

The Dark

Brian May

Trapped in gasoline, a lizard on a string
No one ever screams any more
Trapped in gasoline, a lizard on a string
No one ever screams any more
It's called the dark, it's not a sunny day for the dark
Let in the dark, then you can sleep and fuck and park
Let in the dark, it's not another day for the dark
Let in the dark, then you can sleep and move and park
So tight, I can't breathe
Gods fingers chokin' me
Like a prisoner on his knees
Beggin' won't do a thing for me
So c'mon, you can't fight it
So c'mon, you can't fight it
So c'mon, you can't fight it
People, oh, they're my thing these days
They like to swim and catch them rays
Money, don't do a thing for me
I'm happy now, that's how I be
It's called the dark, it's not a sunny day for the dark
Let in the dark, then you can sleep and fuck and park
Let in the dark

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