

## Fill in the gaps

| (On on)                                     |
|---|
| I used to rule the world                    |
| Seas would rise when I gave the word        |
| Now in the morning I sleep alone            |
| Sweep the streets I used to own             |
| I used to roll the dice                     |
| Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes            |
| Listened as the crowd would sing            |
| Now the old king is dead long live the king |
| One minute I held the key                   |
| Next the walls were closed on me            |
| And I discovered that my castles stand      |
| Upon pillars of (1) and pillars of sand     |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing            |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing            |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield            |
| Missionaries in a foreign field             |
| For some reason I can't explain             |
| Once you'd gone (2) was never               |
| Never an honest word                        |
| And that was (3) I ruled the world          |
| It was a wicked and (4) wind                |
| Blew down the doors to let me in            |
| Shattered windows and the sound of drums    |
| People couldn't believe what I'd become     |
| Revolutionaries wait                        |
|   |

| For my head on a silver plate       |
|-------------------------------------|
| Just a puppet on a lonely string    |
| Oh who would ever want to be king?  |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing    |
| Roman (5) choirs are singing        |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield    |
| My (6) in a foreign field           |
| For some reason I can't explain     |
| I know St Peter won't call my name  |
| Never an honest word                |
| But that was when I ruled the world |
|                                     |
| (Oh oh)                             |
| Hear Jerusalem (7) a-ringing        |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing    |
| Be my mirror my (8) and shield      |
| My missionaries in a foreign field  |
| For some reason I can't explain     |
| I (9) St Peter won't (10) my name   |
| Never an honest word                |
| But that was when I ruled the world |
| (Oh oh)                             |
| (Muchísimas gracias)                |



- 1. salt
- 2. there
- 3. when
- 4. wild
- 5. cavalry
- 6. missionaries
- 7. bells
- 8. sword
- 9. know
- 10. call

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