

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 look down from your temple

As (1)\_\_\_\_\_ endeavor to make it a story

And (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 your dreams

## Fill in the gaps

You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me
The ground may be moving fast
But I (3) my (4) to a broken mas
The difference is clear
You throw it in your cauldron
Rust and veneer
Dusk and dawn (5) and Baldwins
You (6) with a simple stock of all the waste
And salt to taste
But damn my luck and (7) these friends
That (8) 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 (9) up:
Congratulations



- 1. people
- 2. chisel
- 3. tied
- 4. boots
- 5. Steinways
- 6. start
- 7. damn
- 8. keep
- 9. soak

## Fill in the gaps