

Al Stewart, Midas Shadow

You got your ticket and your hotel keys
And your overnight bag at your feet
You're looking down on the tropical trees
While the Spanish maids pick up the sheets
Conquistador in search of gold
For all the jackdaw reasons
The Midas shadow that's so hard to please
And follows wherever you go

Nothing ventured, nothing gained they said
So you played for the winner takes all
And tossed the dice high up and craned your head
To see how the numbers would fall
You stole the game so easily
Your luck ran with the seasons
But still the shadow that the night won't free
Just follows wherever you go

Another day, another boarding card
As you wait for your seat on the 'plane
The movie runs but you're still working hard
And you don't touch your food or champagne
I know that when your well runs dry
You'll want to know the reason
The empty night will bring you no reply
As it follows wherever you go