Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

"Someway, baby, it's (1) of me, apart from me."
you're laying (2) 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 (3) aisle
(jagged vacance, thick with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles
3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hallway
was where we learned to celebrate
automatic bought the years you'd talk for me
that (4) you played me ?Lip Parade?
not the needle, nor the thread, the lost 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, thick (5) 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 (6) the screen to make it what it was to be
now to (7) it in my memory:
and at once I knew I was not magnificent
high above the highway aisle
(jagged vacance, (8) (9) ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles



- 1. part
- 2. waste
- 3. highway
- 4. night
- 5. with
- 6. smoked
- 7. know
- 8. thick
- 9. with

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