

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 sink or swim
When all is well if the ticket sells
Out with a whimper
It's not a blaze of glory
You look (1) from your temple
As people (2) to make it a story
And chisel a marble word
But all is lost if it's never heard
But I've got (3) to (4) reports
That tell me how my money's spent
To book my stays and draw my plans
So I can't (5) what's really there
And all I need's a great big:
Congratulations
I'll keep your dreams

You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me
The ground may be (6) fast
But I tied my boots to a broken mast
The difference is clear
You throw it in your cauldron
Rust and veneer
Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins
You start (7) a simple stock of all the waste
And salt to taste
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
Spread my arms and (8) up:
Congratulations



- 1. down
- 2. endeavor
- 3. someone
- 4. make
- 5. tell
- 6. moving
- 7. with
- 8. soak

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