Stephen Duffy, Totem

A cardboard crown

A silver star upon a stick

The wizard's hat

Turns childhoods' trick

And what we lose

Like fading footage of a reel

Amounts to what

We're prepared to feel.

And she wants to share her magic with me

But I feel like a thief

She wants to go to church on Sunday

And sing in disbelief

She wants to share her magic with me

And see what we conceive

The arcane lines of her confession

Makes it hard for me to breathe.

The diamonds flash

On her fingers, in her hair

As she supports

Her starry head drooped in despair

She knew the truth

Before she knew it to be true

Her calls are placed

She's waiting to get through.

And she wants to share her magic with me

But I feel like a thief

She wants to go to church on Sunday

And sing in disbelief

She wants to share her magic with me

And see what we conceive

The arcane lines of her confession

Makes it hard for me to breathe.

A spectral sound

Searches through the zodiac

She's radiant

An illuminating beam of light

Get up late

She looks like Scorpio herself

Euphoria

Didn't know I needed her so much.