

Kinks, The "The Informer"

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Isn't it strange meeting you here
Two old friends
Just sitting down quietly drinking a beer
But knowing your past the way that I do
After all this time I'm surprised
You'd even come to this rendezvous

They say you went and moved across the border
So it's hard to believe
That you're sitting here with me tonight
I know you're on the run, you shouldn't be here
But do you feel the fear
When you meet an old friend and the enemy's near

It's strange we always go to church on Sundays
After getting right out of it on a Saturday night
And if we stay here too long, I know that we'll quarrel
And end up having a fight
Just a couple of losers putting the world to right

Just two people having a beer
But on either side there is so much anger
And so much fear
Just two people trying to get by
But we're torn apart
Because of different pressures
From different sides

I hear you're on the run from law and order
But you had to show up
'Cos you knew it was a matter of pride
But beliefs aside, religion apart
Did you ever think about all the suffering you caused
And all the broken hearts?

The word is out that you are the informer
Who gave me away without so much as a fight
So be a good friend
And let me take you quietly without a fight
I'll be the one who's
Gonna take you home tonight

I'll be the one who's
Gonna take you home tonight

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