

# 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 through 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  
Mystery man

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

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