

## Fill in the gaps

(On on)
I used to rule the world
Seas would rise when I gave the word
Now in the morning I sleep alone
Sweep the (1) I used to own
I used to roll the dice
Feel the (2) in my enemy's eyes
Listened as the crowd would sing
Now the old (3) is dead long live the king
One minute I held 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 cavalry choirs are singing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) my sword and shield
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) my sword and shield  Missionaries in a foreign field  For some reason I can't explain  Once you'd gone there was never
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) 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 cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) 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 that was when I ruled the world
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) 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 that was when I ruled the world  It was a wicked and wild wind
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  Be my (5) 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 that was when I ruled the world  It was a wicked and wild wind  Blew down the doors to let me in

For my head on a silver plate
Just a (6) on a lonely string
Oh who would ever want to be king?
I 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 (7) 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)
Hear Jerusalem (8) a-ringing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Be my mirror my sword and shield
My missionaries in a foreign field
For some reason I can't explain
I know St (9) won't call my name
Never an honest word
But (10) was when I ruled the world
(Oh oh)
(Muchísimas gracias)



- 1. streets
- 2. fear
- 3. king
- 4. Jerusalem
- 5. mirror
- 6. puppet
- 7. reason
- 8. bells
- 9. Peter
- 10. that

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