

They Might Be Giants, Counterfeit Faker

Call out the undertaker
Call out the police
Counterfeit Faker
Is coming after me

Yes, I loved him like my brother
I loved him ambiguously
There's no way to measure the damage he has done

Counterfeit Faker
Carries a grudge

Nervous, I walk through windows
I walk through a plate glass door
Silent, his presence mocks me
And draws me on some more

Counterfeit Faker
The damage has been done

The damage has been done
The damage has been done
Counterfeit Faker
Bring him on