

Fill in the gaps

| (Oh oh) |
|--|
| 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 enemy's eyes |
| Listened as the crowd would sing |
| Now the old (1) is dead long live the king |
| One minute I (2) the key |
| Next the walls (3) closed on me |
| And I (4) that my castles stand |
| Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| Missionaries in a foreign field |
| For some reason I can't explain |
| Once you'd gone there was never |
| Never an honest word |
| And that was when I ruled the world |
| It was a wicked and wild wind |
| Blew down the doors to let me in |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums |
| People couldn't believe what I'd become |

Revolutionaries wait

| For my head on a silver plate |
|-------------------------------------|
| Just a (5) on a lonely string |
| Oh who would ever want to be king? |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry (6) are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| My missionaries in a foreign field |
| For (7) reason I can't explain |
| I know St Peter won't call my name |
| Never an honest word |
| But that was when I ruled the world |
| |
| (Oh oh) |
| Hear (8) bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| My missionaries in a foreign field |
| For some reason I can't explain |
| I know St Peter won't call my name |
| Never an honest word |
| But that was when I (9) the world |
| (Oh oh) |
| (Muchísimas gracias) |



- 1. king
- 2. held
- 3. were
- 4. discovered
- 5. puppet
- 6. choirs
- 7. some
- 8. Jerusalem
- 9. ruled

Fill in the gaps