

## Fill in the gaps

| On a morning from a bogart movie                    |            |                | the year of the cat                            |     |  |
|---|------------|----------------|--|-----|--|
| n a (1)   | _ (2)      | they turn back | She looks at you so cooly                      |     |  |
| ime   |            |                | and her eyes shine (4) the moon in the sea     |     |  |
| you go strolling through the crowd like peter lorre |            |                | she (5) in incense and patchouli               |     |  |
| contemplating a crime                               |            |                | so you take her, to find what's waiting inside |     |  |
| she comes out of the sun in a silk dress running    |            |                | the year of the cat.                           |     |  |
| ike a watercolour in the rain                       |            |                | Well morning comes and you're (6) with h       | ıer |  |
| don't bother asking for explanations                |            |                | and the bus and the tourists are gone          |     |  |
| she'll just tell you that she came                  |            |                | and you've thrown away the (7)                 | an  |  |
| n the year of the cat.                              |            |                | (8) your ticket                                |     |  |
| She doesn't give you time for questions             |            |                | so you have to stay on                         |     |  |
| as she locks up your arm in hers                    |            |                | but the drum-beat strains of the night remain  |     |  |
| and you follow 'till your sense of which direction  |            |                | in the rhythm of the new-born day              |     |  |
| completely disappears                               |            |                | you know sometime you're bound to leave her    |     |  |
| by the blue tiled walls near the (3) stalls         |            |                | but for now you're going to stay               |     |  |
| here's a hidden door she leads you to               |            |                | in the year of the cat.                        |     |  |
| hese days, she says, i fe                           | el my life |                |  |     |  |
| ust like a river running th                         | rough      |                |  |     |  |



## 1. country

- 2. where
- 3. market
- 4. like
- 5. comes
- 6. still
- 7. choice
- 8. lost

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