



## 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 here in the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ city,  
Shadows falling down,  
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,  
The night's gonna (3)\_\_\_\_\_ on slow.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

### Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,  
A stranger on a foreign shore,  
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,  
There's a (4)\_\_\_\_\_ upon 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 Morning comes, must be moving on.  
All (5)\_\_\_\_\_ (6)\_\_\_\_\_ my mind's (7)\_\_\_\_\_  
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 soul  
I'm lost in (9)\_\_\_\_\_ in a lonesome city  
I can't come in from the cold



Answer

1. voice
2. silent
3. burn
4. knock
5. night
6. long
7. been
8. like
9. transit

Fill in the gaps