

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}