

# Oingo Boingo, Sucker For Mystery

And I've always been a sucker for mystery  
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So I turn to the left and I turn to the right  
But none of the answers are in sight  
So I made a mistake maybe once or twice  
And I can't even get to paradise  
And a priest came up to me and touched my face  
He said terrible things happen round this place  
Such terrible things happen round this place  
Such terrible things happen round this place  
No demon, no man has got a clue  
But surely son, the end will turn out right for you  
'Cause I've always been a sucker for mystery  
And I've always been a sucker for mystery

There's a little boy walking up the stairs  
Through a dark hallway that leads nowhere  
He comes to a door but he's afraid to knock  
And he bends down low and peers through the lock  
And there's a tall man standing with a glistening knife  
And he's stooping over something that has no life  
With stifled tears he starts to turn away  
But a strange little voice seems to whisper  
'Stay!'  
He's always been a sucker for mystery  
And he's always been...

(Chorus)  
I don't want to say good bye  
I want to give it one more try  
I don't want to say good bye  
I want to give it one more try

Won't somebody help  
Won't somebody help  
I'm all alone now with nothing to do  
And I'm all dressed up with nowhere to go  
And I'm stuck with two tickets to an awful show  
And my mouth's full of words but I've got nothing to say  
And I've been sitting in front of the TV set all day

And my head's in a vice and it won't let up  
And my feet won't move and if that ain't enough  
The telephone rings... 'Hello!'

I've seen children with such angry faces  
When you look in their eyes, it makes you want to cry  
There's a time and a place for everything  
There's a time and a place for everything

Now it doesn't seem fair  
But who cares they're someone else's  
As long as they don't come close to mine  
There's a time and a place for everything  
There's a time and a place for everything

So we packed our bags and went back to the hotel  
In back of the squalor and the living hell  
And they sell you this and they sell you that  
They sell you their sister for a buck and a half

Such terrible things happen round this place  
Such terrible things happen round this place  
Such terrible things happen round this place  
And people disappear without a trace  
And I've always been a sucker for mystery  
And I've always been...

Well the mystery that intrigues me the most  
Is the one that makes men give up hope  
The pride and the search for even little things  
That might give a meaning, or even a hint  
Cause how can a free man not have hope  
When he hasn't even reached the end of his rope

I don't want to say good bye  
I want to give it one more try  
I don't want to close the gate  
I still think that it's not too late  
I know when I reach the end  
I want to start all over again

And I've always been a sucker for mystery...