

It might take a hundred years to grow an arm

Fill in the gaps

Evil ST yes to find a shore		I'll sit and listen to the sound	
A beach that doesn't quiver anymore		Of sand and cold	
And we can (1) some plants to paint my walls		Twisted diamond heart	
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars		I'm the (7) warrior	
Was I? I was too lazy to bathe		My predictions are the only things I have	/e
Or (2) or write or try to (3)_	a change	I can amplify the sound	
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch		Of light	
And I don't have to love 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 (4)	car	When I (8) 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 even take a (5) to split a hair		There's a reason I don't win	
Or even scare the children off my lawn		I don't know how to begin	
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs		I'm a (9) and I'm a sound	
Every mess invested was a score		When I open up my mouth	
We couldn't use (6)	_ anymore	There's a (10) I don't w	vin
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored		I don't know how to begin	
And you might have to plan for the weeks	end wars		
Try to break my heart. I'll drive to Arizona	ı		



- 1. crush
- 2. paint
- 3. make
- 4. metal
- 5. knife
- 6. computers
- 7. weekend
- 8. open
- 9. curse
- 10. reason

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