

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 smoky 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 cock's on fire.
I got no perspective when I'm 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!

Aaaaaah!
What's happening?
What's happening?
Well.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha...
Oh, so now, ha ha ha
I can't hold this any longer.
I can't hold this 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.