

## Fill in the gaps

| Now ain't it (1)                    | (2)                  | I                          | Now ain't it funny that I (14) like Philby,    |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------|--|
| (3) like Philby,                    |                      |                            | A (15) on a foreign shore,                     |
| There's a stranger in my soul,      |                      |                            | I've got my plans and I must move quickly,     |
| I'm lost in (4)                     | in a lonesome city,  |                            | There's a (16) upon the door,                  |
| I can't come in from the cold,      |                      |                            | Still in transit and I'm close to danger,      |
| I'm deep in (5)                     | on a secret mission, |                            | My cover can't be blown,                       |
| Contact's broken down,              |                      |                            | It's (17) strange and it's getting crazy,      |
| Time drags by, I'm above suspicion, |                      | Tell me, (18) is going on? |  |
| There's a voice on the telephone    |                      | Yeah, yeah, yeah.          |  |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah.                   |                      |                            | Yeah, yeah, yeah.                              |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah.                   |                      |                            | Four o'clock and nothing's moving,             |
| Well it sure is (6) in              | this (7)             |                            | Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,       |
| city,                               |                      |                            | A Morning comes, must be moving on.            |
| Contact's (8) (9)_                  | show,                |                            | All night (19) my mind's (20) burning,         |
| I've got a code which can't be b    | roken,               |                            | Makes me feel such a long, long way (21) home, |
| My eyes (10) see                    | m to close,          |                            | Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,  |
| Well, I'm standing (11)             | in the silent city,  |                            | There's a stranger in my soul                  |
| Shadows falling down,               |                      |                            | I'm (22) in (23) in a lonesome                 |
| I'm disconnected but I don't (12    | 2) pity,             |                            | city   |
| The night's (13) b                  | urn on slow.         |                            | I can't come in from the (24)                  |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah.                   |                      |                            |  |
|                                     |                      |                            |  |

Yeah, yeah, yeah.



- 1. strange
- 2. that
- 3. feel
- 4. transit
- 5. action
- 6. dark
- 7. clockwork
- 8. never
- 9. gonna
- 10. never
- 11. here
- 12. need
- 13. gonna
- 14. feel
- 15. stranger
- 16. knock
- 17. getting
- 18. what
- 19. long
- 20. been
- 21. from
- 22. lost
- 23. transit
- 24. cold

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