

# Hugh Laurie, Mystery

Mystery

All my life has been a mystery

You and I were never ever meant to be

That's why I call my love for you a mystery

Different country

You and I have always lived in a different country

And I know that airline tickets don't grow on a tree

So what kept us apart is plain for me to see

That much at least is not really a mystery

Estuary

I live in a houseboat on an estuary

Which is handy for my work with the Tamesis Port Authority

But I know you would have found it insanitary

Insanitary

Taken a violent dislike to me

I'd be foolish to ignore the possibility

That if we'd ever actually met, you might have hated me

Still, that's not the only problem that I can see

Dead since 1973

You've been dead now . . . wait a minute, let me see...

Fifteen years come next January (JAN-uary)

As a human being you are history

So why do I still long for you?

Why is my love so strong for you?

Why did I write this song for you?

Well, I guess it's just the mystery

Mystery