

Electric Six

"Be My Dark Angel"

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Un, deux, trois, quatre,

You were walking down the street
You were just across the street
So I had to cross the street
To get to your side of the street

It's torture, it's torture
I need you so bad, girl
It's torturing me

You scortcher, you scortcher,
Fry an egg on your face, girl
You're scorching me

Be my, be my,
Be my dark angel
Be my, be my
Capri sun
BE my, be my
Viscious and evil one

The question, the answer
The disco, the dancer
The places you'll never go
The faces you'll never know

It hurts me, it hurts me, believe me it hurts me
It's hurting me

The questions, the queries
The rhetoric, the theories
It hurts me, yeah!

Be my, be my,
Be my dark angel
Be my, be my
Blue sunshine
BE my, be my
American concubine

I am havin' a whirl

Of canadian
Go-go girls
Japanese karate girls
Black girls
White girls
China girls
Australi-asian
European
Pan American girls

When bad girls start wrestling
Everyone wants to be
The next referee
Including me

The record is skipping
The dance is disturbing
The Jacksons are reuniting
They're going on tour
And I can't take it anymore

Be my, be my,
Be my dark angel
Be my, be my
Blue sunshine
BE my, be my
Mrs. Dick Valentine

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