## Weekend Wars by MGMT

## Fill in the gaps

EVILS I yes to find a shore	I'll sit and (/) to the sound
A beach (1) doesn't quiver anymore	Of sand and cold
And we can crush some (2) to paint my walls	Twisted diamond heart
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars	I'm the weekend warrior
Was I? I was too lazy 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 (8) up my mouth
Might even take a knife to split 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 (3) bombs	I'm a (9) and I'm a sound
Every mess (4) 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 (5) 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 (6) a hundred years to grow an arm	



- 1. that
- 2. plants
- 3. makeshift
- 4. invested
- 5. difficult
- 6. take
- 7. listen
- 8. open
- 9. curse

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