

# Secrets

Steve Winwood

It's hot down on the borderline  
Running guns, he's just killing time  
He keeps his back against the wall  
Never trust your friends in crimeHe's the quiet kind  
Doesn't need a plan  
You can't read his mind  
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the manYou drink Mojitos with the boys  
Smile as if you know what they know  
You show them all your pretty toys  
Make a deal, don't make a showHe's the ace of spies  
With a golden hand  
You can't read his eyes  
'Cause he's a secret manHe's the quiet kind  
Doesn't need a plan  
Can't read his mind at all  
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the manHe's the ace of spies  
With a golden hand  
You can't read his eyes  
'Cause he's a secret manHe's the quiet kind  
Doesn't need a plan  
Can't read his mind at all  
He's a secret man, talking 'bout the manTell me no secrets  
I tell you no lies  
Tell me no secrets  
I tell you no liesTell me no secrets  
I tell you no lies  
Tell me no secrets  
I tell you no lies

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