

Be My Dark Angel

Electric Six

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 scorcher... you scorcher
Fried 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...
Vicious 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... yeah

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 inhabit a world of Canadian go-go girls
Japanese karate girls
Black girls... white girls... China girls...
Australasian... European... Pan... American girls

When bad girls start... wrestling
Everybody wants to be the next referee
Including me

The record is skipping
The dance is disturbing
The Jacksons are reuniting
And going on tour
And I can't take it any more!

Be my... be my...

Be my dark angel.
Be my... be my...
Blue sunshine
Be my... be my...
Mrs Vick Dalentine!