

See You in Prague

Graham Nash

I took a train to the Berlin station.
Rendez vous with a Paraguayan agent.
He had the film, I had the vault-key.
I checked the stills, that's when he caught me.

A sudden blow from behind.
A perfumed note saying,
Better luck next time.

We met again at a Turkish bath in Turkey.
On the trail of a smacked-out Iraqi.
He had the name of a dame from the K.G.B.
Who knew that you were doing some work for me.
You scrubbed his back, I bugged the tub.
He spilled the beans and you pulled the plug.