

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (1)	that I feel like Philby,	Now ain't it funny (4)	I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,		A stranger on a foreign shore,	
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,		I've got my plans and I must move quickly,	
I can't come in from the cold,		There's a knock upon the door,	
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,		Still in transit and I'm close to danger,	
Contact's broken down,		My (5) car	n't be blown,
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,		It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,	
There's a (2) on the telephone		Tell me, what is going on?	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Well it sure is dark in this (3)	city,	Four o'clock and nothing	g's moving,
Contact's never gonna show,		Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,	
I've got a code which can't be broken,		A Morning comes, must be moving on.	
My eyes never seem to close,		All night long my mind's been burning,	
Well, I'm standing here in the sile	nt city,	Makes me (6)	_ (7) a long, long way from
Shadows falling down,		home,	
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,		Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,	
The night's gonna burn on slow.		There's a stranger in my (8)	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		I can't come in from the (9)	



1. strange

- 2. voice
- 3. clockwork
- 4. that
- 5. cover
- 6. feel
- 7. such
- 8. soul
- 9. cold

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