

Mystery

Bruce Cockburn III-81

D G D A G D

You can't tell me there is no mystery mystery mystery

G D

You can't tell me there is no mystery

A D

It's everywhere I turn

Moon over junk yard where the snow lies bright snow lies bright snow lies bright

Moon over junk yard where the snow lies bright

Can set my heart to burn

Stood before the shaman, I saw star-strewn space star-strewn space star-strewn space

Stood before the shaman, I saw star strewn space

Behind the eye holes in his face

Infinity always gives me vertigo vertigo vertigo

Infinity always gives me vertigo

And fills me up with grace

I was built on a Friday and you can't fix me you can't fix me you can't fix me

I was built on a Friday and you can't fix me

Even so I've done okay

So grab that last bottle full of gasoline gasoline gasoline

Grab that last bottle full of gasoline

Light a toast to yesterday

And don't tell me there is no mystery mystery mystery

And don't tell me there is no mystery

It overflows my cup

This feast of beauty can intoxicate intoxicate intoxicate

This feast of beauty can intoxicate

Just like the finest wine

So all you stumblers who believe love rules believe love rules believe love rules

Come all you stumblers who believe love rules

Stand up and let it shine

Stand up and let it shine