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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 (2) 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 book my stays and draw my plans							
So I can't tell what's really there							
And all I need's a great big:							
Congratulations							
I'll (3) 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 (4) may be moving fast							
But I tied my boots to a (5) mass							
The difference is clear							
You throw it in (6) 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 damn my luck and damn these friends							
That keep on combing back their smiles							
I (7) my grace with half-assed guilt							
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn							
Spread my arms and soak up:							
Congratulations							



1. city

- 2. with
- 3. keep
- 4. ground
- 5. broken
- 6. your
- 7. save

Fill in the gaps