

SWEET MYSTERY  
Ralph McTell

One of these days I'm gonna do it right,  
Take her out to dine by candle light.  
Rent a suit, and give my shoes a shine,  
And talk about nothing, over a glass or two of expensive . . .

One of these days I'll do it right,  
Get to her door and just say goodnight.  
Even if she asks me to come in  
I'll make myself say no so I can call again.

But babe, I really, really like you.  
There's nothing wrong with you, no, no,  
I said babe, there's nothing that is wrong with me.  
I just got to have you for my sweet mystery.

Sweet mystery, sweet mystery,  
Nothing wrong with you, nothing wrong with me.  
Don't you see how groovy it could be  
If you'd agree to be my sweet old mystery.

One of these days I'm gonna do it right,  
Send her some flowers and ask her out tomorrow night.  
Find a little place where maybe we could dance  
And build it up slow for the big romance.

One of these days I'm gonna do it right,  
If I don't get stoned in the candle light.  
Get to her door and scream "Now you let me in"  
Cos if she said yes, that'd be the same old thing.

Oh, babe, I really, really like you.  
There's nothing wrong with you, no, no,  
I said babe, there's nothing that is wrong with me.  
I just want to have you for my sweet mystery.

Sweet mystery, sweet mystery,  
Nothing wrong with you, nothing wrong with me.  
Don't you see how groovy, well, it could be  
If you'd agree to be my sweet old mystery.