

Demon Daughters

Phantom Planet

Here come the swooping hawks
Down blocks we've all forgotten
Clutching old friends in their talons
Down from the sky to the way back
Of his mind
To pick it clean, to leave nothing behind

They go from high school to high class
To higher than highnesses
They're casting spells, can't you tell?
We're helpless, hard to recover
For the dusty antique lover
But for one thing
There is always another

Demon daughters
They're all partners
Heads together
Summon their fathers
And all hell's fury
Judge and jury
You better hurry
Get him off his back

All the red, red eyes are up in the sky
And the figures they belong to are preparing to dive
Yeah they were fast as the speed of light
Whistling by me and they took him down
It was ever so gently

Demon daughters
So hot and bothered
Burning irons
Don't get much hotter
It boils up his head
All over his bed
You better hurry
Get him off his back

I found him under
A mountain of blankets
And he was shaking
It's what they fostered
A child, a monster
His head looked crooked
Then shook and shattered
You bastards
You hatched her
You hatched her

So they have finally broken
That pumping organ
Playing old numbers
On it again
Something dark and true
We all can sing to
I know the chorus now

My brain's turned black

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