

A Cloud of Mystery

Maximo Park

Calm those vowels down
No one's thinking of you right now.
She's dressed up
It's her duty to the town.
It's empty. It's vast.
But it imposes it's will.

In a crowded room
Her painted features smothered in the groom
Already resigned
At night she strips away the face
That she creates
The mirror sighs

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred miles
Working through memories

Big budget, Showbiz exit
She'll go far.
Acting coy was her favourite ploy
It quickly loses its charm.

The frosted cheek
You turned, will add
To your mystique
He burns for you
I threw myself into your world
Only to come up short.

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise travelled a hundred miles
Working through memories

Kept for a Thursday afternoon
Before the time when you withdrew
Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?

Bathroom lights start the evening
Where the buildings skim the air
Hairspray curls push the cheek
As they swoon on a wooden dance floor
There's nothing worse than taking a chance
On an outdated dance.

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Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise travelled a hundred miles
Cursing through memories

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