

# Dead Ringer

Des Rocs

Hold my cigarette while it's lit  
And let it burn you, baby  
Oh, dead ringer, you so sick  
But you look amazing

All these voices in the night  
Come like a cool summer rain  
Know they hangin' for a while  
So I let 'em stay, stay, stay, stay, stay

Oh, all these faces in the night  
Lookin' like television saints  
With their names in big bright lights  
All they do is take, take, take, take

Oh, lady  
I got my hand on the trigger  
And it's pointed at the dead ringer

Hold my cigarette while it's lit  
And let it burn you, baby  
Oh, dead ringer, you so sick  
But you look amazing  
Hold my cigarette while it's lit  
And let it burn you, baby  
Oh, dead ringer, you so sick  
But you look amazing

Oh, my reflection's from a time  
When all the worst was a game  
Nothin' like the shake of life  
Stuck up in a race, race, race, race

Hell caught a shadow of a guy  
Can't find him one little break  
See, there's a gap in his smile  
For fittin' all his pain, pain, pain, pain

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And it's pointed at the dead ringer

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But you look amazing  
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But you look amazing

Yeah, yeah, did you think that he could hurt you?  
Yeah, yeah, the dead ringer never meant to  
Yeah, yeah, did you think that he could hurt you?  
Yeah, yeah, the dead ringer never meant to

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And let it burn you, baby  
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Oh, dead ringer, you're so sick