

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?