

The Young Reporter

Nits

"Hands up!", he said
"If you move a little bit you're dead"
I want the secret that you were about to get
Tonight they win
I'm in a cellar and I have to stay in
I'll have to write a song
Whether it's right or wrong

Here comes the young reporter
In his overcoat
I'm on the tape recorder
In his motorboat
Is he coming in time for me

Click clack - turn the key
They came back to transport me
I'll get used to music mystery
Black car, dark street
Red light, high speed
Rope is tied around my hands and feet

Here comes the young reporter
In his overcoat
I'm on the tape recorder
In his motorboat
Is he coming in time for me

Too late, it's done
I'm on a record and I'll have to stay on
It's on the playlist with a little luck it's number one

This is the story about a writer of songs
You see the smoke is coming out of his lungs
He'll have to write a song whether it's right or wrong

Hands up!
Hands up!
Hands up!
Hands up!