Midas

Picture House

(Browne/Maitland)
Midas was sitting alone on the brink
It was only his time he was wasting
Holding a photograph framed with silver
He just couldn't turn into gold
And you won't believe the things that he'd say
He sits in the shade of the dreams that escaped him
She comes to him in his mind
Drifts in and out of his time
From a place with no day and no night
Will I be alright
Alright
Alright
Silas was shifting the dust from his memories
So little time left for saving
Out in the snow and she never came home
It was hard just to live through the cold
God only knows the things that he says
Are tricks of the trade to save from remembering
(Chorus)
God only knows the things that he says
Are tricks of the trade to save from remembering
(Chorus)

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