



## Philby by Rory Gallagher

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,  
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,  
Contact's broken down,  
Time drags 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 never gonna show,  
I've got a code which can't be broken,  
My (1)\_\_\_\_\_ never seem to close,  
Well, I'm (2)\_\_\_\_\_ here in the silent city,  
Shadows falling down,  
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,  
The night's gonna burn on slow.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

### Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,  
A stranger on a foreign shore,  
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,  
There's a knock (3)\_\_\_\_\_ the door,  
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,  
My cover can't be blown,  
It's (4)\_\_\_\_\_ strange and it's getting crazy,  
Tell me, what is (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 long my mind's been burning,  
Makes me (6)\_\_\_\_\_ (7)\_\_\_\_\_ a long, long way from  
home,  
Now ain't it (8)\_\_\_\_\_ that I feel (9)\_\_\_\_\_  
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



## Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. eyes
2. standing
3. upon
4. getting
5. going
6. feel
7. such
8. strange
9. like