

Say Hi To Your Mom, Angels And Darlas

It must have been in September
when, swiftly, we leapt from buildings,
waiting for the perfect kill.
And your eyes got crimson when you got closer.

And you might be the nicest thing I've ever seen.
(I've ever seen, I've ever seen.)

We're the Angels and the Darlas,
and in time we'll be syndicated too.
But for now,
there's not a door that you can close and we,
we can't creep through.

And you might be the nicest thing I've ever seen.
(I've ever seen, I've ever seen.)