

With The Dark

They Might Be Giants

Like a ghost writer's ending
She will send you downShe'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 darkI'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, yeahCrushes, crashes, smashes to pieces
Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces
Crushes, crashes, smashes to pieces
We're taking over, we're taking overI 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 wrongRusted, crusted, combusted and dusted
Rusted, crusted, combusted and dusted
Rusted, crusted, combusted and dusted
We're taking over, we're taking overBack in command of the out of control
All over town
Putting them all in the ground
In the ground, in the ground, in the groundNo more sunlight, please

Songwriters

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