

Rolling Stones, The

"Fingerprint File"

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Rolling Stones - Fingerprint file

Fingerprint file, you get me down
You keep me running
Know my way around. Yes, you do, child
Fingerprint file, you bring me down
Keep me running
You keep me on the ground
Know my moves
Way ahead of time
Listening to me
On your satellite

Feeling followed
Feeling tagged
Crossing water
Trying to wipe my tracks

And there's some little jerk in the FBI
A keepin' papers on me six feet high
It gets me down, it gets me down, it gets me down

You better watch out
On your telephone
Wrong number
They know you ain't home

And there's some little jerk in the FBI
A keepin' papers on me six feet high
It gets me down, it gets me down, it gets me down

Who's the man on the corner; that corner over there
I don't know. Well, you better lay low. Watch out

Keep on the look out
Electric eyes
Rats on the sell out
Who gonna testify
You know my habits
Way a head of time
Listening to me

On your satellite

And there's some little jerk in the FBI
A keepin' papers on me six feet high
It gets me down, it gets me down, it gets me down
It gets me down

Hello, baby, mm-hmm
Ah, yeah, you know we ain't, we ain't talkin' alone
Who's listening? Well I don't really know
But you better tell the SIS to keep out of sight
'Cause I know they takin' pictures on the ultraviolet light
Yes, uh huh, yeah, but these days it's all secrecy; no
privacy
Shoot first, that's right... you know
Bye bye.
Right now somebody is listening to..... you
Keeping their eyes peeled..... on you
Mmm, mmm, what a price, what a price to pay
All right. Good night, sleep tight

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