

Frankenstein

Editors

Come on tick tock, why don't we stop, just wasting time
Wherever we go, the lights stay low, I'm Frankenstein

I know what you'll say
You mean the creation, not the creator
The night's where we play
Oh man Hemingway mojito chaser

Down where the streets get narrow
And the freaks get high on sorrow
Won't you dance like a monster with me?
Like a flare, like a gun, like a boss, this goes off...
It goes off...

What do you got? Cause you speak a lot, like a nursery rhyme
Shadows and doubt, from north to south, but I'm Frankenstein

Oh, where to begin, just don't make me sin with all those prete
nders
I'm late for a thing, and bored of your jingoistic agendas

Down where the streets get narrow
And the freaks get high on sorrow
Won't you dance like a monster with me?
Like a flare, like a gun, like a boss, this goes off...

Down on the streets, down with the freaks
Won't you dance like a monster with me?
Like a boss, this goes off
It goes off...