Magic Vs. Midas

Sunset Rubdown

Would you say that you wish you were worse than you are?
See you made up a list of your luckiest stars
And you made me familiar to you in the dark
When you said that you wish you were worse than you areHey you with the gold
Which you keep (or which keeps you) in place
Do you recoil from its jail house green and copper taste?
Or do you love to dance
With it hanging like some hula dress
So lightly off your waste?
Was it magic or Midas that touched you?
And by magic I mean trickery and by Midas I mean faithBut the sister speaks of trickery!
Is your work the work of the Midas touch?
Do you close your eyes while you're dancing the same way
You close your eyes in your lover's clutches?
"How dare I speak of trickery
I am not bestowed with the Midas touch
I don't close my eyes while I'm dancing
The same way I close my eyes in my lover's clutches"
How dare I speak of trickery
When the wild things in me are pulling their sham
You can follow the lead of the jackal to see where I am
You can follow the lead of the jackal
Who waits for the kill to be made by a mightier hand
And you made up a list of your luckiest stars
And you made me familiar to you in the darkYou made up a list of your luckiest stars
And you made me familiar to you in the dark
You made me familiar to you in the dark
And you said that you wish you were worse than you areYou made up a list of your luckiest stars
And you made me familiar to you in the dark
And you made me familiar to you in the dark
When you said that you wish you were worse than you are
Could I follow the lead of the jackal to see where you are?(Enter melodramatic sing-sighs)

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