

Fill in the gaps

Now ain t it strange that I (1) (2) Philipy,	Now ain tit tunny (8) i (9) like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,	A stranger on a (10) 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 (11) upon the door,
I'm deep in (3) on a secret mission,	Still in (12) 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 (13) 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, 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 (14) 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 feel (15) a long, long way from home
Shadows (7) down,	Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,	There's a (16) in my soul
The night's gonna burn on slow.	I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	I can't (17) in from the cold
Yeah, yeah, yeah.	



1. feel

- 2. like
- 3. action
- 4. this
- 5. code
- 6. never
- 7. falling
- 8. that
- 9. feel
- . . .
- 10. foreign
- 11. knock
- 12. transit
- 13. strange
- 14. moving
- 15. such
- 16. stranger
- 17. come

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