

Rough Detective

The Dead Weather

You're an unusual suspect now and may be right
The kind all men cannot recollect or forget at night
You're the rough detective with the smokey eye
Where the person you are after is the other guy
The apprentice is the master and the cop's a con
You hear me laughing in the background Don't make me run, baby
Don't make me run, ah ow
Don't make me run, baby
Don't make me run, ah, ow Well, I'll make you retell your story now just to trip you up
This mirror is reflective only if you're tired
Your instinct is defective, but your crook's on fire
I, got no prospective when I've tricking a liar, now
You're so surprised, you hypnotize, it's just so odd
Well, I'm a rough detective on a glory ride
You keep going faster so I slow down
You hear me laughing in the background Don't make me run, baby
Don't make me run, ah ow
Don't make me run, baby
Don't make me run, ah, ow Ah
What's happening?
What's happening?
Well
Ah ah ah ah ah ah
I can't hold it any longer
I can't hold it anymore She looked right at me and laughed is she laughing?
She looked right at me, is she laughing at me?
Don't make me run
Is she laughing at me?
You're so surprised, you hypnotize, it's just so odd, hey

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