

Rickie Lee Jones, Little Mysteries

A gypsy boy came up to you
With a newspaper spread across his arm
To hid his fingers in your pocket...

Meanwhile, in another part of town
I buy a ticket for a game
And la petite femme, smoking les gitanes
Is writing down my name

Oh, little mysteries, little mysteries
Yeah, little mysteries, little mysteries

A plane goes down in kc, mo
In a simple twist of fate
A trail of lies leads us to orlando
But we are days too late

For a certain brother down in florida
Famous for his cake
And when the boys came over from texas
They said "we'll take everything we can take..."

Oh, little mysteries, little mysteries
Yeah, little mystereis, little mysteries

Nobody wants to know
Nobody wants to see

Now four years later
Another senator hits the ground
This time the boys make sure
That his wife is with him when he goes down

And while everybody's looking up
In a race too close to call
T he election quietly slips into
The third door down the hall.

Oh, little mysteries, little mysteries.
Yeah, little mysteries, little mystereies

Could be next to you.
Someone you've known for years
A car parked down by the airport
At the edge of town.....