

Be My Dark Angel

Electric Six

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, yeah 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

Songwriters

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