

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (1) that I feel like Philby,				
There's a stranger in my soul,				
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,				
I can't (2) in from 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 voice 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 (3) never seem to close,				
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,				
Shadows falling down,				
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,				
The night's gonna burn on slow.				
Yeah, yeah, yeah.				
Yeah, yeah, yeah.				

Now ain't it funny (4)	I feel (5)	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 transit and I'm close to danger,				
My cover can't be blown,				
It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,				
Tell me, (6) 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 been burning,				
Makes me feel such a long,	ong way (7)	home,	
Now ain't it strange that I (8)		(9)	Philby	
There's a stranger in my sou	I			
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city				
I can't come in from the cold				



- 1. strange
- 2. come
- 3. eyes
- 4. that
- that
 like
- 6. what
- 7. from
- 8. feel
- 9. like

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