

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. feel
- 2. like
- 3. plans
- 4. cover
- 5. getting
- 6. strange
- 7. stranger
- 8. lonesome
- 9. come

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