

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I (1) like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,
I can't (2) 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 sure is dark in this clockwork city,
Contact's never gonna show,
I've got a (3) which can't be broken,
My eyes never seem to close,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,
The night's gonna burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Now ain't it funny (4) I feel like Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I (5) move quickly,
There's a knock upon the door,
Still in (6) and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting (7) and it's getting crazy
Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah,
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
A Morning comes, must be (8) 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 (9) 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



- 1. feel
- 2. come
- 3. code
- 4. that
- 5. must
- 6. transit
- 7. strange
- 8. moving
- 9. feel

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