

City Boy

"State Secrets - A Thriller Part I-III"

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I State Secrets

Got myself a secret in a briefcase
Desperation rendezvous and don't be late
Mata Hari maiden, milky silky stocking
Freezen' war lolly, going iron curtain shopping.

Civil service sandwiches and there's no bar
I'd much prefer an ounce or two of caviare
There's a plane just leaving, it's gonna take me there
Something tells me that Moscow's hip this time of year

Chorus:

State secrets straight from my heart
Aaah they make you shiver
State secrets straight from my heart
Aaah C'mon deliver.

Take myself a long awaited holiday
One with all advantages of extra pay
Make a Kremlin cutie for to be my comrade
And if the streets are paved with roubles then I'll stay

Chorus

II Heavy Breathing

He's not the type of guy that you'd recognise
There's nothing to suggest that he's a prize winner
His only claim to fame is a plaque above his bed says
he's a good boy.
He's not the sort of man you could easily like
You can't exactly say that he's a nice guy
His only one delight is to see her late at night before
the
curtains are drawn.

Chorus:

Oooh heavy breathing he's out of control
Oooh heavy breathing he'd sell you his soul.

You'll find him in the waiting room just wasting time
Fumbling in his pockets for some loose change
His shoes are even older than the chip upon his
shoulder
You'll find him easily bribed.

He really feels that detante is a dirty word
He'd gladly throw a spanner in the skoda
You've got to catch this guy before he reaches
Chou-En-Lai
That's him succinctly described.

Chorus
Ooh heavy breathing he's out of control
Ooh heavy breathing he'd sell you his soul.

Ill Spring In Peking

Can I interest you...in a lychee nut
Through your decadent yearning they say Rome is still
burning

There's a perfect view when your eyes are shut
Please ignore the warnings there's no against yawning

When your rice-wined eyes...meet the rising sun
You'll forget you're in prison as the paddy fields
glisten.

Chorus:
Spring in Peking where the wind meets the sea
Just follow me to the land of the free
Spring in Peking Aaah...

Now your free to move...anyplace you want
But if ever we lost you there's a bug in your nostril
We've a lot to lose if we found you gone

Consider what it would cost you if the other side got
you
Here's your home from home called the gilded cage
All at peace and contented these are words we
invented.

Chorus

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