

## Fill in the gaps

| (On on)                                     | For my head on a silver plate       |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| I used to rule the world                    | Just a puppet on a lonely string    |
| Seas would (1) when I gave the word         | Oh who would ever (7) to be king?.  |
| Now in the morning I sleep alone            | I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing    |
| Sweep the streets I used to own             | Roman cavalry choirs are singing    |
| I used to roll the dice                     | Be my mirror my sword and shield    |
| Feel the (2) in my enemy's eyes             | My missionaries in a foreign field  |
| Listened as the crowd would sing            | For some reason I can't explain     |
| Now the old king is dead long live the king | I know St Peter won't call my name  |
| One minute I held the key                   | Never an honest word                |
| Next the walls were closed on me            | But that was when I ruled the world |
| And I (3) that my                           |                                     |
| (4) stand                                   | (Oh oh oh)                          |
| Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand    | Hear (8) bells a-ringing            |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing            | Roman cavalry choirs are singing    |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing            | Be my mirror my (9) and shield      |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield            | My missionaries in a foreign field  |
| Missionaries in a foreign field             | For some reason I can't explain     |
| For some reason I can't explain             | I know St Peter won't call my name  |
| Once you'd gone there was never             | Never an honest word                |
| Never an (5) word                           | But that was when I ruled the world |
| And that was when I ruled the world         | (Oh oh oh)                          |
| It was a wicked and wild wind               | (Muchísimas gracias)                |
| Blew down the doors to let me in            |                                     |
| Shattered (6) and the sound of drums        |                                     |
| People couldn't believe what I'd become     |                                     |
| Revolutionaries wait                        |                                     |



- 1. rise
- 2. fear
- 3. discovered
- 4. castles
- 5. honest
- 6. windows
- 7. want
- 8. Jerusalem
- 9. sword

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