

Artist: sailor

Title: Private eye

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I watched the dawning of a concrete day
Got out of bed, scratched my head, had a hotel shave
The operator called me up just to say hey, hey
"You've got a message to call her now
She said the writing's on the wall right now
(Mr. Romero) You've got a message to call
She said that's all."

She switched the light on in the swimming pool
A silhouette with a cigarette, boy was I cool
She looked right through me, then I fell off my stool
"You've got to find me some truth," she said
"I don't need money or eternal youth," she said
"Mr. Romero, won't you find me the truth
Find me the truth?"

I'm just a private eye, an ordinary guy
You're asking me to find you paradise
Makes a change from homicide and vice
I'll be your private eye

There must be something more than this
A swimming pool, a crazy fool and a Hollywood kiss
The finest clothes and breakfast at Tiffany's
"You've got to find me some truth," she said
"I don't need money or eternal youth," she said
"Mr. Romero, won't you find me the truth
Find me the truth?"

I'm just a private eye, no ordinary guy
Trust in me and I will find you paradise
Now sit back and watch the sun arise
I'll be your private eye...

I'm floating, I'm floating
I'm floating higher than the sun
To find the truth, no stone unturned...

Paradise - (now sit back and watch the sun arise)
I'll be your private eye
I'm just a private eye, no ordinary guy
Trust in me and I will find you paradise
Now sit back and watch the sun arise
I'll be your private eye

We talked all night about the Science Age
And how a soft remembered word
Would help to turn the page
And make way for the wisdom of the sage...

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