

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philb	oy,	
There's a (1) in m	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 (2)	mission,	
Contact's broken down,		
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,		
There's a voice on the telephone		
Yeah, yeah,		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork cit	y,	
Contact's never gonna 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.		

Now ain't it (3)	_ that I (4)	like Philby,	
A stranger on a foreign shore,			
I've got my plans and I (5)	(6)	quickly,	
There's a (7)	upon the door,		
Still in (8)	and I'm close to	danger,	
My cover can't be blown,			
It's getting 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 night long my mind's been burning,			
Makes me feel such a long, long way (9) home,			
Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,			
There's a stranger in my so	oul		
I'm lost in (10)	in a loneson	ne city	
I can't come in from the col	d		



- 1. stranger
- 2. secret
- 3. funny
- 4. feel
- 5. must
- 6. move
- 7. knock
- 8. transit
- 9. from
- 10. transit

Fill in the gaps

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