

A Cloud of Mystery

Maximo Park

Calm those vowels down
No-one's thinking of you right now.
She's dressed up - It's her duty to the town.
It's empty. It's vast.
But it imposes it's will.

In a crowded room
Her painted features smothered in the gloom
Already resigned
At night she scrapes
Away the face that she creates
The mirror sighs

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred mouths
Working through memory

Big budget, Showbiz exit
She'll go far.
Acting coy was her favourite ploy
It quickly loses its charm.

The frosted cheek you turned
Will add to your mystique
He burns for you.
I threw myself into your world
Only to come up short

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred mouths
Working through memory

King for a Thursday afternoon
Before the time when you withdrew
Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?

Bathroom lights stud the evening

Where the buildings skim the air
Hairsprayed curls push the cheek
As they swoon on a wooden dance floor
There's nothing worse than taking a chance
On an outdated dance

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred mouths
Cursing through memory

King for a Thursday afternoon
Before the time when you withdrew
Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?

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