

411**"Mystery Girl"**Visit "[Mystery Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 layers applied before the first ones were
even rendered

I guess her walls still high and wide
With the writing on the inside
Its meanings reapplied to whos in fashion

Chorus

Times a perfect crime for a mystery girl
The veil distorts the rhyme for a mystery girl

Somewhere tonight a lonely shadows 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

I guess her walls still high and wide
With the writing on the inside
Its meanings reapplied to whos in fashion

Chorus

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