

Dead Ringer For Love (With Meatloaf)

Meat Loaf

Every night I grab some money and I go down to the bar
I got my buddies and a beer, I got a dream, I need a car
You got me begging on my knees, c'mon and throw the dog a bone
A man he doesn't live by rock 'n roll and brew alone
Baby baby Rock 'n roll and brew, rock 'n roll and brew
They don't mean a thing when I compare 'em next to you
Rock 'n roll and brew, rock 'n roll and brew
I know that you and I we got better things to do
I don't know who you are or what you do
Or where you go when you're not around
I don't know anything about you baby
But you're everything I'm dreaming of
I don't know who you are, but you're a real dead ringer for love
A real dead ringer for love Ever since I can remember you been hanging 'round this joint
You been trying to look away but now you finally got the point
I don't have to know your name and I won't tell you what to do
But a girl, she doesn't live by only rock 'n roll and brew Baby baby, baby baby Rock 'n roll and brew, rock 'n
roll and brew
They don't mean a thing when I compare 'em next to you
Rock 'n roll and brew, rock 'n roll and brew
I know that you and I we got better things to do
I don't know who you are or what you do
Or where you go when you're not around
I don't know anything about you baby
But you're everything I'm dreaming of
I don't know who you are, but you're a real dead ringer for love
A real dead ringer for love You got the kind of legs that do more than walk
I don't have to listen to your whimpering talk
Listen you got the kind of eyes that do more than see
You got a lotta nerve to come on to me
You got the kind of lips that do more than drink
You got the kind of mind that does less than think But since I'm feeling kinda lonely, my defenses are low
Why don't you give it a shot and get it ready to go
I'm looking for anonymous and fleeting satisfaction
And I want to tell my daddy I'll be missing in action Ever since I can remember I've been hanging 'round this
joint
My daddy never noticed, now he'll finally get the point You got me beggin' on my knees, c'mon and throw the
dog a bone
A man he doesn't live by rock 'n roll and brew alone Baby baby, baby baby Rock 'n roll and brew, rock 'n roll

and brew
I know that you and I we got better things to do
Rock 'n roll and brew, rock 'n roll and brew
They don't mean a thing when I compare 'em next to you
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A real dead ringer for loveDead ringer for love
Dead ringer for love (dead ringer)

Songwriters

JIM STEINMANPublished by

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