

# My Songs Know What You Did In the Dark (Light Em Up)

King the Kid

Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.  
Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.

B-B-B-Be careful making wishes in the dark  
Can't be sure when they've hit their mark  
And besides in the mean, mean time  
I'm just dreaming of tearing you apart

I'm in the de-details with the devil  
You know the world can never get me on my level  
I just gotta get you off the cage  
I'm a young lover's rage  
Gonna need a spark to ignite

My songs know what you did in the dark  
So light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
I'm on fire

So light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
I'm on fire

Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.  
In the dark, dark  
Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.  
In the dark, dark

Writers keep writing what they write  
Somewhere another pretty vein just died  
I've got the scars from tomorrow and I wish you could see  
That you're the antidote to everything except for me

A constellation of tears on your lashes  
Burn everything you love, then burn the ashes  
In the end everything collides  
My childhood spat back out the monster that you see

My songs know what you did in the dark

So light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
I'm on fire

So light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
I'm on fire

Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.  
In the dark, dark  
Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.  
In the dark, dark

My songs know what you did in the dark  
(My songs know what you did in the dark)

So light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
I'm on fire

So light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
Light 'em up, up, up  
I'm on fire

Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.  
In the dark, dark  
Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.

We're going down, down in an earlier round  
And Sugar, we're going down swinging  
I'll be your number one with a bullet  
A loaded God complex, cock it and pull it.

Oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa, oh, oh, whoa.