

Another Mystery

Get off your catwalk, I want you to talk, To be the seer instead of the seen.
There is a flower, a leaning tower, and all the wonders stand in between. I
don't want to be another mystery, oh no, I don't want to see who's looking at
me, oh no, I wanna be the one to feel the sun, oh whoa, So if you want to see
the world with me, let's go. The alligator, the god that made her, And all the
creatures that got left behind, And Mycenae, Ave Maria, And everything you
gotta dig harder to find. I don't want to be a vapor of heavenly light,
Everybody guess if I'm an angel or sprite. I don't want to be another mystery,
oh no, I don't want to see who's looking at me, oh no, I wanna be the one to
feel the sun, oh whoa, So if you want to see the world with me, let's go. You
could pursue it, hell I could do it, I'll just be quiet when I get angry and
hurt, I'm stopping traffic, cinemagraphic, With my long black coat hanging down
in the dirt, And my hair clinging to my face in the rain, Like a goddess from
the cult of be
autiful pain, I don't want to be another mystery, I don't want to be another
mystery, I could cut you off with a shoulder of stone, Smoke all night and
leave the party alone, Screw myself with an inscrutable pout, But I just want
you to come and figure me out. I don't want to be another mystery, oh no, I
don't want to see who's looking at me, oh no, I wanna be the one to feel the
sun, oh whoa, So if you want to see the world with me, let's go. I don't want
to be another mystery. I don't want to be another mystery. . .