



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 drags by, I'm above suspicion,
There's a voice on the telephone
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it (1)_____ is dark in this clockwork city,
Contact's never (2)_____ show,
I've got a code which can't be broken,
My eyes (3)_____ seem to close,
Well, I'm standing here in the (4)_____ city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,
The night's (5)_____ (6)_____ on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I (7)_____ 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 transit and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's (8)_____ 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 (9)_____ comes, must be moving on.
All night long my mind's been burning,
Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,
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



Answer

1. sure
2. gonna
3. never
4. silent
5. gonna
6. burn
7. feel
8. getting
9. Morning

Fill in the gaps