

Fill in the gaps

Dead in the water			
It's not a paid vacation			
The sons and daughters			
Of city (1) 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 look down (3) your temple			
As (4) 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 stays and draw my plans			
So I can't tell what's (5) there			
And all I need's a great big:			
Congratulations			
I'll keep (6) dreams			

You pay attentio	n for me		
As strange as it seems			
I'd rather (7) than have you ignore me			
The (8)	may be moving fast		
But I tied my boots to a broken mast			
The difference is	clear		
You (9)	it in your cauldron		
Rust and veneer			
Dusk and dawn	(10)	_ and Baldwins	
You start with a simple stock of all the waste			
And salt to taste			
But damn my luck and damn these 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 soak up:		
Congratulations			



- 1. officials
- 2. ticket
- 3. from
- 4. people
- 5. really
- 6. your
- 7. dissolve
- 8. ground
- 9. throw
- 10. Steinways

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