

## Tom Petty "The Criminal Kind"

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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

'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 wanna 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

'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

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 struck him out on the line  
Whoever let him get a taste of the criminal life

'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  
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