Double Roulette

Vincent John

Juliet
She could break down and cry again
Without warning
Waking up
I know you donâ€™t like that medicine
Itâ€™s got your head in the clouds
And you wonâ€™t come down again

They come and they go
You never let it show

Trouble
When itâ€™s physical
Trouble
Double Roulette
Trouble
Itâ€™s so chemical
Trouble

On the grind
With her hands all full of dust
Thinking of Rome
From a classroom
Breaking down
What a mess, sweet Juliet
Well, donâ€™t you lose yourself
In that hall again

They come and they go
You never let it show
So throw your chips on the floor
You donâ€™t need them anymore

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