

Fill in the gaps

Evil ST yes to (1) 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 (2) wars	I'm the weekend warrior
Was I? I was too lazy to bathe	My (7) are the only things I have
Or paint or write or try to make a change	I can amplify the sound
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch	Of light
And I don't have to love or think too much	And love
Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car	When I (8) up my mouth
Tried to amplify the sound	There's a reason I don't win
Of light	I don't (9) how to begin
And love	I'm a (10) and I'm a sound
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"	When I open up my mouth
Might (3) take a knife to split a hair	There's a reason I don't win
Or even scare the children off my lawn	I don't know how to begin
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Every mess invested was a score	When I open up my mouth
We couldn't use computers anymore	There's a reason I don't win
But it's (4) to win unless you're bored	I don't know how to begin
And you might have to (5) for the weekend wars	
Try to break my heart, I'll (6) to Arizona	
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm	



- 1. find
- 2. weekend
- 3. even
- 4. difficult
- 5. plan
- 6. drive
- 7. predictions
- 8. open
- 9. know
- 10. curse

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