

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 (1) alone |
| Sweep the streets I used to own |
| I (2) to roll the dice |
| Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes |
| Listened as the crowd would sing |
| Now the old king is (3) long live the king |
| One (4) I (5) the key |
| Next the walls were closed on me |
| And I discovered that my castles stand |
| Upon pillars of salt 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 there was never |
| Never an honest word |
| And that was (6) I ruled the world |
| It was a (7) and (8) 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 (9) ever want to be king? |
| I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my sword and shield |
| My missionaries 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 bells a-ringing |
| Roman cavalry choirs are singing |
| Be my mirror my (10) and shield |
| My missionaries 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) |
| (Muchísimas gracias) |



- 1. sleep
- 2. used
- 3. dead
- 4. minute
- 5. held
- 6. when
- 7. wicked
- 8. wild
- 9. would
- 10. sword

Fill in the gaps