

## **The Lost Gospel "Secret Agent"**

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You're cold  
But nothing like the winter  
Now I'm old  
You say I'm getting bitter

I was a secret agent back in '62  
That's where we met  
I fell in love with you  
Now go  
I truly believe I'm getting better

If I could waste your time  
Just fall in line  
Until the end of time

Whoa whoa  
Whoa whoa whoa  
Whoa whoa  
Whoa whoa whoa

You're bold  
But nothing like the summer  
Now I'm cold  
Just lying near the heater

I was a hooker back in 1973  
...unfinished

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