

Mystery Man

Jupiter One

Pieces of a dream
Candied at the seams
Tucked under my arm
As I heard the alarm

Woke up in a daze
Followed by a blaze
Of golden afternoon
I picked up my spoon

Put it to my lips
Chilled like a blade
Cuts Trough my cheek
The price I pay

A little bit closer
Try a bit deeper
Look under the sink
Cause there I am
Filled with plaster
The same fucking bastard
Mystery man

So can you guess my color
More famous than others
Not oak or a wooden hue
But could you guess blue?

Cool like sheets of sand
Wrinkled like my hand
Find it in the sky
Watching us when we die

A little bit closer
Try a bit deeper
Look under the sink
Cause there I am
Filled with plaster
The same fucking bastard
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Why the gloomy face?
Was it a disgrace?
Cause I was only joking

The debts they all will fade
Consider them repaid
Ooh la la la

Your stories are so old
They can be untold or sold

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Try a bit deeper
Look under the sink
Cause there I am
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