

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (1) that I (2)	Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,
(3) Philby,	A stranger on a foreign shore,
There's a stranger in my soul,	I've got my plans and I (8) move quickly
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,	There's a knock upon the door,
I can't come in from the cold,	Still in transit and I'm (9) to danger,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,	My cover can't be blown,
Contact's broken down,	It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
Time (4) by, I'm above suspicion,	Tell me, what is going on?
There's a voice on the telephone	Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Well it (5) is dark in (6) clockwork city,	Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
Contact's never gonna show,	A Morning comes, must be moving on.
I've got a code which can't be broken,	All night long my mind's been burning,
My eyes (7) seem to close,	Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,	Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
Shadows falling down,	There's a stranger in my soul
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,	I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
The night's gonna burn on slow.	I can't (10) in from the cold
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	



1. strange

- 2. feel
- 3. like
- 4. drags
- 5. sure
- 6. this
- 7. never
- 8. must
- 9. close
- 10. come

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