

The Criminal Kind

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers

You got a criminal mind, you got criminal looks
And boy, you better look out or you're gonna get hooked
Oh, don't you ever feel guilty when you come up short
Man, you better be careful, you're gonna get caught'Cause you're the criminal kind, you're the criminal kind
Man, what you gonna do? Oh, where you gonna hide?
They're callin' you a sickness, disease of the mind
Man, what you gonna do? You're the criminal kindOh, don't you ever get tired? Oh, don't you ever wanna quit?
No matter's been a long time and you still don't fit
Dog tags on your mirror, hangin' down from a chain
Give up, little sister, this ain't gonna changeNow here's the criminal kind, the criminal kind
Now, what you gonna do? Oh, you're running out of time
Yeah, they're callin' you a sickness, disease of the mind
Man, what you gonna do? You're the criminal kindYeah, and that little girl you used to know
Just don't come around no more
Now she ain't there to watch the door
She don't wanna die in no liquor storeI hope they all made money, I hope they all get rich
Then I hope they give hell to every son of a bitch
Then put a man on the carpet or stuck him out on the line
Whoever let him get a taste of the criminal lifeYou're the criminal kind, the criminal kind
Now, what you gonna do? Where you gonna hide?
They're callin' you a sickness, sign of the time
Now, what you gonna do? You're the criminal kind, ohNow, what you gonna do?

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