

Fill in the gaps

(Oh oh)		
I used to (1) the world		
Seas would rise when I gave the word		
Now in the morning I sleep alone		
Sweep the streets I used to own		
I used to roll the dice		
Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes		
Listened as the crowd would sing		
Now the old king is dead long live the king		
One minute I held the key		
Next the walls were closed on me		
And I discovered that my castles stand		
Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand		
I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing		
Roman cavalry (2) are singing		
Roman cavalry (2) are singing Be my mirror my (3) and shield		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some (4) I can't explain		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some (4) I can't explain Once you'd (5) there was never		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some (4) I can't explain Once you'd (5) there was never Never an honest word		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some (4) I can't explain Once you'd (5) there was never Never an honest word And that was when I (6) the world		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some (4) I can't explain Once you'd (5) there was never Never an honest word And that was when I (6) the world It was a wicked and wild wind		
Be my mirror my (3) and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some (4) I can't explain Once you'd (5) there was never Never an honest word And that was when I (6) the world It was a wicked and wild wind Blew down the doors to let me in		

For my head on a silver plate	
Just a puppet on a lonely string	
Oh who would ever want to be king?	
I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing	
Roman cavalry choirs are singing	
Be my mirror my sword and shield	
My missionaries in a foreign field	
For some (7) I can't	explain
I know St Peter won't (8)	my name
Never an honest word	
But that was when I ruled the world	
(Oh oh)	
Hear (9) bell	s a-ringing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing	
Be my mirror my sword and shield	
My missionaries in a foreign field	
For some reason I can't explain	
I know St Peter won't (10)	my name
Never an honest word	
But that was when I ruled the world	
(Oh oh)	
(Muchísimas gracias)	



- 1. rule
- 2. choirs
- 3. sword
- 4. reason
- 5. gone
- 6. ruled
- 7. reason
- 8. call
- 9. Jerusalem
- 10. call

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