

Mystery Jets, Hideaway

I've been running around, running around
Don't make a sound, don't wanna get found
I've been hiding behind the blinds
But in my mind I don't wanna be that kind of guy

Running around, running around
Don't make a sound, don't wanna get found
I've been hiding behind the blinds
But in my mind I don't wanna be that kind of guy

Undercover lover, took a record off the stack
Undercover lover, left his parka on the rack
Undercover lover, left the tarmac on the track
Undercover lover, took a feather from my hat
Undercover lover, cut a key to the flat
Undercover lover, twist the knife in my back
Undercover lover, maybe doesn't know that
Undercover lover, left a rubber in the sack

Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, away, away, away, oh
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, away, away, away, oh

Darling, we've got to talk
I feel like a whore, taking the back door
Things have got to change
I don't want to blacken my name or be to blame

Darling, we've got to talk
I feel like a hawk, taking the back door
Things have got to change
I don't want to blacken my name or be to blame

Undercover lover's been playing my 45s
Undercover lover's been at my cherry pie
Undercover lover's been grooming my bride
Undercover lover's got you batting both sides
Undercover lover's gonna put me inside
Undercover lover's got it right between the eyes
Undercover lover is in for a surprise
Undercover lover left a rubber in my ride

Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, away, away, away, oh
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, away, away, away, oh
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, away, away, away, oh
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, hideaway, away, away, away, oh