

# Picture House, Midas

(browne/maitland)

Midas was sitting alone on the brink  
It was only his time he was wasting  
Holding a photograph framed with silver  
He just couldn't turn into gold  
And you won't believe the things that he'd say  
He sits in the shade of the dreams that escaped him

She comes to him in his mind  
Drifts in and out of his time  
From a place with no day and no night  
Will I be alright Alright Alright

Silas was shifting the dust from his memories  
So little time left for saving  
Out in the snow and she never came home  
It was hard just to live through the cold  
God only knows the things that he says  
Are tricks of the trade to save from remembering

(Chorus)

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