

Undercover of the Night

The Rolling Stones

Heard the screams of centre 42
loud enough to bust your brains out.
The opposition's tongue is cut in two

Keep off the street 'cause you're in danger.
One hundred thousand disparus lost in the jails of South America.
Cuddle up
baby
cuddle up tight
cuddle up
baby

Keep it all out of sight
undercover

Keep it all out of sight
undercover of the night.
The sex police are out there on the streets
Make sure the pass laws are not broken.
The races militia has got itchy fingers
All the way from New York back to Africa.

Cuddle up
baby
keep it all out of sight.
Cuddle up
baby
sleep with all out of sight.
Cuddle up
baby
keep it all out of sight.
Undercover
undercover
undercover.
Keep it all out of sight
undercover of the night.
All the young men have been rounded up
And sent to camps back in the jungle.
And people whisper people double talk
And once proud fathers act so humble.
All the young girls they have got the blues
There heading all back to centre 42.
Keep it undercover
keep it all out of sight.
Keep it undercover
keep it all out of sight.
Keep it undercover
keep it all out of sight.
Undercover
keep it all out of sight
undercover of the night.
Down in the bars the girls are painted blue

Done up in lace
done up in rubber.
The Johns are jerky little G. I.-Joe's on R + R from Cuba and Russia.
The smell of sex

the smell of suicide

All these strange things I can't keep inside.
Undercover
keep it all out of sight
Undercover of the night.