

# Badlees, Mystery Girl

She probably still keeps herself inside herself  
Her head it ruled her heart with a tune I'll never hear  
Summer, like self-portraits we were hit or miss

Never the same hues twice  
The second layer's applied before the first one's were even rendered

I guess her wall's still high and wide  
With the writing on the inside  
Its meaning's reapplied to who's in fashion

## CHORUS

Time's a perfect crime for a mystery girl  
The veil distorts the rhyme for a mystery girl

Somewhere tonight a lonely shadow's painting in the rain  
And most of what is captured will be in vain

You try to keep away the dogs of memory  
The hungry and the restless ones just come at different angles

A cigarette at midnight in a slow, dark room  
And they're scratchin' at your door

The corner of your mind you pared to eloquence now rambles  
And the rain sounds like a freight train  
Don't it always come the same

When your hunger meets the pain of her resilience

## CHORUS

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