

Fill in the gaps

| (On on) |
|---|
| I used to rule the world |
| Seas would rise when I gave the word |
| Now in the (1) I (2) alone |
| Sweep the streets I used to own |
| I used to roll the dice |
| Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes |
| Listened as the crowd would sing |
| Now the old king is dead long live the king |
| One minute I held the key |
| Next the walls were closed on me |
| And I discovered that my castles stand |
| Upon (3) of salt and pillars of sand |
| I hear Jerusalem (4) a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| Missionaries in a foreign field |
| For some reason I can't explain |
| Once you'd gone there was never |
| Never an honest word |
| And that was when I ruled the world |
| It was a (5) and wild wind |
| Blew down the doors to let me in |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums |
| People couldn't believe what I'd become |
| Revolutionaries wait |

| For my head on a silver plate |
|-------------------------------------|
| Just a (6) on a lonely string |
| Oh who would ever want to be king? |
| I hear Jerusalem (7) a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| My missionaries in a (8) field |
| For some reason I can't explain |
| I know St Peter won't call my name |
| Never an honest word |
| But that was when I ruled the world |
| |
| (Oh oh) |
| Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| My missionaries in a foreign field |
| For (9) reason I can't explain |
| I know St Peter won't call my name |
| Never an honest word |
| But that was when I ruled the world |
| (Oh oh) |
| (Muchísimas gracias) |



1. morning

- 2. sleep
- 3. pillars
- 4. bells
- 5. wicked
- 6. puppet
- 7. bells
- 8. foreign
- 9. some

Fill in the gaps