

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange (1) I (2)	Now ain't it funny that I feel (6) Philby,
(3) Philby,	A (7) on a foreign shore,
There's a stranger in my soul,	I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,	There's a knock upon the door,
I can't come in from the cold,	Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,	My cover can't be blown,
Contact's broken down,	It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
Time (4) by, I'm above suspicion,	Tell me, what is going on?
There's a voice on the telephone	Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,	Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
Contact's never gonna show,	A (8) comes, must be moving on.
I've got a code which can't be broken,	All night long my mind's been burning,
My eyes never seem to close,	Makes me (9) such a long, long way from home,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,	Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
Shadows falling down,	There's a stranger in my soul
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,	I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
The night's (5) burn on slow.	I can't come in from the cold
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	



- 1. that
- 2. feel
- 3. like
- 4. drags
- 5. gonna
- 6. like
- 7. stranger
- 8. Morning
- 9. feel

Fill in the gaps