Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

Someway, baby, it's part 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, (1) with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles
3rd and (2) it burnt away, the hallway
was (3) we learned to celebrate
automatic (4) the years you'd talk for me
that night you (5) 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 with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles
Christmas night, it clutched the light, the hallow bright
above my brother, I and (6) spines
we smoked the screen to make it what it was to be
now to know it in my memory:
and at (7) I knew I was not magnificent
high (8) the (9) aisle
(jagged vacance, thick with ice)
I could see for miles, miles, miles



- 1. thick
- 2. Lake
- 3. where
- 4. bought
- 5. played
- 6. tangled
- 7. once
- 8. above
- 9. highway

Fill in the gaps