

Dead in the water

Fill in the gaps

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 (1) if the ticket sells			
Out with a whimper			
It's not a blaze of glory			
You look down from your temple			
As people endeavor to make it a story			
And chisel a marble word			
But all is lost if it's never heard			
But I've got someone to make reports			
That tell me how my money's spent			
To (2) my stays and (3) 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			

You pay attention for me			
As (4)	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 throw it in your cauldron			
Rust and veneer			
Dusk and dawn (5)		and Baldwins	
You (6) w	ith a simple stock o	f all the waste	
And salt to taste			
But (7) my lu	ıck and (8)	these friends	
That keep on combing back their smiles			
I (9) my grace with half-assed guilt			
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn			
Spread my arms and soak up:			
Congratulations			



- 1. well
- 2. book
- 3. draw
- 4. strange
- 5. Steinways
- 6. start
- 7. damn
- 8. damn
- 9. save

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