

Steve Winwood, Secrets

It's hot down on the borderline
Running guns, he's just killing time
He keeps his back against the wall
Never trust your friends in crime
He's the quiet kind
Doesn't need a plan
You can't read his mind
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the man

You drink Mojitos with the boys
Smile as if you know what they know
You show them all your pretty toys
Make a deal, don't make a show

He's the ace of spies
With a golden hand
You can't read his eyes
'Cause he's a secret man

He's the quiet kind
Doesn't need a plan
Can't read his mind at all
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the man

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Doesn't need a plan
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Tell me no secrets
I tell you no lies
Tell me no secrets
I tell you no lies

Tell me no secrets
I tell you no lies
Tell me no secrets
I tell you no lies