

## 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 (1) the street |
| you're in Milwaukee, off your feet                         |
| and at (2) I knew I was not magnificent                    |
| strayed above the highway aisle                            |
| (jagged vacance, thick with ice)                           |
| I (3) see for miles, miles, miles                          |
| 3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hallway                    |
| was where we learned to celebrate                          |
| automatic bought the years you'd (4) 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 (6) 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 (7) aisle                                   |
| (jagged vacance, (8) ice)                                  |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles                        |



## 1. struck

- 2. once
- 3. could
- 4. talk
- 5. played
- 6. clutched
- 7. highway
- 8. thick
- 9. with

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