

# Alfie, The Reverse Midas Touch

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You're flying old man, oh yeah.  
Yeah man that's the shit,  
It's the Alfie shit you know man.  
You should be digging it right now.  
This is what you're experiencing man.  
The Alfie sound. Oh my God.

It surely can't be not that time,  
Well I'll just ruin my kind.  
I hid the sunlight up my sleeve,  
Like an 'International #A' thief.  
I curse the daylight it strains my eyes,  
As they pull down at the sides.

Do fingers that run the bone,  
Ever get a holiday?  
Don't think so (Down at the sides)  
Sweet dreamers behave and save,  
Wonders for another day.  
That's just bones.

Come on lazy, move yourself.  
You won't move anyone else.  
And what compares to slumber's dreams?  
You're just a day that's frayed at the seams.  
The morning paper, stings with grief.  
Well I'll just stay under my sheets.

Do fingers that run the bone,  
Ever get a holiday?  
Don't think so (Under the sheets)  
Sweet dreamers behave and save,  
Wonders for another day.  
That's just bones.