Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

"Someway, baby, it's (1) of me, apart from	me."
you're laying (2) to Halloween	
you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street	Ċ
you're in Milwaukee, off your feet	
and at once I knew I was not magnificent	
strayed above the highway aisle	
(jagged vacance, thick with ice)	
I could see for miles, miles, miles	
3rd and (3) it burnt away, the hallway	
was (4) we learned to celebrate	
automatic bought the years you'd talk for me	
that (5) you played 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 (6) see for miles, miles, miles	
Christmas night, it clutched the light, the hallow bright	
above my brother, I and (7) 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 (8) the highway aisle	
(jagged vacance, thick (9) ice)	
I could see for miles, miles, miles	



- 1. part
- 2. waste
- 3. Lake
- 4. where
- 5. night
- 6. could
- 7. tangled
- 8. above
- 9. with

Fill in the gaps

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