

# 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On an outdated dance.

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

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