Say Hi To Your Mom, Mosquitos In The Stucco

There's something about this place that's spooky.
There are mosquitos in the stucco,
As if it was built with blood.
So let's rule out nothing, except maybe unicorns,
Because we've got to get to the bottom of it all.
You take the one wing and i'll take the other
And we'll meet in the middle and swap our notes.
But let's rule out nothing, except little magic men,
Because we've got to get to the bottom of it all.