

Electric Six, Be My Dark Angel

un, deux, trois, quatre,

You were walking down the street
You were just across the street
So I had to cross the street
To get to your side of the street

It's torture, it's torture
I need you so bad, girl
It's torturing me

You scorcher, you scorcher,
Fry an egg on your face, girl
You're scorching me

Be my, be my,
Be my dark angel
Be my, be my
Capri Sun
Be my, be my
Vicious and evil one

The question, the answer
The disco, the dancer
The places you'll never go
The faces you'll never know
It hurts me, it hurts me, believe me, it hurts me
It's hurting me

The questions, the queries
The rhetoric, the theories
It hurts me, yeah!

Be my, be my,
Be my dark angel
Be my, be my
Blue sunshine
Be my, be my
American concubine

I am havin' a whirl
of Canadian go-go girls
Japanese Karate girls
Black girls, White girls
China girls, Austral-Asian
European, Pan-American girls

When bad girls start wrestling
Everyone wants to be the next referee
Including me

The record is skipping
The dance is disturbing
The Jacksons are reuniting and going on tour
And I can't take it anymore

Be my, be my,
Be my dark angel
Be my, be my
Blue sunshine
Be my, be my
Mrs. Dick Valentine