

Fill in the gaps

EVILS I yes to find a shore	I'll sit and listen to the sound
A beach that doesn't (1) anymore	Of sand and cold
And we can crush some (2) 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 (8) are the only things I have
Or paint or write or try to make 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 (3) 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 (9) I don't win
Of light	I don't know how to begin
And love	I'm a (10) and I'm a sound
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"	When I open up my mouth
Might even take a knife to split a hair	There's a reason I don't win
Or even scare the (4) off my lawn	I don't know how to begin
Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs	I'm a curse and I'm a sound
Every (5) 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 (6) you're bored	I don't know how to begin
And you might have to (7) for the weekend wars	
Try to break my heart, I'll drive to Arizona	
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm	



- 1. quiver
- 2. plants
- 3. plans
- 4. children
- 5. mess
- 6. unless
- 7. plan
- 8. predictions
- 9. reason
- 10. curse

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