

Fill in the gaps

Dead in the water					
It's not a paid vacation					
The sons and daughters					
Of (1) officials attend demonstrations					
It's hardly a (2) or swim					
When all is well if the ticket sells					
Out with a whimper					
It's not a (3) 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 (4) my stays 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					

You pay attention for me					
As strange as it seems					
I'd (5	5)	(6)		(7)	
have you ignore me					
The ground may be moving fast					
But I tied my boots to a broken mast					
The difference 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 d	amn my (8)	;	and damn these fr	riends	
That keep on combing back their smiles					
I (9) my grace with half-assed guilt					
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn					
Spread my arms and soak up:					
Congratulations					



- 1. city
- 2. sink
- 3. blaze
- 4. book
- 5. rather
- 6. dissolve
- 7. than
- 8. luck
- 9. save

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