

# Rickie Lee Jones, Little Mysteries

A gypsy boy came up to you  
With a newspaper spread across his arm  
To hid his fingers in your pocket...

Meanwhile, in another part of town  
I buy a ticket for a game  
And la petite femme, smoking les gitanes  
Is writing down my name

Oh, little mysteries, little mysteries  
Yeah, little mysteries, little mysteries

A plane goes down in kc, mo  
In a simple twist of fate  
A trail of lies leads us to orlando  
But we are days too late

For a certain brother down in florida  
Famous for his cake  
And when the boys came over from texas  
They said "we'll take everything we can take..."

Oh, little mysteries, little mysteries  
Yeah, little mystereis, little mysteries

Nobody wants to know  
Nobody wants to see

Now four years later  
Another senator hits the ground  
This time the boys make sure  
That his wife is with him when he goes down

And while everybody's looking up  
In a race too close to call  
T he election quietly slips into  
The third door down the hall.

Oh, little mysteries, little mysteries.  
Yeah, little mysteries, little mystereies

Could be next to you.  
Someone you've known for years  
A car parked down by the airport  
At the edge of town.....