

## Fill in the gaps

(Oh oh oh)
I used to rule the world
Seas (1) 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 dead long live the king
One minute I held the key
Next the walls were (2) 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 Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain
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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 (4) was never
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 (4) was never  Never an honest word
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 (4) was never  Never an honest word  And that was when I ruled the world
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 (4) 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 mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain Once you'd gone (4) 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 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 (7) won't call my name
Never an honest word
But that was when I (8) the world
(Oh oh oh)
Hear Jerusalem (9) a-ringing
Roman cavalry choirs are singing
Be my mirror my sword and shield
My (10) 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 oh)
(Muchísimas gracias)



- 1. would
- 2. closed
- 3. Jerusalem
- 4. there
- 5. ever
- 6. cavalry
- 7. Peter
- 8. ruled
- 9. bells
- 10. missionaries

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