



## Philby by Rory Gallagher

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,  
There's a (1)\_\_\_\_\_ in my soul,  
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,  
I can't come in (2)\_\_\_\_\_ the cold,  
I'm deep in action on a (3)\_\_\_\_\_ mission,  
Contact's (4)\_\_\_\_\_ down,  
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,  
There's a voice on the telephone  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Well it (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 standing here in the (6)\_\_\_\_\_ city,  
Shadows falling down,  
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,  
The night's gonna burn on slow.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

### Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,  
A stranger on a foreign shore,  
I've got my plans and I must 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 strange 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 stirring,  
A Morning comes, must be (7)\_\_\_\_\_ on.  
All night long my mind's been burning,  
Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,  
Now ain't it strange that I (8)\_\_\_\_\_ like Philby,  
There's a stranger in my soul  
I'm lost in transit in a (9)\_\_\_\_\_ city  
I can't come in from the cold



## Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. stranger
2. from
3. secret
4. broken
5. sure
6. silent
7. moving
8. feel
9. lonesome