

Fill in the gaps

And I (6) that they could (7) be here
tonight
To see what a mess I've made
Because I've swallowed my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my (8) for years
With my stiff upper lip
My composure won't slip
And I've hidden each
Silent salty tear
My sons and my daughters don't know me at all
I've dug in trenches and put up walls
I whisper I love you each night as they sleep
But no one hears me when I speak
From this table for one
So I sit on this table for one
I won't go till they tell me to leave
Why'd they (9) me to follow my dreams
When dreams are all they can be?



- 1. wife
- 2. composure
- 3. table
- 4. little
- 5. taught
- 6. wish
- 7. both
- 8. secrets
- 9. teach

## Fill in the gaps