

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 come in from the cold,			
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,			
Contact's (2) down,			
Time (3) 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 (4) 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 silent city,			
Shadows falling down,			
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,			
The night's (5) burn on slow.			
Yeah, yeah, yeah.			
Yeah, yeah, yeah.			

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (6)	that I feel lik	e Philby,	
A stranger on a foreign shore,			
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,			
There's a (7)	(8)	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, (9) 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 night (10) 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 soul			
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city			
I can't come in from the cold			



- 1. stranger
- 2. broken
- 3. drags
- 4. never
- 5. gonna
- 6. funny
- 01.101.11.
- 7. knock
- 8. upon
- 9. what
- 10. long

Fill in the gaps