

## Table for one by Passenger

So I sit on this table for one
And pour me a (1) that'll las
I'm not drunk I just miss being young
And I (2) old so fast
My wife she breaks and she bends
My children they don't understand
I came here tonight in search of a friend
But I'm the invisible man
Because I've swallowed my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my secrets for years
With my (3) upper lip
My (4) won't slip
And I've hidden each
Silent (5) tear
So I sit on this table for one
And I have been here before
It's a little less than I'd had in mind
But I wouldn't ask for more
And my mother she taught me to write
And my father he taught me his trade

## Fill in the gaps

And I wish (6) they (7) both be here
tonight
To see (8) a mess I've made
Because I've (9) my tongue
And I've polished my gun
And I've sat on my secrets 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 (10) for one
So I sit on this table for one
I won't go till they tell me to leave
Why'd they teach me to follow my dreams
When dreams are all they can be?



- 1. drink
- 2. grew
- 3. stiff
- 4. composure
- 5. salty
- 6. that
- 7. could
- 8. what
- 9. swallowed
- 10. table

## Fill in the gaps