**"The World At Large"**

Ice-age heat wave, can't ­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.  
If the world's at large, why should I remain?  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_away to another plan.   
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_find another place, maybe 1 I can stand.   
I move on to another day,   
to a whole new town with a whole new way.   
Went to the porch to have a thought.   
Got to the door and again, I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_stop.   
You don't know where and you don't know when.   
But you still got your words and you got your friends.   
Walk along to another day.   
Work a little harder, work \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_way.   
  
Well uh-uh baby I ain't got no plan.   
We'll float on maybe would you understand?   
Gonna float on maybe would you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_?   
Well float on maybe would you understand?   
  
The days get \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_and the nights get cold.   
I like the autumn but this place is getting old.   
I pack up my belongings and I head for the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.   
It might not be a lot but I feel like I'm \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the most.   
The days get longer and the nights smell green.   
I guess it's not surprising but it's spring and I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_leave.   
  
I like songs about drifters - \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ about the same.   
They both seem to make me feel a little less \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.   
Walked on off to another spot.   
I still haven't gotten \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_that I want.   
Did I want love? Did I need to know?   
Why does it always feel like I'm \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in an undertow?   
  
The moths beat themselves to death against the lights.   
Adding their breeze to the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_nights.   
Outside, water like \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_was great.   
I didn't know what I had that day.   
Walk a little \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_to another plan.   
You said that you did, but you didn't understand.   
  
I know that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_over is not what life's about.   
But my thoughts were so loud I couldn't hear my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.   
My thoughts were so loud I couldn't hear my mouth.   
My \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_were so loud.

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