

Fill in the gaps

| On a morning from a bogart movie |
|---|
| in a country where (1) turn back time |
| you go strolling through the crowd like peter lorre |
| contemplating a crime |
| she comes out of the sun in a silk dress running |
| like a watercolour in the rain |
| don't bother asking for explanations |
| she'll just tell you that she came |
| in the year of the cat. |
| She doesn't (2) you (3) for questions |
| as she locks up your arm in hers |
| and you follow 'till your sense of which direction |
| completely disappears |
| by the blue tiled walls (4) the market stalls |
| there's a hidden door she leads you to |
| these days, she says, i (5) my life |
| just like a river running through |

| he year of the cat |
|--|
| She looks at you so cooly |
| and her eyes shine like the moon in the sea |
| she comes in incense and patchouli |
| so you take her, to find what's waiting inside |
| he (6) of the cat. |
| Well (7) comes and you're still with her |
| and the bus and the (8) are gone |
| and you've (9) away the choice and lost your |
| icket |
| so you have to stay on |
| out the drum-beat strains of the night remain |
| n the rhythm of the new-born day |
| ou know sometime you're bound to leave her |
| out for now you're going to stay |
| |



- 1. they
- 2. give
- 3. time
- 4. near
- 5. feel
- 6. year
- 7. morning
- 8. tourists
- 9. thrown

Fill in the gaps