

Fill in the gaps

| Now ain't it strange (1) I feel (2) Philby, | Now ain't it funny (6) I feel like Philby, |
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| 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 plans and I must (7) quickly, |
| I can't (3) 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 cover can't be blown, |
| Time drags by, I'm above suspicion, | It's getting strange and it's getting 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 (8) comes, must be (9) |
| My eyes (4) seem to close, | on. |
| Well, I'm standing here in the silent city, | All night long my mind's been burning, |
| Shadows falling down, | Makes me feel such a long, long way from home, |
| I'm disconnected but I don't (5) pity, | Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby, |
| The night's gonna burn on slow. | There's a stranger in my soul |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | I'm lost in (10) in a lonesome city |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | I can't come in from the cold |



- 1. that
- 2. like
- 3. come
- 4. never
- 5. need
- 6. that
- 7. move
- 8. Morning
- 9. moving
- 10. transit

Fill in the gaps