

Steve Winwood "Secrets"

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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

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

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

Tell me no secrets
I tell you no lies

Tell me no secrets
I tell you no lies

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