Weekend Wars by MGMT

Fill in the gaps

EVILS Lyes to (1) a shore	I'll sit and listen to the sound
A beach that doesn't quiver anymore	Of sand and cold
And we can crush some plants to (2) my walls	Twisted diamond heart
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars	I'm the (8) warrior
Was I? I was too (3) to bathe	My predictions 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 battle plans written on the sidewalk	I'm a curse 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 know how to begin
And love	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"	When I open up my mouth
Might even take a knife to split a hair	There's a reason I don't win
Or even (4) the children off my lawn	I don't (9) how to begin
Giving us (5) 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 (6) take a hundred (7) to grow	
an arm	



- 1. find
- 2. paint
- 3. lazy
- 4. scare
- 5. time
- 6. might
- 7. years
- 8. weekend
- 9. know

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