

Arctic Monkeys, You're So Dark

You got your H.P. Lovecraft
Your Edgar Allan Poe
You got your unkind of ravens
And your murder of crows
Catty eyelashes and your Dracula cape
Been flashing triple A passes
At the cemetery gates

Cause you're so dark, babe
But I want you hard
You're so dark, babe
You're so dark
You're so dark
You're so dark

And you're so mysterious
Got that obsession with death
I saw you driving your Prius
And even that was Munster Koach-esque
You watch Italian horror and you listen to the scores
Leather-clad and spike collar
I want you down on all fours

Cause you're so dark, babe
But I want you hard
You're so dark, baby

I know you're nothing like mine
Cause she's walking on sunshine
And your love would tear us apart
And I know I'm not your type
Cause I don't shun the daylight
But baby I'm willing to start

You're so dark

Got your H.P. Lovecraft
Your Edgar Allen Poe
Got your unkind of ravens
Got your murder of crows

You're so dark, babe
But I want you hard
You're so dark, baby
But I want you hard
You're so dark, oh
But I want you hard
You're so dark, baby