

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

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny 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 (5) 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 (6) 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 (7) a long, long way from home,
Now ain't it strange (8) I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul
I'm (9) in transit in a (10) city
I can't come in from the cold



- 1. deep
- 2. this
- 3. never
- 4. falling
- 5. transit
- 6. going
- 7. such
- 8. that
- 9. lost
- 10. lonesome

Fill in the gaps