

Fill in the gaps

| (Oh oh oh) |
|--|
| I used to rule the world |
| Seas would rise when I (1) the word |
| Now in the morning I sleep alone |
| Sweep the streets I (2) to own |
| I used to roll the dice |
| Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes |
| Listened as the crowd (3) sing |
| Now the old king is (4) 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 pillars of salt and pillars of sand |
| I hear (5) bells a-ringing |
| Theat (3) bells a-finging |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) my sword and shield |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain Once you'd gone there was never |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) 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 |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) 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 (7) the world |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) 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 (7) the world It was a wicked and wild wind |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my (6) 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 (7) the world It was a wicked and wild wind Blew down the doors to let me in |

For my head on a silver plate Just a puppet on a lonely string Oh who would ever want to be king?... I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield My missionaries in a foreign field For some (8)_____ 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... oh...) Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman (9)_____ choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield My (10)_ ___ in a foreign 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... oh...) (Muchísimas gracias...)



- 1. gave
- 2. used
- 3. would
- 4. dead
- 5. Jerusalem
- 6. mirror
- 7. ruled
- 8. reason
- 9. cavalry
- 10. missionaries

Fill in the gaps