

My Evil Twin

They Might Be Giants

My evil twin, bad weather friend
He always wants to start when I want to begin
It scares me so, like I scare myself
with that book of Nostradamus up upon my shelf

Playing hangman 'til the morning light
Doing donuts on the neighbors lawn
Then sleep all through the day, get up and start again
I can hear some sirens somewhere but I don't know why

My evil twin runs home again
Search lights look for an alibi, but I'll be home by then
Here he comes again, my evil twin
My friends have seen him hiding underneath my skin

Who cut the arm off the voodoo doll
That resembles a Republican president from long ago
I'd hate to see you leave
'cause I have grown so grateful for the
blame you save me from

I know he looks like my
Hates work like me
and walks like me
He's even got a twin like me

My evil twin, bad weather friend
I know some day I'll meet him
but I don't know where or when