

Building a Mystery

Sarah McLachlan

you come out at night
that's when the energy comes
and the dark side's light
and the vampires roam
you strut your rasta wear
and your suicide poem
and a cross from a faith
that died before Jesus came
you're building a mystery

you live in a church
where you sleep with voodoo dolls
and you won't give up the search
for the ghosts in the halls
you wear sandals in the snow
and a smile that won't wash away
can you look out the window
without your shadow getting in the way
oh you're so beautiful
with an edge and a charm
but so careful
when I'm in your arms

'cause you're working
building a mystery
holding on and holding it in
yeah you're working
building a mystery
and choosing so carefully

you woke up screaming aloud
a prayer from your secret god
you feed off our fears
and hold back your tears

give us a tantrum
and a know it all grin
just when we need one
when the evening's thin

oh you're a beautiful
a beautiful fucked up man
you're setting up your
razor wire shrine

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