

# Private Eye

## Terje Rypdal

I dragged this lake looking for corpses  
Dusted for prints, pried up the floorboards  
Pieces of planes and black box recorders  
Don't lie

(Don't lie)And I've been preoccupied with these sick, sick senses  
That sense DNA on barbed wire fences  
Maybe someday I'll find me a suspect  
That has no alibiThe New Year's Eve was as boring as heaven  
I watched flies fuck on channel 11

There was no one to kiss, there was nothing to drink  
Except some old rotten milk someone left in the sinkAnd there's no ring, there's no ring on the phone anymore  
There's no reason to call, I passed out on the floor

Smoked myself stupid and drank my insides raisin' dryBut at the right place, at the right time

I'll be dead wrong and you'll be just fine  
I won't have to quit doing fucked up shit  
For anyone but meAnd at the right place, at the right time

It will have been worth it to stand in line  
You won't have to stop, saying, "I love cops"  
For anyone but me, your private eyeI dragged this lake looking for corpses

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Pieces of planes and black box recorders  
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(Don't lie)And I've been preoccupied with these sick, sick senses  
That sense DNA on barbed wire fences  
Maybe someday, I'll find me a suspect

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And you won't have to stop, saying "I love cops"  
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