

Sucker for Mystery

Oingo Boingo

And I've always been a sucker for mystery
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So I turn to the left and I turn to the right
But none of the answers are in sight
So I made a mistake maybe once or twice
And I can't even get to paradise
And a priest came up to me and touched my face
He said terrible things happen round this place
Such terrible things happen round this place
Such terrible things happen round this place
No demon, no man has got a clue
But surely son, the end will turn out right for you
'Cause I've always been a sucker for mystery
And I've always been a sucker for mystery

There's a little boy walking up the stairs
Through a dark hallway that leads nowhere
He comes to a door but he's afraid to knock
And he bends down low and peers through the lock
And there's a tall man standing with a glistening knife
And he's stooping over something that has no life
With stifled tears he starts to turn away
But a strange little voice seems to whisper
"Stay!"
He's always been a sucker for mystery
And he's always been...

(Chorus)

I don't want to say good bye
I want to give it one more try
I don't want to say good bye
I want to give it one more try

Won't somebody help
Won't somebody help
I'm all alone now with nothing to do
And I'm all dressed up with nowhere to go
And I'm stuck with two tickets to an awful show
And my mouth's full of words but I've got nothing to say
And I've been sitting in front of the TV set all day
And my head's in a vice and it won't let up
And my feet won't move and if that ain't enough
The telephone rings... "Hello!"

I've seen children with such angry faces
When you look in their eyes, it makes you want to cry
There's a time and a place for everything
There's a time and a place for everything

Now it doesn't seem fair
But who cares they're someone else's
As long as they don't come close to mine
There's a time and a place for everything
There's a time and a place for everything

So we packed our bags and went back to the hotel
In back of the squalor and the living hell
And they sell you this and they sell you that
They sell you their sister for a buck and a half
Such terrible things happen round this place
Such terrible things happen round this place
Such terrible things happen round this place
And people disappear without a trace
And I've always been a sucker for mystery
And I've always been...

Well the mystery that intrigues me the most
Is the one that makes men give up hope
The pride and the search for even little things
That might give a meaning, or even a hint
Cause how can a free man not have hope
When he hasn't even reached the end of his rope

I don't want to say good bye
I want to give it one more try
I don't want to close the gate
I still think that it's not too late
I know when I reach the end
I want to start all over again

And I've always been a sucker for mystery...