

Fill in the gaps

Dead in the water
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 (1) your temple
As (2) 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 (3) my plans
So I can't tell what's really there
or realition innate really linese
And all I need's a great big:
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You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather dissolve than have you (4) me
The ground may be (5) fast
But I tied my boots to a (6) mast
The difference is clear
You throw it in (7) cauldron
Rust and veneer
Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins
You start with a simple (8) 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 (9) the quilt upon the lawn
Spread my arms and soak up:
Congratulations



- 1. from
- 2. people
- 3. draw
- 4. ignore
- 5. moving
- 6. broken
- 7. your
- 8. stock
- 9. down

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