

Dead in the water

Fill in the gaps

It's not a paid vacation	
The sons and daughters	
Of city (1) atte	end 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 look down from your temple	
As people endeavor to make it a story	/
And chisel a marble 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 stays 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 (2) dreams	

You pay attention for me	
As strange as it seems	
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me	
The ground may be (3) fast	
But I tied my boots to a broken mast	
The (4) is clear	
You throw it in your cauldron	
Rust and veneer	
Dusk and dawn Steinways and Baldwins	
You start with a simple (5) of all the waste	
And (6) to taste	
But damn my luck and (7) (8) friends	
That keep on combing back their smiles	
I save my grace with half-assed guilt	
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn	
Spread my arms and soak up:	
Congratulations	



- 1. officials
- 2. your
- 3. moving
- 4. difference
- 5. stock
- 6. salt
- 7. damn
- 8. these

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