

## Fill in the gaps

| (Oh oh)                                     |
|---|
| I used to (1) the world                     |
| Seas (2) 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 (3) (4) closed on me               |
| And I discovered that my (5) stand          |
| Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand    |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing            |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing            |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield            |
| Missionaries in a foreign field             |
| For some (6) I can't explain                |
| Once you'd gone there was never             |
| Never an (7) word                           |
| And that was when I ruled the world         |
| It was a wicked and wild wind               |
| Blew down the doors to let me in            |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums    |
| People couldn't believe what I'd become     |

Revolutionaries wait

| For my head on a silver plate       |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| Just a puppet on a lonely string    |   |
| Oh who (8) ever want to be king?.   |   |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing    |   |
| Roman cavalry (9) 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 Peter won't call my name  |   |
| Never an honest word                |   |
| But that was when I ruled the world |   |
|                                     |   |
| (Oh oh)                             |   |
| Hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing      |   |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing    |   |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield    |   |
| My missionaries in a (10) field     | b |
| 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. rule
- 2. would
- 3. walls
- 4. were
- 5. castles
- 6. reason
- 7. honest
- 8. would
- 9. choirs
- 10. foreign

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