

## The Criminal Kind

Tom Petty

You got a criminal mind  
You got criminal looks  
Boy you better look out  
You're gonna get hooked

Don't you ever feel guilty  
When you come up short  
Man you better be careful  
You're gonna get caught

[Chorus:]

'Cause you're the criminal kind  
You're the criminal kind  
Man what you gonna do?  
Where you gonna hide?  
They're callin' you a sickness, disease of the mind  
Man what you gonna do?  
You're the criminal kind

Don't you ever get tired?  
Don't you ever want to quit?  
Yeah it's been a long time, and you still don't fit  
Dog tags on the mirror, hangin' down from a chain  
Give up little sister, this ain't gonna change

[Chorus]

Yeah, and that little girl you used to know  
Just don't come around no more  
Now she ain't there to watch the door  
She don't wanna die in no liquor store

I hope they all made money, I hope they all get rich  
Yeah, I hope they give hell, to every son-of-a-bitch  
That put a man on the carpet  
Or stuck him out on the line  
Whatever let him get a taste of the criminal life

[Chorus]