

Tina Turner, Undercover Agent For The Blues

He was my lover, he was working undercover
The fellow knew all of the moves
He really had me romping, bare footing stomping
He just kept igniting my fuse
He was blinded by the blackness of my long silk stocking
He would rock me with an optical illusion
And this ain't how I thought it'd be
He just kept on keeping me in a state of total confusion

He took me for a ride
And rattled me down to my shoes
But I found out
He was an undercover agent for the blues

He never really needed love from any direction no
I was just an innocent bystander
He just kept getting kinkier, hook, line and sinker
Just too hot to handle

He took me by storm
It must have been a season for the fools
So bad
He was an undercover agent for the blues