

The Besnard Lakes, Disaster

Baby, I've got some words for you
When you get up in the afternoon
But you're not at home
You're out there alone
So I've called to capture devices for spies with vices

Generals have fought for spies like you
Our lady with secrets written all over her body
But I've heard you lie
I've read your file
You knew to gather your life's work and shred it to pieces

Baby come on, baby come on, baby come on
Baby baby won't you come on
Baby come on, baby come on, baby come on
I think there's someone here to see you

You've got disaster on your mind
They see the secrets in your eyes
They've got disaster on their minds
If they were to find you on their side

Baby come on/Disaster on your mind