

Rory Block

"Philby"

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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
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 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
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Now ain't it funny that I feel 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 transit and I'm close 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
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Four o'clock and nothing's moving, six o'clock and the
daylight's stirring
Morning comes, must be moving on
All night long my mind's been burning, makes me feel
such a long, long way from home, home

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