

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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