

Spy In The House Of The Night

Blue Oyster Cult

I, I have no church or philosophy
I've never known or told a joke in sin
I smoke in bed, I smoke instead
I know the in's and out's of smoke And where there's smoke, there's fire
The flip side of desire
And if it's true, it can't be you
It might as well be me A spy in the house of the fire
A fire in the house of the night
A white-hot dark-black rendezvous
I'll see you there tonight
I'll see you there tonight I've never been to Spain nor to Germany
I'll never know my way around the city of Gorky
I've made love in halls, I fell in love in malls
I'd love to love you in the dark And when it's dark, it's night
The flip side of delight
So if, in fact it can't be wrong
Well, then it must be right A spy in the house of the fire
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