

Philby by Rory Gallagher

Now ain't it strange that I (1)	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 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 (2) gonna show	,
I've got a code which can't be broken,	
My eyes (3) seem to close	э,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,	,
Shadows (4) 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 (5) I feel like Philby,
A (6) 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 (7) 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 (8) long my mind's been burning,
Makes me (9) such a long, long 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. feel
- 2. never
- 3. never
- 4. falling
- 5. that
- 6. stranger
- 7. getting
- 8. night
- 9. feel
- 10. that

Fill in the gaps