

Fill in the gaps

| On a morning from a (1) movie | the year of the cat |
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| in a country where they turn back time | She looks at you so cooly |
| you go strolling through the crowd (2) peter lorre | and her eyes shine like the moon in the sea |
| contemplating a crime | she comes in incense and patchouli |
| she comes out of the sun in a silk dress running | so you take her, to find what's waiting inside |
| like a watercolour in the rain | the (4) of the cat. |
| don't bother asking for explanations | Well morning comes and you're still with her |
| she'll just tell you that she came | and the bus and the tourists are gone |
| in the year of the cat. | and you've thrown (5) the choice and (6) |
| She doesn't give you time for questions | (7) ticket |
| as she locks up (3) arm in hers | so you have to stay on |
| and you follow 'till your sense of which direction | but the drum-beat strains of the (8) remain |
| completely disappears | in the (9) of the new-born day |
| by the blue tiled walls near the market stalls | you know (10) you're bound to leave her |
| there's a hidden door she leads you to | but for now you're going to stay |
| these days, she says, i feel my life | in the year of the cat. |
| just like a river running through | |



- 1. bogart
- 2. like
- 3. your
- 4. year
- 5. away
- 6. lost
- 7. your
- 8. night
- 9. rhythm
- 10. sometime

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