

# Deja Vu

## Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Well, black out, well, no time  
The skin of the city is pulling real tight  
Around the big head of the hot rind  
The skin of the city is blushing at the sight  
Of her, of her, of her, of her  
It's deja vu You got your big teeth with your big bite  
You're ripping off the wrong tag shaking off the right  
Can you sink ships with your pink thighs?  
The skin of the city is shaking at the sight  
Of her, of her, of her, of her  
It's deja vu Well, here it is again  
Can you make it to the end of the deja vu?  
Well, here it comes again  
Can you make it to the end  
Of her, of her, of her, of her? The way you look  
Five beats slow  
I'm wiggling The way you look  
Five beats slow  
I'm wiggling The way you look  
Five beats slow  
I'm wiggling Well, here it comes again  
Can you make it to the end of the deja vu?  
Well, here it is again  
Can you make it to the end of the deja vu?  
Well, here it comes again  
Can you make it to the end  
Of her, of her, of her, of her, of her?

Songwriters

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