

Fill in the gaps

Dead in the water
It's not a paid vacation
The (1) and daughters
Of city (2) 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 (3) of glory
You look down from your temple
As people endeavor to make it a story
And (4) 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 your dreams

You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd (6) dissolve than 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 (7) my luck and damn these friends
That keep on combing back their smiles
I save my grace with half-assed guilt
And lay (8) the quilt upon the lawn
Spread my arms and soak up:
Congratulations



- 1. sons
- 2. officials
- 3. blaze
- 4. chisel
- 5. really
- 6. rather
- 7. damn
- 8. down

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