

## Evil Twin Brother

Thomas Dolby

They say that New York City that never sleeps  
But I think they're only talking about me  
It's 3 am and ninety-five degrees.  
Si I dressed and went out for a bite to eat.  
I found an open diner on fourteenth.  
Yelena brought me carrot cake and tea

I wasn't there-that wasn't me  
It must have been my evil twin brother  
I couldn't hear-I didn't see  
It must have been my evil twin brother  
Evil twin, my evil twin brother

The village was a maze of cobbled streets.  
We stepped into a doorway out the rain  
With the warm air from the subway on our skin.  
An alleyway you'd never normally take  
With a neon sign beneath a fire escape.  
The man with the walkie talkie said come in...

I wasn't there-that wasn't me  
It must have been my evil twin brother  
I couldn't hear-I didn't see  
It must have been my evil twin brother

I hadn't touched a drink in over a year  
But I told myself I'd stop at just one beer  
And found myself a stool at the bar.  
A blur among the bodies in the strobe,  
I saw Yelena spinning like a globe  
She took my hand and led me on the floor...

I wasn't there-that wasn't me  
It must have been my evil twin brother  
I couldn't move-I couldn't breathe  
It must have been my evil twin brother  
I wasn't there-that wasn't me  
It must have been my evil twin brother  
How could I fall?-how could I cheat?  
It must have been my evil twin brother.