

## Philby by Rory Gallagher

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 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ show, I've got a code which can't be broken, My eyes 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.

## 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 (3) move quickly,
There's a (4) upon the door,
Still in (5) and I'm close to danger,
My (6) can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's (7) 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 (8) my mind's been burning,
Makes me feel such a long, (9) way from home
Now ain't it strange (10) 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



## 1. like

- 2. gonna
- 3. must
- 4. knock
- 5. transit
- 6. cover
- 7. getting
- 8. long
- 9. long 10. that

Fill in the gaps