

# Rory Gallagher, Philby

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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