



## Philby by Rory Gallagher

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,  
There's a (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 drags by, I'm above suspicion,  
There's a voice on the telephone  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,  
Contact's (2)\_\_\_\_\_ gonna show,  
I've got a code which can't be broken,  
My eyes never seem to close,  
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,  
Shadows falling down,  
I'm disconnected 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 plans and I must move quickly,  
There's a knock upon the door,  
Still in (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 long my mind's been burning,  
Makes me (4)\_\_\_\_\_ such a long, long way (5)\_\_\_\_\_ home,  
Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,  
There's a stranger in my (6)\_\_\_\_\_  
I'm (7)\_\_\_\_\_ in transit in a lonesome city  
I can't come in (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the cold



Answer

1. stranger
2. never
3. transit
4. feel
5. from
6. soul
7. lost
8. from

Fill in the gaps