

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,	
There's a (1)	in my soul,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,	
I can't (2) in from the cold,	
I'm (3) in action on a secret mission,	
Contact's (4)	down,
Time (5) by,	I'm above suspicion,
There's a (6)	on the telephone
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Well it sure is (7)	_ in this clockwork city,
Contact's never (8)	show,
I've got a code which can't be broken,	
My (9) 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 (10)	burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,
A (11) on a foreign shore,
I've got my (12) and I must move quickly,
There's a knock (13) the door,
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
My (14) can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's (15) crazy,
Tell me, what is (16) 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 (17) a long, long way
(18) home,
Now ain't it strange (19) I feel like Philby,
There's a (20) in my soul
I'm (21) in (22) in a
(23) city
I can't (24) in from the (25)

- 1. stranger
- 2. come
- 3. deep
- 4. broken
- 5. drags
- 6. voice
- 7. dark
- 8. gonna
- 9. eyes
- 10. gonna
- 11. stranger
- 12. plans
- 13. upon
- 14. cover
- 15. getting
- 16. going
- 17. such
- 18. from
- 19. that
- 20. stranger
- 21. lost
- 22. transit
- 23. lonesome
- 24. come
- 25. cold

Fill in the gaps