Undercover Lover

Kids in Glass Houses

I've tried so hard to tell you These things I've heard about you

In your stars

They tear you apartI've lied so hard to fool you All these things come back to haunt you

In the dark

They tear you apartI've had a good day doing things the wrong way

Had a good day doing things the wrong way

Had a good day doing things the wrong wayYou're my undercover lover

You get your kicks for free

And you won't ever find another

Who's even half as good as meYou're my undercover lover

You get your kicks for free

Now get away

('Cause this is killing me)They heat under your collar

A waistband made of dollars

Chills your heart

It's somewhere to startYou saved to be a scholar

And you read your books in squalor

In the dark

We walk in the parkI've had a good day doing things the wrong way

Had a good day doing things the wrong way

Had a good day doing things the wrong wayYou're my undercover lover

You get your kicks for free

And you won't ever find another

Who's even half as good as meYou're my undercover lover

You get your kicks for free

Now get away

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoaJust forget about it, just forget about it

Just forget about it, just forget about itYou're my undercover lover

You get your kicks for free

And you won't ever find another

Who's even half as good as meYou're my undercover lover

You get your kicks for free

Now get away

(Oh, this is killing me)

Away

(Oh, this is killing me)You're my undercover lover
You get your kicks for free
And you won't ever find another
Who's even half as good as meYou're my undercover lover
You get your kicks for free
Ever find another
Who's even half as good as me

Songwriters

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