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Lazlo Bane "Carbon Copy"

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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

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