

## Fill in the gaps

| On a morning from a bogart movie                    | the year of the cat                            |
|---|--|
| in a country where (1) (2) back time                | She (6) at you so cooly                        |
| you go strolling through the crowd like peter lorre | and her eyes shine (7) the moon in the sea     |
| contemplating a crime                               | she comes in incense and patchouli             |
| she comes out of the sun in a silk dress running    | so you take her, to find what's waiting inside |
| like a watercolour in the rain                      | the year of the cat.                           |
| don't bother (3) for explanations                   | Well morning comes and you're still with her   |
| she'll just tell you that she came                  | and the bus and the tourists are gone          |
| in the year of the cat.                             | and you've thrown away the choice and lost (8) |
| She doesn't give you time for questions             | ticket   |
| as she locks up your arm in hers                    | so you have to stay on                         |
| and you follow 'till your sense of which direction  | but the drum-beat strains of the night remain  |
| completely disappears                               | in the rhythm of the new-born day              |
| by the blue tiled walls near the (4) stalls         | you know sometime you're bound to (9) her      |
| there's a (5) door she leads you to                 | but for now you're going to stay               |
| these days, she says, i feel my life                | in the year of the cat.                        |
| just like a river running through                   |  |



- 1. they
- 2. turn
- 3. asking
- 4. market
- 5. hidden
- 6. looks
- 7. like
- 8. your
- 9. leave

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