

# The Secret Agent

## Hawkwind

I was trained in Arizona,  
In a secret desert camp  
Where we did night manoeuvres  
Without a lighted lamp.  
I've got an old worn Trilby hat  
That doesn't keep me dry  
When the rain falls on my mac  
Plays havoc with the dye I wear my dark shades every day of the year  
When I see my reflection it strikes a note of fear.  
I've got a dozen gadgets concealed in my clothes  
I've got some suicide pills that taste like herb of cloves  
I've not got a single friend just my armpit gun  
And when I go to bed at night it certainly helps me son I'm always getting in tight spots  
I manage to escape  
By either jumping off a train  
Or swimming in a lake  
Soon I'm in a right state  
I'm a secret agent there's nowhere you can hide  
I'm a secret agent taking you for a ride  
What's your name what's your game  
Details never stop Work alone on your own  
Collar up, hat pulled down  
On the beach, with a peach  
Sometimes good, sometimes bad  
Drinking coffee, feeling sad.  
There's one thing that I want to be involved with  
That's Truth and Justice and I sincerely mean that.  
And if everybody was involved in Truth and Justice  
There would be no need for secret agents.  
That's what happens when you get in tight spots.  
He's in a tight spot  
I've yet to crack-up  
Ain't got no backup  
What's your name  
What's your game  
A bit strung out  
Ain't got no backup  
I'm beginning to crack-up  
Think I'll go bankrupt

It's all confusion  
Disappearing without a trace  
I'm a secret agent  
He's in a tight spot  
Attention, Attention REPEAT VERSE 1 And everybody rushes away to hide  
Certainly take you for a ride baby

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