

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. lazy
- 2. written
- 3. cursed
- 4. even
- 5. mess
- 6. difficult
- 7. take
- 8. predictions
- 9. only

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