

## Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,
I'm lost in transit in a (1) city,
I can't come in (2) the cold,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,
Contact's broken down,
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,
There's a (3) on the telephone
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,
Contact's never gonna show,
I've got a code which can't be broken,
My eyes never seem to close,
Well, I'm (4) here in the silent city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm disconnected but I don't (5) pity,
The night's gonna burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Now ain't it (6) that I feel like Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
There's a knock upon the door,
Still in (7) and I'm close to danger
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
Tell me, (8) is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
A Morning comes, must be moving on.
All night long my mind's (9) burning,
Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,
Now ain't it strange that I (10) like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
I can't come in from the cold



## 1. lonesome

- 2. from
- 3. voice
- 4. standing
- 5. need
- 6. funny
- 7. transit
- 8. what
- 9. been
- 10. feel

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