

Small Sins "Deja Vu"

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Say stop with the one hand, go with the other,
Stroke your fingers through my hair,
Leave me alone but stay in the next room,
But don't act like I sent you there.

You're making me crazy,
You're giving me deja vu.

You love to count fatalities,
Embrace your dirty thoughts,
Why can't we live like magazines,
Break the rules and not get caught?

You're making me crazy,
You're giving me deja vu.

I must admit it's the same plot,

Yeah, it's kind of hot,
But I feel like I'm turning into someone I'm really not,
I walk around town with my hat pulled down,
Within my mind's eye cried tears of a clown, now,
It's the most spectacular,
I'm blacker than Blackula,
All twilight's night spotlight,
You try to tell a child that your style's brand new,
But it's just another case of deja vu,
True.

You're making me crazy,
You're giving me deja vu.

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