

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

Hold my cigarette while it's lit

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