



Philby by Rory Gallagher

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,
I can't come in from the cold,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,
Contact's broken down,
Time (1)_____ by, I'm (2)_____ suspicion,
There's a (3)_____ on the telephone
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,
Contact's never gonna show,
I've got a code which can't be broken,
My eyes (4)_____ seem to close,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,
Shadows (5)_____ down,
I'm (6)_____ but I don't need pity,
The night's gonna burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my (7)_____ and I must move quickly,
There's a knock upon the door,
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
A Morning comes, must be moving on.
All night (8)_____ my mind's been burning,
Makes me feel such a long, (9)_____ way from home,
Now ain't it strange (10)_____ I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
I can't come in from the cold



Answer

1. drags
2. above
3. voice
4. never
5. falling
6. disconnected
7. plans
8. long
9. long
10. that

Fill in the gaps