

Fill in the gaps

(Oh oh oh)
I used to (1) the world
Seas would rise when I (2) 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 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 (3) bells a-ringing
I hear (3) bells a-ringing
I hear (3) bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing
I hear (3) bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield
I hear (3) bells a-ringing Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field
I hear (3) 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 hear (3) 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
I hear (3) 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
I hear (3) 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
I hear (3) 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
I hear (3)

For my head on a silver plate
Just a puppet on a lonely string
Oh who would (5) want to be king?
I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing
Roman (6) 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 Peter won't call my name
Never an honest word
But that was when I ruled the world
(Oh oh)
Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Be my (7) my sword and shield
My missionaries in a foreign field
For some reason I can't explain
I know St Peter won't (8) my name
Never an (9) word
But that was (10) I ruled the world
(Oh oh)
(Muchísimas gracias)



- 1. rule
- 2. gave
- 3. Jerusalem
- 4. doors
- 5. ever
- 6. cavalry
- 7. mirror
- 8. call
- 9. honest
- 10. when

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