Double Roulette

[Vincent John](#)

Juliet
She could break down and cry again
Without warning
Waking up
I know you don't like that medicine
It's got your head in the clouds
And you won't come down again

They come and they go
You never let it show

Trouble
When it's physical
Trouble
Double Roulette
Trouble
It'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, don'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 don't need them anymore

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