Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

| "Someway, baby, it's part of me, apart from me." |
|---|
| you're (1) to Halloween |
| you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street |
| you're in Milwaukee, off (3) feet |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| strayed (4) the highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, thick with ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |
| 3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hallway |
| was where we (5) to celebrate |
| automatic bought the years you'd (6) for me |
| that night you (7) me ?Lip Parade? |
| not the needle, nor the thread, the lost decree |
| saying nothing, that's (8) for me |
| and at once I (9) 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 tangled spines |
| we smoked the screen to make it what it was to be |
| now to know it in my memory: |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| high above the highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, thick with ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |



- 1. laying
- 2. waste
- 3. your
- 4. above
- 5. learned
- 6. talk
- 7. played
- 8. enough
- 9. knew

Fill in the gaps