

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.