

## Fill in the gaps

(Oh oh oh)
I used to rule the world
Seas would (1) when I gave the word
Now in the morning I sleep alone
Sweep the streets I used to own
I used to roll the dice
Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes
Listened as the crowd (2) sing
Now the old king is dead long live the king
One minute I (3) the key
Next the walls were closed on me
And I discovered that my castles stand
Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand
I hear (4) bells a-ringing
I hear (4) bells a-ringing  Roman (5) choirs are singing
Roman (5) choirs are singing
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain  Once you'd gone there was never
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain  Once you'd gone there was never  Never an honest word
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain  Once you'd gone there was never  Never an honest word  And (6) was when I ruled the world
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain  Once you'd gone there was never  Never an honest word  And (6) was when I ruled the world  It was a wicked and (7) wind  Blew down the doors to let me in  Shattered windows and the sound of drums
Roman (5) choirs are singing  Be my mirror my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain  Once you'd gone there was never  Never an honest word  And (6) was when I ruled the world  It was a wicked and (7) wind  Blew down the doors to let me in

For my head on a silver plate Just a puppet on a lonely string Oh who would ever want to be king?... I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing \_ and shield Be my mirror my (9)\_\_\_\_\_ My missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain I know St Peter won't call my name Never an honest word But that was when I ruled the world (Oh... oh... oh...) Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield My missionaries in a foreign field For some (10)\_\_\_\_\_ I can't explain I know St Peter won't call my name Never an honest word But that was when I ruled the world (Oh... oh... oh...) (Muchísimas gracias...)



- 1. rise
- 2. would
- 3. held
- 4. Jerusalem
- 5. cavalry
- 6. that
- 7. wild
- 8. believe
- 9. sword
- 10. reason

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