

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 your temple	
As people (2)	to make it a story
And chisel a marble word	
But all is lost if it's (3)	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 (4) what	at's really there
And all I need's a great big:	
Congratulations	
I'll keep your dreams	

You pay attention for me	
As (5) as it seems	
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me	
The (6) may be moving fast	
But I tied my boots to a broken mast	
The difference is clear	
You throw 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 damn my luck and damn these friends	
That keep on combing back their smiles	
I save my grace (7) half-assed guilt	
And lay down the (8) (9) the lawn	
Spread my arms and soak up:	
Congratulations	



- 1. look
- 2. endeavor
- 3. never
- 4. tell
- 5. strange
- 6. ground
- 7. with
- 8. quilt
- 9. upon

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