

## Fill in the gaps

| Carry on my wayward son                          |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| There'll be peace when you are done              |  |  |
| Lay your weary head to rest                      |  |  |
| Don't you cry no more                            |  |  |
| Once I rose above the noise and confusion        |  |  |
| Just to get a glimpse beyond this illusion       |  |  |
| I was soaring ever higher                        |  |  |
| But I flew too high                              |  |  |
| Though my eyes could see I still was a blind man |  |  |
| Though my mind could (1) I still was a mad man   |  |  |
| I hear the voices when I'm dreaming              |  |  |
| I can hear them say                              |  |  |
| Carry on my wayward son                          |  |  |
| There'll be peace when you are done              |  |  |
| Lay your weary head to rest                      |  |  |
| Don't you cry no more                            |  |  |
| Masquerading as a man with a reason              |  |  |
| My charade is the event of the season            |  |  |
| And if I claim to be a (2) man, well             |  |  |
| It surely means that I don't know                |  |  |

| On a stormy sea of moving emotion         |                  |  |
|---|------------------|--|
| Tossed about I'm like a ship on the ocean |                  |  |
| I set a (3) for v                         | winds of fortune |  |
| But I hear the (4)                        | say              |  |
| Carry on my (5)                           | son              |  |
| There'll be peace when you are done       |                  |  |
| Lay your (6) hea                          | d to rest        |  |
| Don't you cry no more                     |                  |  |
| No!                                       |                  |  |
| Carry on, you will always remember        |                  |  |
| Carry on, nothing equals the splendor     |                  |  |
| Now your life's no (7)                    | empty            |  |
| Surely heaven (8)                         | _ for you        |  |
| Carry on my wayward son                   |                  |  |
| There'll be peace (9)                     | _ you are done   |  |
| Lay your weary head to rest               |                  |  |
| Don't you cry (don't you cry no more)     |                  |  |
| No more                                   |                  |  |



- 1. think
- 2. wise
- 3. course
- 4. voices
- 5. wayward
- 6. weary
- 7. longer
- 8. waits
- 9. when

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