

Seanan McGuire "Courting Gifts"

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Seanan McGuire - Courting Gifts

I hear other girls get...chocolates.
Champagne truffles, straight from France.
I hear other girls get...jewelry,
Or maybe taken out to dance.
I hear other girls get...flowers,
Long-stemmed roses by the bunch.
Other girls go out to restaurants,
Romantic dinner, cozy lunch.
I hear other girls get sweetly romanced
By their anxious beaus who want their causes
advanced,
So they put on their pearls and get their assets
enhanced...
That's not the situation with me.
I don't ever get imported champagne
Or expensive gifts I'll have to try to explain,
And yet 'you shouldn't have' is still my favorite refrain...
My situation's special, you see.
My boyfriend brings me...dead things.
I don't mean roadkill. He's not crude.
I mean reanimated...corpses,
Their patches surgically glued.
My boyfriend makes me...monsters.
Each one of them his own design.
And when your presents come with name tags
They're that much harder to decline.
I hear other girls get dazzled and dined
In romantic settings that were clearly designed
To say 'let's get it on' while still appearing refined...
That's not the situation with me.
I don't ever get invited out to a show
And the EPA's condemned most of the places we go.
Before we met I didn't realize ichor could glow...
We have our own unique chemistry.
My boyfriend brings me...zombies.
He takes 'recycling' to new lows.
He says that wasting leads to...wanting,
He's got a point there, I suppose.
My boyfriend brings me...dead things.

That's how he lets me know he cares.
He's still living with his...parents.
His secret lab's beneath the stairs.
I hear other girls get clever and coy,
Acting 'hard to get' and playing games with their boy;
Those aren't the female arts that I'm inclined to
employ...
That's not the situation with me.
Because pretty soon he's taking over the world,
And there's worse descriptions than 'the mastermind's
girl',
You can keep your champagne -- I'll give grave-robbing
a twirl...
I'm getting used to necromancy.
My boyfriend brings me...dead things.
I've learned to like formaldehyde.
Maybe this love's not...normal,
But I'd love to be this Frankenstein's bride!
Yes, maybe we're not normal...
But I'd love to be my Frankenstein's bride!

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