

by Rory Gallagher**"Philby"**Visit "[Philby](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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. 2x 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'n disconnected but I don't need pity, The night's gonna burn on slow. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. 2x 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. 2x 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 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

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