

Dead in the water

It's not a paid vacation

The sons and daughters

Of (1)\_\_\_\_\_\_ 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 from (2)\_\_\_\_\_ temple

As people endeavor to make it a story

And (3)\_\_\_\_\_ a marble word

But all is lost if it's never heard

But I've got someone to make reports

That (4)\_\_\_\_\_ me how my money's spent

To book my stays and (5)\_\_\_\_\_ my plans

So I can't tell what's really there And all I need's a great big:

Congratulations
I'll keep your dreams

## Fill in the gaps

You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me
The ground may be moving fast
But I tied my (6) to a broken 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 stock of all the waste
And salt to taste
But (8) my (9) 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 (10) up:
Congratulations



- 1. city
- 2. your
- 3. chisel
- 4. tell
- 5. draw
- 6. boots
- 7. your
- 8. damn
- 9. luck
- 10. soak

## Fill in the gaps