



## 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 here in the silent city,  
Shadows falling down,  
I'm disconnected 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 funny that I feel like Philby,  
A (3)\_\_\_\_\_ on a foreign shore,  
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,  
There's a knock (4)\_\_\_\_\_ the door,  
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,  
My cover can't be blown,  
It's getting (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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, must be (6)\_\_\_\_\_ on.  
All night long my mind's been burning,  
Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,  
Now ain't it (7)\_\_\_\_\_ (8)\_\_\_\_\_ I feel like  
Philby,  
There's a stranger in my soul  
I'm lost in transit in a (9)\_\_\_\_\_ city  
I can't come in from the cold



Answer

1. broken
2. clockwork
3. stranger
4. upon
5. strange
6. moving
7. strange
8. that
9. lonesome

**Fill in the gaps**