

## Fill in the gaps

| I used to rule the world                            |
|---|
| Seas would rise when I gave the word                |
| Now in the morning I sleep alone                    |
| Sweep the streets I used to own                     |
| I used to roll the dice                             |
| Feel the fear in my enemies eyes                    |
| Listen as the crowd would sing:                     |
| "Now the old king is dead! Long live the king!"     |
| One minute I (1) the key                            |
| Next the walls were (2) on me                       |
| And I discovered that my castles stand              |
| Upon pillars of salt, and (3) of sand               |
| I (4) Jerusalem bells are ringing                   |
| Roman Cavalry choirs are singing                    |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield                    |
| My (5) in a foreign field                           |
| For some reason I can't explain                     |
| Once you know there was never, never an honest word |
| That was when I ruled the world                     |
| (Ohhh)  |
| It was the wicked and wild wind                     |
| Blew down the doors to let me in.                   |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums            |

| People could not believe (6) I'd become |
|---|
| Revolutionaries Wait                    |
| For my head on a silver plate           |
| Just a puppet on a lonely string        |
| Oh who would ever (7) to be king?       |
| I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing      |
| Roman Cavalry choirs are singing        |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield        |
| My missionaries in a foreign field      |
| For some (8) I can't explain            |
| I know Saint Peter won't call my name   |
| Never an honest word                    |
| And that was when I ruled the world     |
| (Ohhhhh Ohhh Ohhh)                      |
| Hear Jerusalem (9) are ringing          |
| Roman Cavalry choirs are singing        |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield        |
| My missionaries in a foreign field      |
| For some (10) I can not explain         |
| I know Saint Peter will call my name    |
| Never an honest word                    |
| But that was when I ruled the world     |
| Oooooh Oooooh                           |



- 1. held
- 2. closed
- 3. pillars
- 4. hear
- 5. missionaries
- 6. what
- 7. want
- 8. reason
- 9. bells
- 10. reason

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