## Don't carry it all by The Decemberists

Here we come to a turning of the season \_\_\_\_\_ to the arc towards the sun (1)\_ And neighbors' blessed (2)\_\_\_\_\_ within reason Becomes a burden born of all and one And nobody, nobody knows Let the yoke fall (3)\_\_\_\_\_ our shoulders Don't carry it all, don't carry it all We are all our hands and holders Beneath this bold and (4)\_\_\_\_ \_ sun And this I swear to all \_\_\_\_\_ to build beneath the arbors (5)\_ Upon a plinth that towers towards the trees But (6)\_\_\_\_\_ vessel pitching hard to starboard Lay its head on summer's freckled knees And nobody, (7)\_\_\_\_\_ knows Let the yoke fall from our shoulders Don't carry it all, don't carry it all We are all our hands and holders Beneath this bold and brilliant sun And this I swear to all

And this I swear to all And there a wreath of trillium and ivy Laid upon the body of a boy Lazy (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the long come from its high beam Return this quiet searcher to the soil So raise a glass to turnings of the season And watch it as it arcs towards the sun And you must bear your neighbor's burden within reason And your labors will be born when all is done And nobody, nobody knows Let the yoke fall from our shoulders Don't carry it all, don't (9)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ it all We are all our hands and holders Beneath (10) bold and brilliant sun And this I swear to all And this I swear to all And this I swear to all



- 1. Witness
- 2. burden
- 3. from
- 4. brilliant
- 5. Monument
- 6. every
- 7. nobody
- 8. Will
- 9. carry
- 10. this

## Fill in the gaps