Rolling Stones, Undercover Of The Night

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Hear the screams of Center 42
Loud enough to bust your brains out
The opposition's tongue is cut in two
Keep off the street 'cause you're in danger
One hundred thousand disparus
Lost in the jails in South America
Cuddle up baby
Cuddle up tight
Cuddle up baby
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover of the night
The sex police are out there on the streets
Make sure the pass laws are not broken
The race militia has got itchy fingers
All the way from New York back to Africa
Cuddle up baby
Keep it all out of sight
Cuddle up baby
Sleep with all out of sight
Cuddle up baby
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover
Undercover
Undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover of the night
All the young men they've been rounded up
And sent to camps back in the jungle
And people whisper people double-talk
And once proud fathers act so humble
All the young girls they have got the blues
They're heading on back to Center 42
Keep it undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Keep it undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover of the night
Down in the bars the girls are painted blue
Done up in lace, done up in rubber
The John's are jerky little G.I. Joe's
On R&R from Cuba and Russia
The smell of sex, the smell of suicide
All these things I can't keep inside
Undercover
Keep it all out of sight
Undercover of the night
Undercover of the night
Undercover of the night
Undercover
Undercover
Undercover of the night