Up in the attic where the skeletons hide We all live in fear of the door and what's behind A door you dare not open, cause what you'll find A close encounter of the sexual kind Love in the shadows, like a smoking gun

Batten down baby, lock all doors
I got the love that you're lookin' for
Your hair's so straight, but I can make it curl
Cause there's a little bit of bad in every good little
Girl

Love in the shadows, like a smoking gun

Is it really what you want
One more broken heart, one more lost and lonely
Is it really what you need
One more broken heart

When it happens, it'll be magical I'm not knocking it, here's to the magic When it happens, it'll be magical I'm not knocking it, here's to the magic

Pull up the blanket, so you won't hear a sound But the pounding's like thunder when it shakes the Ground

You got a hunger only I can feed You try to fight it off but you're in too deep

Heat, flame, embers it'll be magical Heat, flame, embers smoking smoking Heat, flame, embers it'll be magical Heat, flame, embers smoking smoking

Fire keeps burning up Fire keeps burning up

When it happens, it'll be magical