

Fill in the gaps

Evil S I yes to find a shore	I'll sit and (9) to the sound
A beach that doesn't quiver anymore	Of sand and cold
And we can crush some plants to paint my walls	Twisted diamond heart
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars	I'm the weekend warrior
Was I? I was too lazy to bathe	My predictions are the only things I have
Or paint or write or try to make a change	I can (10) the sound
Now I can (1) a gun to kill my lunch	Of light
And I don't (2) to (3) or think too much	And love
Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car	When I open up my mouth
Tried to amplify the sound	There's a reason I don't win
Of light	I don't know how to begin
And love	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"	When I open up my mouth
Might (4) take a knife to split a hair	There's a reason I don't win
Or even (5) the children off my lawn	I don't know how to begin
Giving us time to (6) the makeshift bombs	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Every mess invested was a score	When I open up my mouth
We couldn't use computers anymore	There's a reason I don't win
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored	I don't know how to begin
And you (7) have to plan for the weekend wars	
Try to break my heart, I'll (8) to Arizona	
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm	

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- 1. shoot
- 2. have
- 3. love
- 4. even
- 5. scare
- 6. make
- 7. might
- 8. drive
- 9. listen
- 10. amplify

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