

Dead in the water It's not a paid vacation The (1)\_\_\_\_\_ and daughters Of city officials attend demonstrations It's hardly a sink or swim When all is well if the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ sells Out with a whimper It's not a blaze of glory You (3) 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 book my (4)\_\_\_\_\_ and draw my plans So I can't tell what's really there And all I need's a great big: Congratulations I'll keep your dreams

## Fill in the gaps

You pay attention for me As strange as it seems I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me The ground may be moving fast But I tied my (5)\_\_\_\_\_ to a broken mast The (6)\_\_\_\_\_ is clear You throw it in your cauldron Rust and veneer Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins You start with a simple stock of all the waste And salt to taste But damn my luck and (7)\_\_\_\_\_ these friends That (8)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 soak up: Congratulations



- 1. sons
- 2. ticket
- 3. look
- 4. stays
- 5. boots
- 6. difference
- 7. damn
- 8. keep

## Fill in the gaps