

Fill in the gaps

| Now ain't it (1) that I feel like Philby, | Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby, |
|--|--|
| There's a stranger in my soul, | A (9) on a foreign shore, |
| I'm lost in transit in a (2) city, | I've got my plans and I (10) move quickly, |
| I can't come in from the cold, | There's a knock (11) the door, |
| I'm deep in action on a secret mission, | Still in transit and I'm close to danger, |
| Contact's (3) down, | My cover can't be blown, |
| Time drags by, I'm above suspicion, | It's getting (12) and it's getting crazy, |
| There's a (4) on the telephone | Tell me, (13) 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 (5) which can't be broken, | A (14) comes, must be (15) |
| My eyes never (6) to close, | on. |
| Well, I'm (7) here in the | All (16) long my mind's been burning, |
| (8) city, | Makes me (17) such a long, long way from home, |
| Shadows falling down, | Now ain't it strange that I feel (18) Philby, |
| I'm disconnected but I don't need pity, | There's a (19) in my soul |
| The night's gonna burn on slow. | I'm (20) in transit in a (21) cit |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | I can't come in (22) the cold |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | |



- 1. strange
- 2. lonesome
- 3. broken
- 4. voice
- 5. code
- 6. seem
- 7. standing
- 8. silent
- 9. stranger
- 10. must
- 11. upon
- 12. strange
- 13. what
- 14. Morning
- 15. moving
- 16. night
- 17. feel
- 18. like
- 19. stranger
- 20. lost
- 21. lonesome
- 22. from

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