

Fill in the gaps

| Now ain't it (1) (2) I feel like | Now ain't it (14) that I feel like Philby, |
|---|--|
| Philby, | A stranger on a foreign shore, |
| There's a stranger in my soul, | I've got my plans and I must move quickly, |
| I'm (3) in (4) in a | There's a knock upon the door, |
| (5) city, | Still in (15) and I'm (16) to |
| I can't come in from the cold, | danger, |
| I'm (6) in action on a secret mission, | My cover can't be blown, |
| Contact's broken down, | It's getting strange and it's getting crazy, |
| Time drags by, I'm above suspicion, | Tell me, (17) is going on? |
| There's a (7) on the telephone | Yeah, yeah, yeah. |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | Yeah, yeah, yeah. |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | Four o'clock and nothing's moving, |
| Well it (8) is dark in this clockwork city, | Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring, |
| Contact's never gonna show, | A (18) comes, must be moving on. |
| I've got a code which can't be broken, | All night long my mind's (19) burning, |
| My eyes never (9) to close, | Makes me feel such a long, long way from home, |
| Well, I'm (10) here in the | Now ain't it strange (20) I feel like Philby, |
| (11) city, | There's a stranger in my (21) |
| Shadows falling down, | I'm (22) in transit in a lonesome city |
| I'm disconnected but I don't need pity, | I can't come in from the (23) |
| The night's (12) on slow. | |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | |



1. strange

- 2. that
- 3. lost
- 4. transit
- 5. lonesome
- 6. deep
- 7. voice
- 8. sure
- 9. seem
- 10. standing
- 11. silent
- 12. gonna
- 13. burn
- 14. funny
- 15. transit
- 16. close
- 17. what
- 18. Morning
- 19. been
- 20. that
- 21. soul
- 22. lost
- 23. cold

Fill in the gaps

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