

With The Dark

They Might Be Giants

Like a ghost writer's ending
She will send you down

She's in love
With her broken heart
She's in love
With the dark
She's in love
With her broken heart
She's in love with the dark

I'm getting tired of all my nautical dreams
I'm getting tired of all my nautical themes
Busting my pirate hump
Rocking my peg leg stump
My mind naturally turns to taxidermy
To taxidermy, yeah

Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces
Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces
Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces
We're taking over
We're taking over

I looked around
And you looked around
And soon we were there
Leading the charge of the wrong
Of the wrong
Of the wrong
Of the wrong

Rusted, crusted, combusted, and dusted
Rusted, crusted, combusted, and dusted
Rusted, crusted, combusted, and dusted
We're taking over
We're taking over

Back in command of the out of control
All over town
Putting them all in the ground
In the ground
In the ground
In the ground

No more sunlight, please