

Russian Roulette

Birds of Tokyo

Say, preacher man I think you lied
You said the love would surely die
I misread the fine print on your sleeve
As you tried to hand this down to me
It's too late for you to say the reasons are found within
As I taste the freedom in your sweet, love-rich remedy

As I fall back down again
I hold my head high
And I'll turn back round to you
And wave my goodbye

The same mystic eyes that left me blind
The same tune that I will hum alone
I know that it seems I'm sorry
So with the underlining rule of love
I slipped through when I should have been awake
And I missed the summer with you

As I fall back down again
I hold my head high
And I'll turn back round to you
And wave my goodbye

I never want to bet
But I guarantee a steady hand
There's no sense in regret
And I know
It's only second best
But I guarantee a steady hand
When we play Russian Roulette

Don't shadow me, shadow me
Don't shadow me, shadow me
Don't shadow me, shadow me
Don't shadow me, shadow me
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