

Mark Mothersbaugh

"The Mystery Men Mantra"

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In mighty gas flows all around
Leaps from the fronts to the lost and found
Ancient manuscripts leather bound
We are the Mystery Men

In mighty gas flows all around
Leaps from the flanks to the lost and found
Ancient manuscripts leather bound
We are the Mystery Men

The swells like smoke from a coconut
Lips part like jaws on a halibut
Bongos play strange music from a jungle hut
We are the Mystery Men

In a world full of unrested fear
Where the air is stale and the future unclear
Takes a hero to bring up the rear.

Love, love, the big fat lips,
They lick the plate, lubricate the hip
While dark forces work the whips.
We are the Mystery Men

Where's the, where's the-
Oh, oh.
Oh, oh!
Whooshie, whooshie!
Aah, aah!
Hu, hu!
Yah, yah!
Hai, hai!
Oh!

In a world has come supreme
A special strength is in the air.
A hero who has the nerve to reign,
Must come forward and heed my call!

We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!

We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!

We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!

We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!

Mystery Men! Mystery Men!
Come on!

We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!
We want the Mystery Men!

Mystery Men!

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