

Fill in the gaps

Dead in the water
It's not a paid vacation
The sons and daughters
Of city officials attend demonstrations
It's hardly a sink or swim
When all is well if the ticket sells
Out with a whimper
It's not a blaze of glory
You (1) down from (2) temple
As people endeavor to make it a story
And chisel a (3) word
But all is lost if it's never heard
But I've got someone to make reports
That tell me how my money's spent
To book my (4) and draw my plans
So I can't tell what's really there
And all I need's a great big:
Congratulations
I'll keep your dreams

You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather (5) than have you ignore me
The ground may be moving fast
But I tied my boots to a broken mast
The difference is clear
You (6) it in your cauldron
Rust and veneer
Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins
You start with a simple stock of all the waste
And salt to taste
But (7) my luck and damn these friends
That keep on combing back their smiles
I (8) my grace with half-assed guilt
And lay down the quilt (9) the lawn
Spread my arms and (10) up:
Congratulations



- 1. look
- 2. your
- 3. marble
- 4. stays
- 5. dissolve
- 6. throw
- 7. damn
- 8. save
- 9. upon
- 10. soak

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