

## 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 (2) in a lonesome city,		
I can't come in from the cold,		
I'm (3) 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 code which can't be broken,		
My eyes never seem to close,		
Well, I'm (4) here in the silent city,		
Shadows falling down,		
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,		
The night's (5) burn on slow.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,		
A stranger on a foreign shore,		
I've got my plans and I (6)	move quickly,	
There's a knock upon the door,		
Still in transit 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, yeah.		
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,		
Six o'clock and the daylight's stir	ring,	
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 (9)	that I feel like Philby	
There's a stranger in my soul		
I'm lost in (10)	in a lonesome city	
I can't come in from the cold		



- 1. feel
- 2. transit
- 3. deep
- 4. standing
- 5. gonna
- 6. must
- 7. strange
- 8. moving
- 9. strange
- 10. transit

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