



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 eyes never seem to close,
Well, I'm standing (1)_____ in the silent city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm (2)_____ 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 (3)_____ that I feel like Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I (4)_____ move quickly,
There's a knock upon the door,
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's (5)_____ (6)_____ and it's getting
crazy,
Tell me, what is going 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, (7)_____ be moving on.
All night long my mind's been burning,
Makes me feel such a long, (8)_____ way (9)_____
home,
Now ain't it strange (10)_____ 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



Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. here
2. disconnected
3. funny
4. must
5. getting
6. strange
7. must
8. long
9. from
10. that