## 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