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.