

Rory Gallagher "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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