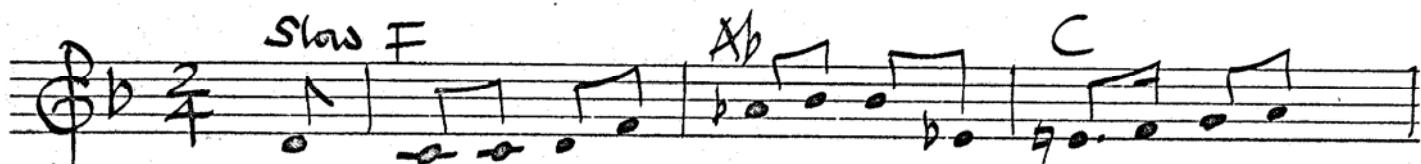


# THE DOUBLE AGENT

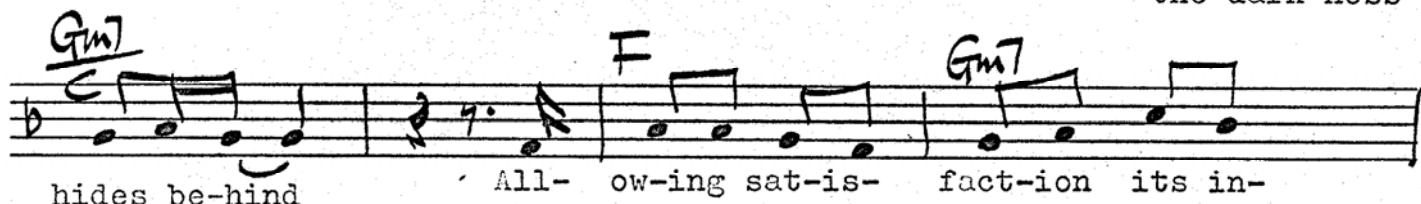
lyric by CLIVE JAMES / music by PETE ATKIN

Slow F



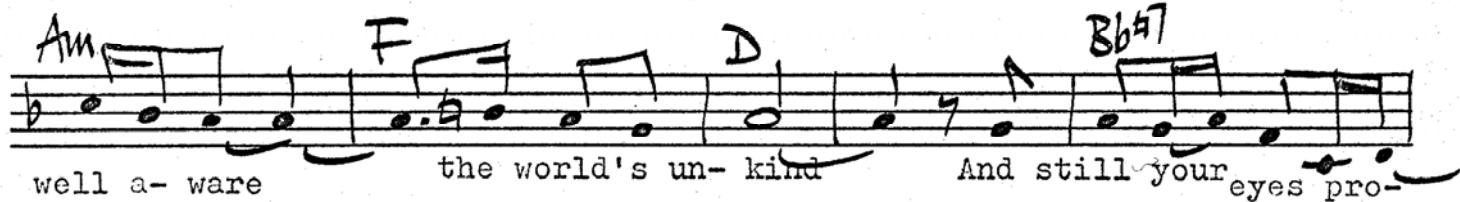
Your man-i-fest per-fect-ions nev-er cease to drive the  
day-long terr-ors out of mind They are the lights  
the dark-ness

Gm7

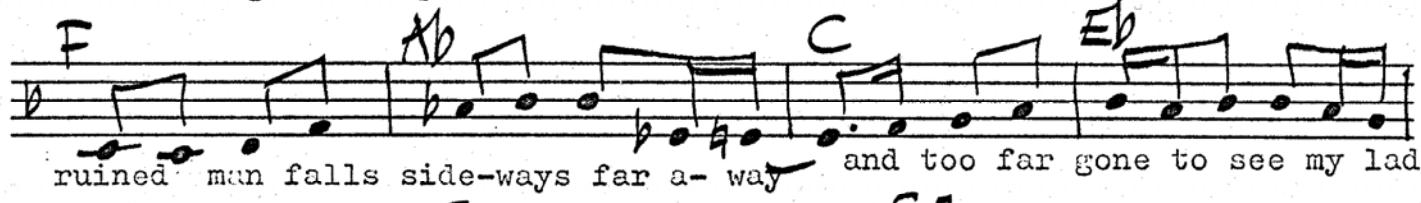


hides be-hind All- ow-ing sat-is- fact-ion its in-  
-crease be-yond the pett-y bound-ar-ies de- signed to keep us

Am



well a- ware the world's un- kind And still your eyes pro-  
-claim a reign of peace



ruined man falls side-ways far a- way and too far gone to see my lady's  
hair, supp-os-ing he was here or she was there

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London W1



# DOUBLE AGENT -2

F Gm<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D7  
 My lov-er's mouth has not a word to say to stanch the/flow or slow him  
 on his

G Am F D  
 way It sends a smile to me a-cross the air And

Bb<sup>7</sup> Gm<sup>7</sup> F Gm<sup>7</sup> C9 F  
 still I feel that for-tune smiles to-day Be-

G Bb D (#) F  
 -tween the break-ing/of your morn-ing/bread and the final pretty

#F E<sup>m</sup> D  
 speech-es of the night a mill-ion dest-in-ies drop

Am D G F<sup>7</sup>  
 — out of sight A mill-ion peop-ple get it in the

Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>9</sup> A  
 head You join the silks and per-fumes of your/bed Like a

#Bm G E  
 long de-light-ful in-sult to the dead And

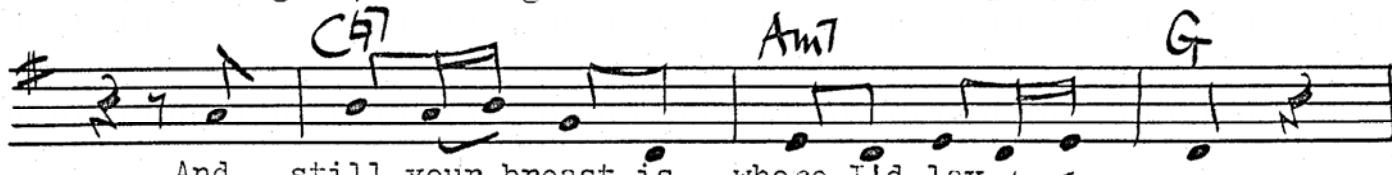
C<sup>7</sup> Am G Bb D F  
 still your breast is where I'd lay my head

#Em D Am D G Am Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>9</sup>

# DOUBLE AGENT- 3



For-give, for- get the rest of what I said



And still your breast is where I'd lay my head

