

Hunting Down A Killer

Cock Robin

I'd settle for a strand of hair lying on a pillow case
Just one, to understand why I can't sleep
If I could find a cigarette left burning in an ashtray
That would be enough proof for me
That would be enough

Hunting down a killer
I'm working out the truth
Hunting down a killer
But I haven't got a clue
No, I haven't got a clue

If I could catch a silhouette moving behind closed
blinds
I'm sure I'd find another moving jointly
I would take an honest man that fumbles for an alibi
If I believed he just might be
If I believed

Hunting down a killer
I'm working out the truth
Hunting down a killer
But I haven't got a clue
No, I haven't got a clue

I will find those illusive hands
That tear at the insides
Of some pitiful man
Oh, so handsome
So much that it hurts
With hands that seize and illegally search

Hunting down a killer
I'm working out the truth
Hunting down a killer, yeah
But I haven't got a clue
No, I haven't got a clue

I haven't