

## Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (1) that I feel like Philby,	Now ain't it funny that I (8) like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,	A stranger on a foreign shore,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,	I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
I can't come in from the cold,	There's a knock upon the door,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,	Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
Contact's (2) down,	My cover can't be blown,
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,	It's (9) strange and it's getting crazy,
There's a (3) on the telephone	Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it sure is dark in (4) clockwork city,	Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Contact's never gonna show,	Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
I've got a (5) which can't be broken,	A Morning comes, must be moving on.
My eyes (6) seem to close,	All night long my mind's been burning,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,	Makes me (10) such a long, long way from home,
Shadows falling down,	Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,	There's a stranger in my soul
The night's gonna (7) on slow.	I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	I can't come in from the cold
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	



- 1. strange
- 2. broken
- 3. voice
- 4. this
- 5. code
- 6. never
- 7. burn
- 8. feel
- 9. getting
- 10. feel

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