

Treachery

Roger Daltrey

Now he's a double agent playing espionage
Now he's a trouble maker with his playing cards
Up in the briefing room they plan there strategies
But he works on his own he's living dangerously
Hear them walking
Pacing floors and
climbing up the walls
Hear them talking
Telling lies on
Transatlantic calls.

Treachery It's hanging in the cloud
Treachery It's hiding in the crowd

People walk along the while with sensitivity
Some whisper in the wings of a conspiracy
Some like to keep there distance and identity
But always walk alone with some uncertainty
See them filing
Information
Covering there tracks
See them smiling
Admiration
With knives behind their backs

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