

# 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