

UB40, Until My Dying Day

Now I know your secret
I promise that I'll keep it
So confidentially
Between just you and me, I'll never leak it

I'm the specialist
I know you can't resist
I'll bypass your alarm
No need to twist my arm, I insist

If you're looking for a war
There's a market for betrayal
Don't ask me what I saw
You know my secrets not for sale
Don't ask me what I heard
You know I promised not to say
I said I'd never breathe a word
Until my dying day

Well seeing is believing
No use it in your deceiving
For now I know it's true
It's you that holds the clue, I'll be leaving

Now I've got to say goodbye
You know I have to fly
When you get the third degree
And the truth don't set you free, You've got to lie

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