

Spy Boy

John Hiatt

Well it's dangerous out here tonight but a fellow's gotta eat
I see those vampires sucking blood
I hear those dull thuds
I guess it's trick or treat

I'm a Spy Boy
I'm a Spy Boy

Oh this music is hell
Man why don't you turn it up real loud
I'm a stranger here in town
I hope this is the wrong kind of crowd
Now,

I wear my heart on my sleeve
Just take a look at my flag
I should be up to my knees
Or all the way down the track

I want to hurt some one
I want to love someone
I want to be some one
Why do I need some one

Oh the smoke gets in my eyes
Things materialize but I wish I never seen
I know my mama tried so hard to raise a son up right
Just can't keep it clean