

Hawkwind, The Secret Agent

(Brock)

I was trained in Arizona,
in a secret desert camp
where we did night manoeuvres
without a lighted lamp.
I've got an old worn Trilby hat
that doesn't keep me dry
when the rain falls on my mac
plays havoc with the dye
I wear my dark shades every day of the year
when I see my reflection it strikes a note of fear.
I've got a dozen gadgets concealed in my clothes
I've got some suicide pills that taste like herb of cloves
I've not got a single friend just my armpit gun
and when I go to bed at night it certainly helps me son
I'm always getting in tight spots
I manage to escape
by either jumping off a train
or swimming in a lake
soon I'm in a right state
I'm a secret agent there's nowhere you can hide
I'm a secret agent taking you for a ride
what's your name what's your game
details never stop
work alone on your own
collar up, hat pulled down
on the beach, with a peach
sometimes good, sometimes bad
drinking coffee, feeling sad.
There's one thing that I want to be involved with
That's Truth and Justice and I sincerely mean that.
And if everybody was involved in Truth and Justice

There would be no need for secret agents.

That's what happens when you get in tight spots.

He's in a tight spot

I've yet to crack-up

Ain't got no backup

what's your name

what's your game

A bit strung out

Ain't got no backup

I'm beginning to crack-up

Think I'll go bankrupt

It's all confusion

disappearing without a trace

I'm a secret agent

He's in a tight spot

Attention, Attention

REPEAT VERSE 1

and everybody rushes away to hide

certainly take you for a ride baby