

## Now ain't it strange (1)\_\_\_ \_\_ I feel like Philby, There's a stranger in my soul, I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city, I can't (2)\_\_\_\_\_ in from the cold, I'm deep in action on a secret mission, Contact's (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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, \_\_\_\_ 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 stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I must (5) quickly,
There's a knock (6) the door,
Still in transit and I'm (7) to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting strange 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 moving on.
All night (8) my mind's been burning,
Makes me (9) (10) a long, long way
from home,
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



- 1. that
- 2. come
- 3. broken
- 4. eyes
- 5. move
- 6. upon
- 7. close
- 8. long
- 9. feel
- 10. such

## Fill in the gaps