

Another Mystery

Dar Williams

Get off your catwalk, I want you to talk
To be the seer instead of the seen
There is a flower, a leaning tower
And all of the wonders standing between

I don't want to be another mystery, oh no
I don't want to see who's looking at me, oh no
I want to be the one to feel the sun, oh, oh
So if you want to see the world with me, let's go

The alligator, the god that made her
And all the creatures that got left behind
In Mycenaea, Ave Maria
And everything you gotta dig harder to find
I don't want to be a vapor of heavenly light
Everybody guess if I'm an angel or sprite

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You could pursue it, hell I could do it
I'll just be quiet when I get angry and hurt
I'm stopping traffic, cinemagraphic
With my long black coat hanging down in the dirt
And my hair clinging to my face in the rain
Like a goddess from the cult of beautiful pain

I don't want to be another mystery
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I could cut you off with a shoulder of stone
Smoke all night and leave the party alone
Screw myself with an inscrutable pout
But I just want you to come figure me out

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