

So I sit on (1) table for one
And pour me a (2) that'll last
I'm not (3) I just miss being young
And I grew old so fast
My wife she breaks and she bends
My (4) they don't understand
I came (5) tonight in search of a friend
But I'm the (6) man
Because I've swallowed my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my secrets for years
With my stiff upper lip
My (7) won't slip
And I've hidden each
Silent salty tear
So I sit on this table for one
And I have been here before
It's a (8) less than I'd had in mind
But I wouldn't ask for more
And my mother she taught me to write
And my father he taught me his trade

Fill in the gaps

And I wish that they could both be here tonight
To see what a mess I've made
Because I've (9) my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my secrets for years
With my stiff upper lip
My composure won't slip
And I've hidden each
Silent salty tear
My sons and my daughters don't know me at all
I've dug in trenches and put up walls
I whisper I love you each night as they sleep
But no one hears me when I speak
From this table for one
So I sit on this table for one
I won't go (10) they tell me to leave
Why'd they teach me to follow my dreams
When dreams are all they can be?



- 1. this
- 2. drink
- 3. drunk
- 4. children
- 5. here
- 6. invisible
- 7. composure
- 8. little
- 9. swallowed
- 10. till

Fill in the gaps