

Sunset Rubdown "Magic Vs. Midas"

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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 are
Hey 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 faith
But 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 dark
You 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
are
You 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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