

Phantom Planet, Demon Daughters

Here come the swooping hawks down blocks we've all forgotten
Clutching old friends in their talons
Down from the sky to the way back of his mind
To pick it clean, to leave nothing behind

They go from high school to high class to higher than highnesses
They're casting spells can't you tell we're helpless
Hard to recover for the dusty antique lover
But for one thing there is always another

Demon daughters, they're all partners
Heads together summon their fathers
And all hell's fury judge and jury
You better hurry get him off his back

All the red, red eyes are up in the sky
And the figures they belong to are preparing to dive
Yeah they were fast as the speed of light whistling by me
And they took him down it was ever so gently

Demon daughters so hot and bothered
Burning irons don't get much hotter
It boils up his head all over his bed
You better hurry get him off his back

I found him under a mountain of blankets
And he was shaking, it's what they fostered
A child, a monster
His head looked crooked
Then shook and shattered
You bastards! You hatched her! You hatched her!

So they have finally broken that pumping organ
Playing old numbers on it again
Something dark and true
We all can sing to, I know the chorus
Now my brain's turned black!

Demon daughters! Demon! Daughters!
All the red eyes are up in the sky
(Demon daughters! Demon! Daughters!)
And the figures they belong to are preparing to dive
Demon daughters! Demon! Daughters!
All the red eyes are up in the sky
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