

Fill in the gaps

(Oh oh)
I (1) to rule the world
Seas would rise when I (2) 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 (3) long live the king
One minute I held the key
Next the walls were closed on me
And I discovered (4) my castles stand
Upon (5) of salt and pillars of sand
I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing
Roman (6) choirs are singing
Roman (6) choirs are singing Be my mirror my sword and shield
Be my mirror my sword and shield
Be my mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field
Be my mirror my sword and shield Missionaries in a foreign field For some reason I can't explain
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
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
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 (7) was when I ruled the world
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 (7) was when I ruled the world It was a wicked and wild wind
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 (7) was when I ruled the world It was a wicked and wild wind Blew down the doors to let me in

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 (8) 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 (9) choirs are singing
Be my mirror my sword and shield
My missionaries in a foreign field
For (10) 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. used
- 2. gave
- 3. dead
- 4. that
- 5. pillars
- 6. cavalry
- 7. that
- 8. bells
- 9. cavalry
- 10. some

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