

## Contact in Red Square

Blondie

1 2 3 4

Although I'm young I got a job to do  
Hid the microfilm in the lining of my shoe  
Call it a business trip  
Got to hide inside my trench coat and be clever  
I got my papers and a cyanide pill  
My Polaroid's a taser in disguise  
There's a base in the hills  
And the wheat fields looks like Kansas in November

Astrovia, sweet comrade, your nation is your gun  
Your love reads like the broken code you sent me  
One last contact in red square, unless I have to run  
And the long arms of the KGB detect me

Can't trust a soul, secret messenger  
Just the rules that lie like circuits in your brain  
And a cool .45. The wind is ice and foreign air tastes strange

I.C.B.M. Bang! Bang! You're dead!  
No one left to worry  
Kiss me quick, now I have to hurry  
Our last contact in red square, unless I have to run  
And the long arms of the CIA detect me

Hey! Hey! Hey!