

Dead in the water

Fill in the gaps

It's not a paid vacation		
The sons and daughters		
Of city officials attend demonstrations		
It's hardly a sink or swim		
When all is well if the ticket sells		
Out with a whimper		
It's not a blaze of glory		
You look down from your temple		
As people endeavor to make it a story		
And chisel a marble word		
But all is lost if it's never heard		
But I've got someone to make reports		
That tell me how my money's spent		
To (1) my (2)	and (3)	my
plans		
So I can't tell what's (4)	there	
And all I need's a great big:		
Congratulations		
I'll keep your dreams		

You pay attention for me		
As (5) as it seems		
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me		
The ground may be moving fast		
But I tied my boots to a (6) mast		
The difference is clear		
You throw it in your cauldron		
Rust and veneer		
Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins		
You start with a (7) stock of all the waste		
And salt to taste		
But damn my luck and damn (8) friends		
That keep on combing back their smiles		
I save my grace with half-assed guilt		
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn		
Spread my arms and (9) up:		
Congratulations		



- 1. book
- 2. stays
- 3. draw
- 4. really
- 5. strange
- 6. broken
- 7. simple
- 8. these
- 9. soak

Fill in the gaps