

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I feel (1) 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 (2) suspicion,
There's a (3) 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 (4) to close,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm disconnected but I don't (5) pity,
The night's gonna burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,	
A stranger on a foreign shore,	
I've got my plans and I must (6) quickl	у,
There's a knock 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, (7) 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 (8) like Philb	y,
There's a (9) in my soul	
I'm lost in transit in a (10) cit	y
I can't come in from the cold	



- 1. like
- 2. above
- 3. voice
- 4. seem
- 5. need
- 6. move
- 7. must
- 8. feel
- 9. stranger
- 10. lonesome

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