



## Philby by Rory Gallagher

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 come in from the cold,  
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,  
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 city,  
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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ in the silent city,  
Shadows (2)\_\_\_\_\_ down,  
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,  
The night's gonna burn on slow.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

## Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,  
A (3)\_\_\_\_\_ on a (4)\_\_\_\_\_ shore,  
I've got my (5)\_\_\_\_\_ and I must move quickly,  
There's a knock (6)\_\_\_\_\_ the door,  
Still in transit 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 (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ Philby,  
There's a stranger in my (9)\_\_\_\_\_  
I'm (10)\_\_\_\_\_ in transit in a lonesome city  
I can't come in from the cold



Answer

1. here
2. falling
3. stranger
4. foreign
5. plans
6. upon
7. Morning
8. like
9. soul
10. lost

**Fill in the gaps**