

Myzsterious Mizster Jones

Slade

Myzsterious Mizster Jones.
He'll wanna read your palm and keep you calm

Got a voodoo head on a lucky charm

With a snake tattoo going down his arm -
The myzsterious Mizster Jones.
Well
he's the living proof of eternal youth

Got an icecold diamond in his tooth.
And the walls will tumble when he hits the roof -
The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Oh
what's good for him is bad for me

Oh
it's hard to break a myzstery.
A double dealing hero
to bring you down to zero.
His origins unkown and he ain't got no home -
The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

He's into shooting stars
eccentric cars

Grew up fussing
fighting in the bars.
All he's got to show for it's the battle scars -
The myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Oh
what's good for him is bad for me

. . .

Whatever makes him tick
go take your pick
With a five line rhyming limerick.
Is it his silver tongue? Well
maybe that's the trick
Of the myzsterious Mizster Jones.

Oh
what's good for him is bad for me

. . .

The myzsterious Mizster Jones - the myzsterious MizsterJones.