

Tom Petty, The Criminal Kind

(Tom Petty)

You got a criminal mind
You got criminal looks
Boy you better look out
You're gonna get hooked

Don't you ever feel guilty
When you come up short
Man you better be careful
You're gonna get caught

(Chorus)

'Cause you're the criminal kind
You're the criminal kind
Man what you gonna do?
Where you gonna hide?
They're callin' you a sickness, disease of the mind
Man what you gonna do?
You're the criminal kind

Don't you ever get tired?
Don't you ever want to quit?
Yeah it's been a long time, and you still don't fit
Dog tags on the mirror, hangin' down from a chain
Give up little sister, this ain't gonna change

(Chorus)

Yeah, and that little girl you used to know
Just don't come around no more
Now she ain't there to watch the door
She don't wanna die in no liquor store

I hope they all made money, I hope they all get rich
Yeah, I hope they give hell, to every son-of-a-bitch
That put a man on the carpet
Or stuck him out on the line
Whatever let him get a taste of the criminal life

(Chorus)