

Dead Ringer

The Rasmus

My dead ringer
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Sucker stole my identity
Fucker dresses up like me
Shows up where he shouldn't be
Giving me that third degree
Let me cut right to the chase
I'm not that easy to replace
Passport picture, name's erased
He cleans up good, but that's my face

Another two-bit Romeo
That Mini Me from Mexico
Backstabber at a Rasmus show
Bet you thought I'd never know

You're slipping through my fingers
The taste of him still lingers
You tell me that it's all just in my head
You're sleeping with a spider
Slides in like a glider
Why'd you let him crawl into my bed?
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On your neck I see a bite
I don't wanna pick a fight
Let's see what you did last night
Hidden cameras, they don't lie

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If you wanna be me
You gotta start at the bottom
Ain't no free ticket to stardom
You gotta have balls
Or believe that you've got 'em
Swingin' them round my way
I'm gonna cut 'em
And as for you, Miss Universe Finland
You lost your crown to a drag queen from England
I had to wipe your tears off the pavement
Now I'm paying for his entertainment

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