

## The New Cities

### "Mystery Hours"

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Always the true one, calm, selective, staking a claim  
among the young defectives, far off under the  
nighttime, baby, crawl into the wave. Got to be cool  
now, unprotected, you come around every day to  
collect me, far off into the nighttime, baby, crawl into  
the wave. Come on, give it to me. Yes, those mystery  
hours. But officers, the rumbling, the sound of the  
collective crumbling, around to the ground, surrender  
the town. I call out the numbers, the rumble of collected  
thunder today, the wages are down. Come on, give it to  
me. Yes, those mystery hours. Mystery

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