

Owl City "Beautiful Mystery"

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When I'm dressed to the nines, I'm just a shirt and tie
With a taste for prestige, and beautiful mystery.
Well, clever girls dressed to kill are pretty bittersweet,
And better-suited for grief than beautiful mystery.

Oh, beautiful mystery.

Fly by, feather.
This time, I'm not ready to die.
But I lose myself.
(Oh, oh, I'm falling for you!)

Now or never.
Stand back, 'cause I'm ready to fly.
But I lose myself.
(Oh, oh, I'm falling for you!)

She enjoys it the most, with flowers in her hair.
Dressin' up like a ghost for beautiful mystery.
So I kiss her goodnight, and stumble from the room.
Mighty high on mystique, and beautiful mystery.

Oh, beautiful mystery.

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But I lose myself.
(Oh, oh, I'm falling for you!)

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But I lose myself.
(Oh, oh, I'm falling for you!)

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