



## Philby by Rory Gallagher

### Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I feel (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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,  
I'm deep in (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ show,  
I've got a code which can't be broken,  
My eyes never seem to close,  
Well, I'm standing here in the (4)\_\_\_\_\_ city,  
Shadows falling down,  
I'm (5)\_\_\_\_\_ but I don't need pity,  
The night's gonna (6)\_\_\_\_\_ on slow.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,  
A (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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, what 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, long way (8)\_\_\_\_\_ home,  
Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,  
There's a stranger in my soul  
I'm lost in transit in a (9)\_\_\_\_\_ city  
I can't come in from the cold



## Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. like
2. action
3. gonna
4. silent
5. disconnected
6. burn
7. stranger
8. from
9. lonesome