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 crime

He's the quiet kind Doesn't need a plan You can't read his mind He's a secret mand, talking 'bout the man

You 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 show

He's the ace of spies With a golden hand You can't read his eyes Cause he's a secret man

He's the quiet kind Doesn't need a plan Can't read his mind at all He's a secret man, talking 'bout the man

He's the ace of spies With a golden hand You can't read his eyes Cause he's a secret man

He's the quiet kind Doesn't need a plan Can't read his mind at all He's a secret man, talking 'bout the man

Tell me no secrets, I tell you no lies Tell me no secrets, I tell you no lies

Tell me no secrets, I tell you no lies Tell me no secrets, I tell you no lies