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 (1) the street |
| you're in Milwaukee, off your feet |
| and at (2) I knew I was not magnificent |
| strayed above the highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, thick with 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 (3) for me |
| that night you played me ?Lip Parade? |
| not the needle, nor the thread, the lost decree |
| saying nothing, that's enough for me |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| hulled far from the highway aisle |
| (jagged, vacance, (4) with ice) |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles |
| Christmas night, it clutched the light, the (5) bright |
| above my brother, I and tangled spines |
| we smoked the screen to make it (6) it was to be |
| now to know it in my memory: |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent |
| high (7) the highway aisle |
| (jagged vacance, (8) with ice) |
| Locald see for miles miles (9) |



1. struck

- 2. once
- 3. talk
- 4. thick
- 5. hallow
- 6. what
- 7. above 8. thick
- 9. miles

Fill in the gaps