JUB inglés

But he never threw a fight

Fill in the gaps

The Body Of An American by The Pogues

The (1)	stood by the house	When the fight was right	
And the yanks they (2) within		So they sent him to the war	
And the tinker (3)	they hissed advice	Fare thee well	
'Hot-wire her with a pin'		Gone away	
When we turned and shook as we had a look		There's nothin' (7) to say	
In the room where the dead men lay		With a slainte Joe and Erin go	
So big Jim Dwyer (4) his last trip		My love's in Amerikay	
To the shores where his father's laid		The calling of the rosary	
But fifteen minutes later		Spanish wine from far away	
We had our first taste of whiskey		I'm a free born man of the USA, yeah!	
There was uncles giving lectures		This morning on the harbou	
On ancient Irish history		When I said goodbye to you	
The men all started telling jokes		I remember how I swore	
And the women they got frisky		That I'd come back to you one day	
At five o'clock in the evening		And as the (8) came to meet	
Every bastard there was piskey		The evening on the hill	
Fare thee well		l (9) you l'd (10)	love yo
Gone away		I always did and I always will	
There's nothin' left to say		Fare thee well	
Farewell to New York City boys		Gone away	
To Boston and PA		There's nothin' left to say	
He took them out		Except to say adieu	
With a well-aimed clout		To your eyes as blue	
He was often (5) to say		As the water in the bay	
I'm a free born man of the USA		To big Jim Dwyer, the man of war	
He (6)	the champ in Pittsburgh	Who was often heard to say	
And he slashed him to the ground		I'm a free born man of the USA	
He took on Tiny Tartanella		I'm a free born man of the USA	
And it only went one round		I'm a free born man of the USA	
He never had no time	for reds		
For drink or dice or wh	nores		



- 1. Cadillac
- 2. were
- 3. boys
- 4. made
- 5. heard
- 6. fought
- 7. left
- 8. sunset
- 9. told
- 10. always

Fill in the gaps