



## Philby by Rory Gallagher

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,  
There's a stranger in my soul,  
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,  
I can't come in from the cold,  
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,  
Contact's (1)\_\_\_\_\_ down,  
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,  
There's a voice on the telephone  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Well it (2)\_\_\_\_\_ is dark in this clockwork city,  
Contact's (3)\_\_\_\_\_ gonna show,  
I've got a code (4)\_\_\_\_\_ can't be broken,  
My eyes never seem to close,  
Well, I'm standing (5)\_\_\_\_\_ in the silent 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 moving on.  
All (7)\_\_\_\_\_ long my mind's been burning,  
Makes me feel (8)\_\_\_\_\_ a long, (9)\_\_\_\_\_ way from  
home,  
Now ain't it strange that I (10)\_\_\_\_\_ like Philby,  
There's a stranger in my soul  
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city  
I can't come in from the cold



Answer

1. broken
2. sure
3. never
4. which
5. here
6. close
7. night
8. such
9. long
10. feel

Fill in the gaps