

Fill in the gaps

| Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby, | Now ain't |
|---|-------------|
| There's a stranger in my soul, | A strange |
| I'm lost in (1) in a (2) | I've got m |
| city, | There's a |
| I can't come in from the cold, | Still in (1 |
| I'm deep in (3) on a (4) | My (14)_ |
| mission, | It's (15)_ |
| Contact's (5) down, | Tell me, |
| Time drags by, I'm (6) suspicion, | Yeah, yea |
| There's a voice on the telephone | Yeah, yea |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | Four o'clo |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | Six o'cloc |
| Well it sure is dark in this (7) city, | A Mornin |
| Contact's (8) gonna show, | All night l |
| I've got a code which can't be broken, | Makes m |
| My eyes never seem to close, | Now ain't |
| Well, I'm (9) here in the silent city, | There's a |
| Shadows (10) down, | I'm (20)_ |
| I'm disconnected but I don't need pity, | I can't co |
| The night's gonna (11) on slow. | |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | |
| Yeah, yeah, yeah. | |

| Now ain't it funny that I (12) like Philby, |
|---|
| A stranger on a foreign shore, |
| I've got my plans and I must move quickly, |
| There's a knock upon the door, |
| Still in (13) and I'm close to danger, |
| My (14) can't be blown, |
| It's (15) strange and it's getting crazy, |
| Tell me, (16) is (17) 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 (18) on. |
| All night long my mind's been burning, |
| Makes me feel such a long, (19) way from home |
| Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby, |
| There's a stranger in my soul |
| I'm (20) in transit in a lonesome city |
| I can't come in from the cold |



1. transit

- 2. lonesome
- 3. action
- 4. secret
- 5. broken
- 6. above
- 7. clockwork
- 8. never
- 9. standing
- 10. falling
- 11. burn
- 12. feel
- 13. transit
- 14. cover
- 15. getting
- 16. what
- 17. going
- 18. moving
- 19. long
- 20. lost

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