

## Fill in the gaps

## Don't carry it all by The Decemberists

Here we come to a turning of the season	And this I swear to all	
Witness to the arc towards the sun	And there a wreath of trillium and ivy	
And neighbors' blessed burden within reason	Laid upon the body of a boy	
(1) a burden born of all and one	Lazy Will the long come from its high beam	
And nobody, (2) knows	Return (5) quiet (6)	to the
Let the yoke fall from our shoulders	soil	
Don't carry it all, don't carry it all	So raise a glass to turnings of the season	
We are all our (3) and holders	And watch it as it arcs towards the sun	
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun	And you must bear	
And this I swear to all	(7) neighbor's burden within reason	
Monument to build beneath the arbors	And your labors will be born when all is done	
Upon a plinth that towers towards the trees	And nobody, nobody knows	
But every vessel pitching hard to starboard	Let the yoke fall from our shoulders	
Lay its head on summer's freckled knees	Don't carry it all, don't carry it all	
And nobody, nobody knows	We are all our (8) and holders	
Let the yoke (4) from our shoulders	Beneath this bold and brilliant sun	
Don't carry it all, don't carry it all	And (9) I swear to all	
We are all our hands and holders	And this I swear to all	
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun	And this I swear to all	
And this I swear to all		



- 1. Becomes
- 2. nobody
- 3. hands
- 4. fall
- 5. this
- 6. searcher
- 7. your
- 8. hands
- 9. this

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