

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 (1) 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 (8) are the (9)
Or paint or write or try to (2) a change	things I have
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch	I can amplify the sound
And I don't (3) to love or think too much	Of light
Instant battle (4) written 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 cursed of "faders" and "maders"	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Might even (5) 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 (6) bombs	I don't know how to begin
Every mess 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 difficult 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 (7) my heart, I'll drive to Arizona	
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm	



- 1. plants
- 2. make
- 3. have
- 4. plans
- 5. take
- 6. makeshift
- 7. break
- 8. predictions
- 9. only

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