in a twisted metal car | | When I open up my mouth | |
| Tried to amplify the sound | | There's a reason I don't win | |
| Of light | | I don't (9) how to begin | |
| And love | | I'm a (10) and I'm a sound | |
| Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders" | | When I open up my mouth | |
| Might even take a knife to (4) a hair | | There's a reason I don't win | |
| Or even scare the children off my lawn | | I don't know how to begin | |
| Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs | | I'm a curse and I'm a sound | |
| Every mess invested was a score | | When I open up my mouth | |
| We couldn't use computers anymore | | There's a reason I don't win | |
| But it's difficult to win unless you're bored | | I don't know how to begin | |
| And you might have to plan for the weekend wars | | | |
| Try to break my heart, I'll drive to Arizona | | | |
| It might (5) a hundred years to grow an arm | | | |



- 1. that
- 2. quiver
- 3. battle
- 4. split
- 5. take
- 6. weekend
- 7. predictions
- 8. curse
- 9. know
- 10. curse

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