

## Fill in the gaps

| I used to rule the world                  |                    | People could not believe (5           | ) I'd become         |
|---|--------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Seas would rise (1) I gave the word       |                    | Revolutionaries Wait                  |                      |
| Now in the morning I sleep alone          |                    | For my head on a silver plate         |                      |
| Sweep the streets I used to own           |                    | Just a puppet on a lonely string      |                      |
| I used to roll the dice                   |                    | Oh who would ever want to be king?    |                      |
| Feel the fear in my (2)                   | eyes               | I hear (6)                            | bells are ringing    |
| Listen as the crowd would sing:           |                    | Roman Cavalry choirs are singing      |                      |
| "Now the old king is dead! Long (3)_      | the king!"         | Be my mirror my sword and shield      |                      |
| One minute I held the key                 |                    | My missionaries in a foreign field    |                      |
| Next the walls were closed on me          |                    | For some reason I can't explain       |                      |
| And I discovered that my castles stand    |                    | I know Saint Peter won't call my name |                      |
| Upon pillars of salt, and pillars of sand |                    | Never an honest word                  |                      |
| I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing        |                    | And that was when I ruled the world   |                      |
| Roman Cavalry choirs are singing          |                    | (Ohhhhh Ohhh Ohhh)                    |                      |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield          |                    | Hear Jerusalem bells are ringing      |                      |
| My missionaries in a foreign field        |                    | Roman (7)                             | _ choirs are singing |
| For some reason I can't explain           |                    | Be my mirror my sword and shield      |                      |
| Once you know there was never, nev        | ver an honest word | My missionaries in a foreign field    |                      |
| That was (4) I ruled the w                | orld               | For some (8)                          | _ I can not explain  |
| (Ohhh)                                    |                    | I know Saint Peter will call my name  |                      |
| It was the wicked and wild wind           |                    | Never an honest word                  |                      |
| Blew down the doors to let me in.         |                    | But that was when I (9) the world     |                      |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums  |                    | Oooooh Oooooh                         |                      |



- 1. when
- 2. enemies
- 3. live
- 4. when
- 5. what
- 6. Jerusalem
- 7. Cavalry
- 8. reason
- 9. ruled

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