

# Mystery Juice

Sean Lennon

She won't speak to me  
Won't speak  
And it's all my own fault

Baby I'm afraid to let you know  
They stole the show and towed the rowboat  
Though slow  
We're on the go like rabbits in the snow

Baby I'm a lonely kind of man  
Like a rapper with a forty in his hand  
I can't stand  
When you talk about that other man

Every day I watch the TV shows  
It's getting so I know the shows hosts  
I don't boast  
Maybe I should try and make the most

I'm always biting more than I can chew  
To loose the blues I choose to flew the coop  
Who knew?  
Is it news that you were out the loop?

Dreaming is a singing of the mind  
And taste is like seeing to the blind