

Fill in the gaps

| (Oh oh oh) | For my head on a silver plate |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| I used to (1) the world | Just a puppet on a lonely string |
| Seas would rise when I gave the word | Oh who would ever want to be king? |
| Now in the (2) 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 fear 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 (9) 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 discovered (3) my castles stand | |
| Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand | (Oh oh) |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing | Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing | Roman cavalry (10) are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield | Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| Missionaries in a foreign field | My missionaries in a foreign field |
| For some reason I can't explain | For some reason I can't explain |
| Once you'd (4) there was never | I know St Peter won't call my name |
| Never an honest word | Never an honest word |
| And (5) was when I (6) the world | But that was when I ruled the world |
| It was a (7) and wild wind | (Oh oh) |
| Blew down the doors to let me in | (Muchísimas gracias) |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums | |
| People couldn't (8) what I'd become | |
| Revolutionaries wait | |



- 1. rule
- 2. morning
- 3. that
- 4. gone
- 5. that
- 6. ruled
- 7. wicked
- 8. believe
- 9. call
- 10. choirs

Fill in the gaps

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