

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 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ my plans So I can't tell what's (2)\_\_\_\_\_ there And all I need's a (3)\_\_\_\_\_ big: Congratulations

I'll (4)\_\_\_\_\_ your dreams

## Fill in the gaps

You pay (5) for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me
The (6) 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 Steinways and Baldwins
You (7) with a (8)
(9) 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 soak up:
Congratulations



- 1. draw
- 2. really
- 3. great
- 4. keep
- 5. attention
- 6. ground
- 7. start
- 8. simple
- 9. stock

## Fill in the gaps