

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers

"The Criminal King"

Visit "[The Criminal King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Chorus

'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 want to 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

Repeat chorus

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 stuck him out on the line

Whatever let him get a taste of the criminal life

Repeat chorus

Visit [Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.