

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

| To see what a mess I've made                  |  |
|---|--|
| Because I've swallowed my tongue              |  |
| And I've (6) 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 (7) I (8) you each night as                 |  |
| they sleep                                    |  |
| But no one hears me when I speak              |  |
| From this table for one                       |  |
| So I sit on this (9) for one                  |  |
| I won't go till they tell me to leave         |  |
| Why'd they teach me to follow my dreams       |  |
| When dreams are all (10) can be?              |  |



- 1. drink
- 2. they
- 3. tonight
- 4. salty
- 5. could
- 6. polished
- 7. whisper
- 8. love
- 9. table
- 10. they

## Fill in the gaps

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