

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers

"Criminal Kind"

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You got a criminal mind, you got criminal looks
And boy, you better look out or you're gonna get
hooked
Oh, 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? Oh, where you gonna hide?
They're callin' you a sickness, disease of the mind
Man, what you gonna do? You're the criminal kind

Oh, don't you ever get tired? Oh, don't you ever wanna
quit?
No matter's been a long time and you still don't fit
Dog tags on your mirror, hangin' down from a chain
Give up, little sister, this ain't gonna change

Now here's the criminal kind, the criminal kind
Now, what you gonna do? Oh, you're running out of
time
Yeah, 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
Then I hope they give hell to every son of a bitch
Then put a man on the carpet or stuck him out on the
line
Whoever let him get a taste of the criminal life

You're the criminal kind, the criminal kind
Now, what you gonna do? Where you gonna hide?
They're callin' you a sickness, sign of the time
Now, what you gonna do? You're the criminal kind, oh

Now, what you gonna do?

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