

## 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 streets I used to own
I used to roll the dice
Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes
Listened as the crowd would sing
Now the old king is (1) long live the king
One minute I held the key
Next the walls were closed on me
And I discovered (2) my castles stand
Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand
Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand  I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing
• •
I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing
I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing  Roman cavalry choirs are singing
I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield
I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field
I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain
I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry 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
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I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry 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 that was when I ruled the world
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I (3) Jerusalem bells a-ringing Roman cavalry 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 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 puppet on a (5) 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 (6) in a foreign field
For (7) 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 (8) a-ringing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Be my mirror my sword and shield
My missionaries in a (9) 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)
(Muchísimas gracias)



- 1. dead
- 2. that
- 3. hear
- 4. what
- 5. lonely
- 6. missionaries
- 7. some
- 8. bells
- 9. foreign

## Fill in the gaps

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