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