Sneaky Boy

Richard Thompson

Sneaky Boy, Sneaky Boy
Thought you were one of us
One of our gang
Sneaky Boy, Sneaky Boy
The mole in the tunnel
The canary who sangWhile we sad chums
Just scratched our bums
Your heels were pacing
While we dropped blues
And took a snooze
Your mind was racingSneaky Boy, Sneaky BoySneaky Boy, Sneaky Boy
Your teeth and your t-shirt
were always too clean
Sneaky Boy, Sneaky Boy
They're writing your name
down in the latrine, boyAnd just who chose
Your rebel clothes
Was it your mummy?
We never knew
The side of you
Behind the dummySneaky Boy, Sneaky BoySpleen of Mammon, spleen of Midas
Now you scold us, now you chide us
Mammon lung and Midas liver
Now you sell us down the riverYou had your look
Right out the book
Of weekend poses
Now we bankrupt
And self-destruct
You smell of rosesSneaky Boy, Sneaky Boy

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