

# They Might Be Giants, With The Dark

Like a ghost  
Writer's ending  
She will send you down  
She's in love with her broken heart  
She's in love with the dark  
She's in love with her broken heart  
She's in love with the dark

I'm getting tired of all my nautical dreams  
I'm getting tired of all my nautical themes  
Bustin' my pirate hump  
Rockin' my peg-leg stump  
My mind naturally turns to taxidermy  
To taxidermy

Bashes crashes smashes to pieces!  
Bashes crashes smashes to pieces!  
Bashes crashes smashes to pieces!  
We're taking over!  
We're taking over!  
I looked around and you looked around  
And soon we were there leading the charge  
Of the wrong  
Of the wrong  
Of the wrong  
Of the wrong  
Rusted incrusted combusted and dusted  
Rusted incrusted combusted and dusted  
Rusted incrusted combusted and dusted  
We're taking over!  
We're taking over!  
Back in command of the out of control  
All over town putting them all in the ground  
In the ground  
In the ground  
In the ground  
No more sunlight please