

# Ian Hunter, American Spy

Neon lights in the pouring rain - it's just another Saturday  
Avoid the bomber boys comin' out the Indian - looking for a holiday  
I left home on the 4th of July - in nineteen hundred and seventy five  
I'm just a pirate with a patch over one eye  
Wanna buy a drink for an American Spy?

I spent fourteen years on the factory floor  
I never took a day off sick  
I was workin' away all day on the Centre Lathe  
Tryin' to get it done quick  
I was always in the red - never in the black  
You make a little money 'n they take it all back  
This ain't the way to spend the rest of my life  
Wanna buy a drink for an American,  
Wanna buy a drink for an American Spy?

Englishmen don't commit suicide - they move to the USA  
They got big back yards and Platinum cards  
'N everyday's a holiday  
Seedy little snobs - I don't wanna know 'em  
I don't trust them fuckers as far as I can throw 'em  
Cast your fate to the winds say I  
Wanna buy a drink for an American Spy?

Don't ask me - sounded like a plan  
Go west, go west, go west young man  
I've had enough of that old school tie  
Wanna buy a drink for an American  
Do ya wanna buy a drink for an American (Spy)?  
Do ya wanna buy a drink for an American Spy?