

Seanan Mcguire "Some Girls"

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Seanan McGuire - Some Girls

Some girls like the vampires -- ****ual simulation.

Some girls like the warlocks, all rituals and incantations.

Some girls like the werewolves, flirting with lycanthropy,

But none of those late-night creature features Ever did a single thing for me.

Some girls like the swamp things, they say that gills have hidden uses.

Some girls like the psychos, they're seeking serial abuses.

Some girls like the phantoms, they want a lover clear as cellophane...

But if you wanna knock me clean off my head,

Baby, better rustle up the living dead

'Cause the only guy I wanna find in my bed

Is the guy that wants to eat my brain.

Some girls like the mummies -- bondage has its own appeal.

Some girls like the robots, they're looking for a man of steel

Some girls like the spacemen, they go where no man's ever gone before,

But all of those macho midnight monsters

Always struck me as an awful bore.

Some girls like the creatures, although assembly's required.

Some girls like the madmen, they say true love should be inspired.

Some girls like the hunchbacks, they're only looking for a willing slave...

But if wanna watch as I sigh and swoon,

Baby, just forget about the Black Lagoon,

'Cause the only guy who's ever gonna sing my tune

Is the guy who's risen from the grave.

It's not an ordinary kind of kink, I know,

But now that it's caught hold of me, it won't let go,

My Casanova's waiting six feet below

For a girl with excavation in mind.

You can call it 'necrophilia' and say it's vile,
I just know I wanna do it George Romero-style;
It's a special sort of craving and I'd walk a mile
For the stiffest guy I'm likely to find.
Some girls like the mutants -- I guess that they don't mind it messy.

Some girls like the legends, flirting with the likes of Nessie.

Some girls like the demons, they want to lay down on the dotted line,

But if you wanna please me all night and day,
Baby, then I know you're gonna find a way,
To find the kind of fellow who just won't decay,
And you know I wanna make him mine -I'll be off of my head at the dawn of the dead,
And when reason has fled, I'll take horror instead,
And the only kind of guy that I want in my bed
Is the guy who wants to eat my brain!

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