Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

| "Someway, baby, it's part of me, apart from me." |
|---|
| you're (1) waste to Halloween |
| you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street |
| you're in Milwaukee, off your feet |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| strayed above the (2) aisle |
| (jagged vacance, thick (3) ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |
| 3rd and Lake it burnt away, the hallway |
| was where we learned to celebrate |
| automatic bought the years you'd talk for me |
| that night you played me ?Lip Parade? |
| not the needle, nor the thread, the (4) decree |
| saying nothing, that's enough for me |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| hulled far from the (5) aisle |
| (jagged, vacance, thick with ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |
| Christmas night, it (6) the light, the (7) bright |
| above my brother, I and tangled spines |
| we smoked the (8) to make it what it was to be |
| now to know it in my memory: |
| and at (9) I (10) I was not magnificent |
| high above the highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, thick with ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |



- 1. laying
- 2. highway
- 3. with
- 4. lost
- 5. highway
- 6. clutched
- 7. hallow
- 8. screen
- 9. once
- 10. knew

Fill in the gaps