

## Midas Shadow

Al Stewart

You've 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 jack-daw reasons  
The Midas shadow that's so hard to please  
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.