

Slade, Rock And Roll Preacher

Myzsterious Mizster Jones.

He'll wanna read your palm and keep you calm

Got a voodoo head on a lucky charm

With a snake tattoo going down his arm -

The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Well

he's the living proof of eternal youth

Got an icecold diamond in his tooth.

And the walls will tumble when he hits the roof -

The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Oh

what's good for him is bad for me

Oh

it's hard to break a myzstery.

A double dealing hero

to bring you down to zero.

His origins unkown and he ain't got no home -

The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

He's into shooting stars

eccentric cars

Grew up fussing

fighting in the bars.

All he's got to show for it's the battle scars -

The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Oh

what's good for him is bad for me

. . .

Whatever makes him tick

go take your pick

With a five line rhyming limerick.

Is it his silver tongue? Well

maybe that's the trick

Of the myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Oh

what's good for him is bad for me

. . .

The myzsterious Mizster Jones - the myzsterious MizsterJones.