Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

"Someway, baby, it's (1)	of me, apart from me."
you're laying waste to Halloween	
you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street	
you're in Milwaukee, off your feet	
and at once I knew I was not magnificent	
strayed above the highway aisle	
(jagged vacance, thick with ice)	
I could see for miles, miles, miles	
3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hall	way
was where we (2)	to celebrate
automatic bought the years you'd talk for me	
that night you played me ?Lip Parade?	
not the needle, nor the thread, the (3) decree	
saying nothing, that's enough for me	
and at once I knew I was not magnificent	
hulled far from the highway aisle	
(jagged, vacance, (4)	with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles	
Christmas night, it clutched the light, the hallow bright	
above my brother, I and tangled spines	
we smoked the screen to (5)	it (6) it was to be
now to (7) it in my memo	ory:
and at once I knew I was not magnificent	
high above the highway aisle	
(jagged vacance, thick (8) ice)	
I could see for miles miles miles	



- 1. part
- 2. learned
- 3. lost
- 4. thick
- 5. make
- 6. what
- 7. know
- 8. with

Fill in the gaps

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