

# 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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