SUB inglés

But he never threw a fight

Fill in the gaps

The Body Of An American by The Pogues

The Cadillac stood by the house	When the (7) was right
And the yanks they were within	So they sent him to the war
And the (1) boys they hissed advice	Fare thee well
'Hot-wire her with a pin'	Gone away
When we turned and shook as we had a look	There's nothin' left to say
In the room where the (2) men lay	With a slainte Joe and Erin go
So big Jim (3) made his last trip	My love's in Amerikay
To the shores where his father's laid	The calling of the rosary
But fifteen minutes later	Spanish wine from far away
We had our first taste of whiskey	I'm a (8) born man of the USA, yeah!
There was uncles giving lectures	This morning on the harbou
On ancient Irish history	When I said goodbye to you
The men all started telling jokes	I remember how I swore
And the women they got frisky	That I'd come back to you one day
At five o'clock in the evening	And as the sunset came to meet
Every bastard there was piskey	The evening on the hill
Fare thee well	I told you I'd always love you
Gone away	I always did and I always will
There's nothin' left to say	Fare thee well
Farewell to New York City boys	Gone away
To Boston and PA	There's nothin' left to say
He took them out	Except to say adieu
With a well-aimed clout	To your eyes as blue
He was often heard to say	As the water in the bay
I'm a free (4) man of the USA	To big Jim Dwyer, the man of war
He (5) the champ in Pittsburgh	Who was often heard to say
And he (6) him to the ground	I'm a free (9) man of the USA
He took on Tiny Tartanella	I'm a free born man of the USA
And it only went one round	I'm a free born man of the USA
He never had no time for reds	
For drink or dice or whores	



- 1. tinker 2. dead
- 3. Dwyer
- 4. born
- 5. fought
- 6. slashed
- 7. fight
- 8. free
- 9. born

Fill in the gaps