

Badlees, The

"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 layer's applied before the first one's were
even rendered

I guess her wall's still high and wide

With the writing on the inside

Its meaning's reapplied to who's in fashion

CHORUS

Time's a perfect crime for a mystery girl

The veil distorts the rhyme for a mystery girl

Somewhere tonight a lonely shadow's 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 wall's still high and wide

With the writing on the inside

Its meaning's reapplied to who's in fashion

CHORUS

Visit [Badlees. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.