

And my father he taught me his trade

## Fill in the gaps

So I sit on this table for one	And I wish that they could both be here tonight
And pour me a drink that'll last	To see what a (5) I've made
I'm not (1) I just miss being young	Because I've (6) my tongue
And I grew old so fast	And I've polished my gun
My wife she breaks and she bends	And I've sat on my secrets for years
My children they don't understand	With my stiff upper lip
I came (2) (3) in search of a	My composure won't slip
friend	And I've hidden each
But I'm the (4) man	Silent salty tear
Because I've swallowed my tongue	My sons and my daughters don't know me at all
And I've polished my gun	I've dug in trenches and put up walls
And I've sat on my secrets for years	I (7) I love you each night as they sleep
With my stiff upper lip	But no one (8) me when I speak
My composure won't slip	From this table for one
And I've hidden each	So I sit on this table for one
Silent salty tear	I won't go (9) they tell me to leave
So I sit on this table for one	Why'd they teach me to follow my dreams
And I have been here before	(10) dreams are all they can be?
It's a little less than I'd had in mind	
But I wouldn't ask for more	
And my mother she taught me to write	



- 1. drunk
- 2. here
- 3. tonight
- 4. invisible
- 5. mess
- 6. swallowed
- 7. whisper
- 8. hears
- 9. till
- 10. When

## Fill in the gaps

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