

The Nothing

Mystery Jets

Oh dear Father where do I begin?
Father forgive me for my sins
I'm not like all the other people
I was a ruck I was an animal and now I'm here

For this is just a skin
A skin that I'm living in
And we are as much as a mystery to ourselves
as anyone else

We come in every color of the spectrum under the sun
Each and every one
Bring me back as something beautiful
Bring me back as something beautiful

I never said I was a fallen angel
With a halo and a broken wing
I'm not like all the other people
With their skinny coffees and their Nurofen

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