

Evil Twin Brother

Thomas Dolby

They say that New York City that never sleeps
But I think they're only talking about me
It's 3 am and ninety-five degrees.
Si I dressed and went out for a bite to eat.
I found an open diner on fourteenth.
Yelena brought me carrot cake and tea

I wasn't there-that wasn't me
It must have been my evil twin brother
I couldn't hear-I didn't see
It must have been my evil twin brother
Evil twin, my evil twin brother

The village was a maze of cobbled streets.
We stepped into a doorway out the rain
With the warm air from the subway on our skin.
An alleyway you'd never normally take
With a neon sign beneath a fire escape.
The man with the walkie talkie said come in...

I wasn't there-that wasn't me
It must have been my evil twin brother
I couldn't hear-I didn't see
It must have been my evil twin brother

I hadn't touched a drink in over a year
But I told myself I'd stop at just one beer
And found myself a stool at the bar.
A blur among the bodies in the strobe,
I saw Yelena spinning like a globe
She took my hand and led me on the floor...

I wasn't there-that wasn't me
It must have been my evil twin brother
I couldn't move-I couldn't breathe
It must have been my evil twin brother
I wasn't there-that wasn't me
It must have been my evil twin brother
How could I fall?-how could I cheat?
It must have been my evil twin brother.