

Lazlo Bane, Carbon Copy

Carbon copy of myself,
Like 2 o'clock struck on a bell,
Who could tell?
Duplication
I'd be heaven, he'd be hell
Give him the worst of me as well,
I'd send myself,
On vacation
Watch out
Here he comes,
He's got a gun,
And no discretion
He keeps a run for cover list,
Not a person will be missed,
Violence is,
His occupation
My carbon copy looks like me,
I'll be far across the sea,
I'll get some sun
And recreation
Watch out
Here he comes,
He's got a gun,
And ooooo
Watch out
Here he comes,
You'd better run
In my direction
If by chance, you should see me on the street,
Keep your head down low and your conversation sweet
You'd better show me some uncommon courtesy
You're gonna have to deal with him if you should fuck around with...
Watch out
Here he comes,
He's got a gun
and oooo
Watch out,
Here he comes,
You'd better run
In my direction