

# Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, The Criminal Kind

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}