

## 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 (1) or swim	
When all is (2) if the (3) s	ells
Out (4) a whimper	
It's not a blaze of glory	
You look (5) from your temple	
As people endeavor to make it a story	
And chisel a marble word	
But all is lost if it's (6) 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 (7) there	
And all I need's a great big:	
Congratulations	
I'll keep your dreams	

As strange as it seems
, to straings as it seems
I'd rather 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 (8) it in your cauldron
Rust and veneer
Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins
You start with a simple (9) of all the waste
And (10) to taste
And (10) to taste  But damn my luck and damn these friends
But damn my luck and damn these friends
But damn my luck and damn these friends That keep on combing back their smiles
But damn my luck and damn these friends That keep on combing back their smiles I save my grace with half-assed guilt
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



- 1. sink 2. well
- 3. ticket
- 4. with
- 5. down
- 6. never
- 7. really
- 8. throw
- 9. stock
- 10. salt

## Fill in the gaps