

## Secrets

Steve Winwood

It's hot down on the borderline,  
Running guns, he's just killing time  
He keeps his back against the wall  
Never trust your friends in crime

He's the quiet kind  
Doesn't need a plan  
You can't read his mind  
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the man

You drink Mojitos with the boys  
Smile as if you know what they know  
You show them all your pretty toys  
Make a deal, don't make a show

He's the ace of spies  
With a golden hand  
You can't read his eyes  
Cause he's a secret man

He's the quiet kind  
Doesn't need a plan  
Can't read his mind at all  
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the man

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Tell me no secrets,  
I tell you no lies  
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I tell you no lies

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