

Fill in the gaps

I'll sit and listen to the sound

Evil S I yes to find a shore
A beach (1) doesn't quiver anymore
And we can crush some plants to (2) my walls
And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars
Was I? I was too (3) to bathe
Or paint or write or try to make a change
Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch
And I don't have to (4) or think too much
Instant battle plans (5) on the sidewalk
Mental mystics in a twisted metal car
Tried to amplify the sound
Of light
And love
Christ is cursed of "faders" and "maders"
Might even take a (6) to split a hair
Or even scare the children off my lawn
Giving us time to make the (7) bombs
Every mess (8) was a score
We couldn't use computers anymore
But it's difficult to win unless you're bored
And you might (9) to plan for the weekend wars
Try to break my heart, I'll drive to Arizona
It might take a hundred years to grow an arm

Of sand and cold Twisted diamond heart I'm the weekend warrior My predictions are the only things I have I can amplify the sound Of light And love I'm a curse and I'm a sound When I open up my mouth There's a reason I don't win I don't know how to begin I'm a curse and I'm a sound When I open up my mouth There's a reason I don't win I don't know how to begin I'm a curse and I'm a sound When I open up my mouth There's a reason I don't win I don't know how to begin



- 1. that
- 2. paint
- 3. lazy
- 4. love
- 5. written
- 6. knife
- 7. makeshift
- 8. invested
- 9. have

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