

It might take a hundred years to grow an arm

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 (1) some plants to paint my walls	Twisted (7) heart
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars	I'm the weekend warrior
Was I? I was too (2) to bathe	My predictions 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 (3) 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 open up my mouth
Tried to amplify the sound	There's a reason I don't win
Of light	I don't know how to begin
And love	I'm a (8) and I'm a sound
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"	When I open up my mouth
Might even 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 (9) 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 difficult to win (4) you're bored	I don't know how to begin
And you might have to plan for the weekend wars	
Try to (5) my heart, I'll (6) to	
Arizona	



1. crush

- 2. lazy
- 3. have
- 4. unless
- 5. break
- 6. drive
- 7. diamond
- 8. curse
- 9. curse

Fill in the gaps