## Holocene by Bon Iver

## Fill in the gaps

| "Someway, baby, it's (1) of me, apart from me."               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| you're laying (2) to Halloween                                |
| you fucked it friend, it's on it's head, it struck the street |
| you're in Milwaukee, off your feet                            |
| and at once I (3) I was not magnificent                       |
| strayed above the highway aisle                               |
| (jagged vacance, thick with ice)                              |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles                           |
| 3rd and (4) it burnt away, the hallway                        |
| was where we learned to celebrate                             |
| automatic bought the years you'd talk for me                  |
| that (5) you played me ?Lip Parade?                           |
| not the needle, nor the thread, the (6) decree                |
| saying nothing, that's (7) for me                             |
| and at once I (8) I was not magnificent                       |
| hulled far from the highway aisle                             |
| (jagged, vacance, thick with ice)                             |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles                           |
| Christmas night, it clutched the light, the hallow bright     |
| above my brother, I and tangled spines                        |
| we smoked the screen to make it what it was to be             |
| now to (9) it in my memory:                                   |
| and at once I knew I was not magnificent                      |
| high above the (10) aisle                                     |
| (jagged vacance, thick with ice)                              |
| I could see for miles, miles, miles                           |



- 1. part
- 2. waste
- 3. knew
- 4. Lake
- 5. night
- 6. lost
- 7. enough
- 8. knew
- 9. know
- 10. highway

## Fill in the gaps