

## **They Might Be Giants "With The Dark"**

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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  
Busting my pirate hump  
Rocking my peg leg stump  
My mind naturally turns to taxidermy  
To taxidermy, yeah

Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces  
Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces  
Crushes, 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, crusted, combusted, and dusted  
Rusted, crusted, combusted, and dusted  
Rusted, crusted, 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

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