

Contact in Red Square

Blondie

Although I'm young, I got a job to do
Hid the microfilm in the lining of my shoe
Call it a business trip
Got to hide inside my trench coat and be clever I got my papers and a cyanide pill
My polaroid's a taser in disguise
There's a base in the hills
And the wheat fields looks like Kansas in November Astrovia sweet comrade your nation is your gun
Your love reads like the perfumed note you sent me
One last contact in Red Square unless I have to run
And the long arms of the KGB detect me Can't trust a soul secret messenger
Just the rules that lie like circuits in your brain
And a cool forty five, the wind is ice and foreign air tastes strange I.C.B.M. Bang! Bang! You're dead!
No one left to worry
Kiss me quick, now I have to hurry
Our last contact in Red Square, unless I have to run
And the long arms of the CIA detect me Hey! Hey! Hey!

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