

Fill in the gaps

| Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby, | | Now ain't it (11) that I (12) like |
|---|---------------------------|--|
| There's a (1) | in my soul, | Philby, |
| I'm lost in transit in a (2)_ | city, | A (13) on a foreign shore, |
| I can't come in from the cold, | | I've got my plans and I must (14) quickly, |
| I'm deep in action on a secret mission, | | There's a knock upon the door, |
| Contact's broken down, | | Still in transit and I'm close to danger, |
| Time drags by, I'm above suspicion, | | My (15) can't be blown, |
| There's a (3) on the telephone | | It's getting strange and it's getting crazy, |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | | Tell me, (16) is (17) on? |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | | Yeah, yeah, yeah. |
| Well it sure is (4) | _ in this clockwork city, | Yeah, yeah, yeah. |
| Contact's (5) gonna show, | | Four o'clock and nothing's moving, |
| I've got a code which can't be broken, | | Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring, |
| My eyes (6) seem to close, | | A (18) comes, must be moving on. |
| Well, I'm standing here in the silent city, | | All night (19) my mind's (20) burning, |
| Shadows (7) down, | | Makes me feel such a long, long way from home, |
| I'm (8) | but I don't need pity, | Now ain't it strange that I (21) like Philby, |
| The night's (9) | (10) on slow. | There's a stranger in my soul |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | | I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | | I can't (22) in from the cold |

SUB inglés

- 1. stranger
- 2. lonesome
- 3. voice
- 4. dark
- 5. never
- 6. never
- 7. falling
- 8. disconnected
- 9. gonna
- 10. burn
- 11. funny
- 12. feel
- 13. stranger
- 14. move
- 15. cover
- 16. what
- 17. going
- 18. Morning
- 19. long
- 20. been
- 21. feel
- 22. come

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