

## Fill in the gaps

| (Oh oh)                                     |
|---|
| I used to rule the world                    |
| Seas would rise when I gave the word        |
| Now in the (1) I sleep 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 (2) my castles stand       |
| Upon pillars of salt and (3) of sand        |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing            |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing            |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield            |
| Missionaries in a foreign field             |
| For some (4) 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 wicked 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      | Э                    |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Just a puppet on a lonely str      | ing                  |
| Oh who would ever want to b        | oe king?             |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ring      | ing                  |
| Roman cavalry choirs are sir       | nging                |
| Be my mirror my sword and          | shield               |
| My missionaries in a foreign       | field                |
| For some (5)                       | I can't explain      |
| I know St Peter won't call my name |                      |
| Never an honest word               |                      |
| But (6) was when I ruled the world |                      |
|                                    |                      |
| (Oh oh)                            |                      |
| Hear (7)                           | bells a-ringing      |
| Roman (8)                          | _ choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my (9)                | and shield           |
| My missionaries in a foreign       | field                |
| For some reason I can't expl       | ain                  |
| I know St Peter won't (10)_        | my name              |
| Never an honest word               |                      |
| But that was when I ruled the      | e world              |
| (Oh oh)                            |                      |
| (Muchísimas gracias )              |                      |



- 1. morning
- 2. that
- 3. pillars
- 4. reason
- 5. reason
- 6. that
- 7. Jerusalem
- 8. cavalry
- 9. sword
- 10. call

## Fill in the gaps