Dead Ringer

The Antiques

I never claimed to be
Something more than me
Your standards
That I refuse to see
I will answer
Only to myself
So why don't you
Police someone else
The place I call home
Isn't there anymore
With boards on the windows
And locks on the door
So pick up the pieces
That never once fit
Let this be
The end of it
Once you held
A place for me
But now that I've left
You went and gave up my seat
Don't expect me
To share your visions of life
But I'll take the my chances
Somewhere else
The place I call home
Isn't there anymore
With boards on the windows
And locks on the door
So pick up the pieces
That never once fit
Let this be
The end of it
Give me the green light
To get on with my life
Pick up the pieces
Then roll the fucking dice
Give me the green light
To get on with my life
Pick up the pieces

Then roll the fucking dice
I live in exile of you
Your key no longer fits
Because the locks
On my life are new

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