

Firescape

"His Midas Touch"

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Wear a black hat, baby, I'll check you out
Wear a night coat, for a night on the town
Keep your head real low, or they'll find us out
Yeah just play it cool, this is the final count

Red eye glare from the balcony
Give me the photo lens, marked sympathy
Nine o'clock figure in satin sheets
Yeah just play it cool, and follow me

And everything you touch just turns to gold
And everything you touch just turns to gold

With your duct taped hands and a blind fold on
I will find out how it all went so wrong
Investigate this ticking bomb
Before it goes off, and kills us all

And everything you touch just turns to gold
And everything you touch just turns to gold
And everything you touch in me is yours
And everything you touch just turns to gold

Take away these pitied alms
And try and move on

And everything you touch just turns to gold
And everything you touch just turns to gold
And everything you touch in me is yours
And everything you touch just turns to gold

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