Holocene by Bon Iver

Fill in the gaps

| "Someway, baby, it's part of me, apart from me." |
|---|
| you're laying 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 highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, (1) with ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |
| 3rd and Lake it (2) 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 (3) decree |
| saying nothing, that's enough for me |
| and at (4) I knew I was not magnificent |
| hulled far from the highway aisle |
| (jagged, vacance, thick with ice) |
| I (5) see for miles, miles, miles |
| Christmas night, it clutched the light, the hallow bright |
| above my brother, I and tangled spines |
| we smoked the screen to (6) it (7) it was to be |
| now to know it in my memory: |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| high above the highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, (8) with ice) |
| Locald see for miles miles miles |



Fill in the gaps

- 1. thick
- 2. burnt
- 3. lost
- 4. once
- 5. could
- 6. make
- 7. what
- 8. thick