Weekend Wars by MGMT

It might take a hundred years to grow an arm

Fill in the gaps

Evil ST yes to find a shore				I'll sit and listen to the sound	
A (1)	(2)	doesn't quiver anymore		Of sand and cold	
And we can crush	(3)	(4)	to paint	Twisted diamond heart	
my walls				I'm the weekend warrior	
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars				My predictions are the only things I have	
Was I? I was too (5) to bathe				I can amplify the sound	
Or paint or write or try to make a change				Of light	
Now I can (6) a gun to kill my lunch				And love	
And I don't have to love or think too much				I'm a curse and I'm a sound	
Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk				When I open up my mouth	
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car				There's a reason I don't win	
Tried to (7)	the	sound		I don't know how to begin	
Of light				I'm a curse and I'm a sound	
And love				When I open up my mouth	
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"				There's a (9)	I don't win
Might (8) take a knife to split a hair				I don't know how to begin	
Or even scare the children off my lawn				I'm a curse and I'm a sound	
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs				When I open up my mouth	
Every mess invested was a score				There's a reason I don't win	
We couldn't use computers anymore				I don't know how to begin	
But it's difficult to w	in unless you'	re bored			
And you might have to plan for the weekend wars					
Try to break my hea	art, I'll drive to	Arizona			



- 1. beach
- 2. that
- 3. some
- 4. plants
- 5. lazy
- 6. shoot
- 7. amplify
- 8. even
- 9. reason

Fill in the gaps