

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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