

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,	Now ain't it funny that I (6) (7) Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,	A stranger on a foreign shore,
I'm (1) in (2) in a lonesor	ne city, I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
I can't come in (3) the cold,	There's a knock upon the door,
I'm deep in action on a (4) mission,	Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
Contact's broken down,	My cover can't be blown,
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,	It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
There's a voice on the telephone	Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	Yeah, yeah,
Well it sure is dark in this 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 code which can't be broken,	A Morning comes, must be moving on.
My eyes (5) seem to close,	All night long my mind's been burning,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,	Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,
Shadows falling down,	Now ain't it strange that I feel (8) Philby,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,	There's a stranger in my soul
The night's gonna burn on slow.	I'm (9) in (10) in a lonesome city
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	I can't come in from the cold
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	



- 1. lost
- 2. transit
- 3. from
- 4. secret
- 5. never
- 6. feel
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- 7. like
- 8. like 9. lost
- 10. transit

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