

The Gothic Archies, Walking My Gargoyle

Regal and royal, we walk down the street,
A spring in our feet, whistling a tune
Hey there, little moon, how's Mr. Sun?
I meet everyone, walking my gargoyle

Loving and loyal, he's my best friend
Folks can't comprehend the fact that he talks
Vultures and hawks turn white as doves
Cause everyone loves my little gargoyle

I found him on a church
He helps with my research

People recoil when they see me
Obviously, I'm pretty extreme
Most people scream most of the time,
But always when I'm walking my gargoyle

Puddles may boil when we go by,
My gargoyle and I, happy again
Beautiful men? Yes, without fail
I'm wagging my tails walking my gargoyle.

Wagging my tails walking my gargoyle.