

# White Mystery

## White Mystery

Left her at home in the cold London night  
Had nothing on  
(Not a stitch)  
Nothing on  
(Not a stitch on) And she stays that way  
'Til I get back with her regrets and  
( 'Til I get back)  
Another bottle of good time Her body's under the covers  
And there's nothing wrong with a single inch  
And the same position  
Laying on her back, waiting for a kiss A kiss that she gets  
Long and slow, starts at her toes And then it goes and goes  
And goes and goes and goes and goes  
(And goes and goes)  
And moves slow  
(Slow, slow) And when I get to her lips  
I still have skin to explore Her body's under the covers  
And there's nothing wrong with a single inch  
And then we change positions  
She's got me on my back, losing common sense Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights You can't hear the music  
But we're playing the same tune  
Each beat, every note  
Played perfectly by you Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights  
Lay on the bright lights

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