

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,					
There's a stranger in my soul,					
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,					
I can't (1) in from the cold					
I'm deep in action on a secret mission	١,				
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 of	ity,				
Contact's (2) gonna sho	υw,				
I've got a code which can't be broken	,				
My eyes never seem to close,					
Well, I'm standing here in the silent ci					
_	ty,				
Shadows falling down,	ty,				
Shadows falling down, I'm disconnected but I don't need pity					
•					
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity					

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny (3)	1	(4)	_ like Pl	nilby,	
A (5)	on a fo	oreign shore,			
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,					
There's a (6)	(7)	the d	the door,		
Still in transit and I'm (8)_		to danger,			
My cover can't be blown,					
It's (9)		strange	and	it's	
(10) cra	zy,				
Tell me, what is going on?	1				
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 from home,					
Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,					
There's a stranger in my s	oul				
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city					
I can't come in from the co	old				



- 1. come
- 2. never
- 3. that
- 4. feel
- 5. stranger
- 6. knock
- 7. upon
- 8. close
- 9. getting
- 10. getting

Fill in the gaps