

September 13

Steve Kilbey

You never shoulda used magic
To summon me back here
The consequences could be rather tragic
But that's a real good trick my dear

And all the time I'm under the impression
Riding on the borders like an ace
You almost smiled, surely my discretion
Lost into the desert of your face
Just the other side of disgrace

And don't you always get what you ask for
And don't you always ask for what you get
I thought you read the label before you laid the table
You've got no cause for regret

And all the time I'm under the delusion
That it's me who's dealing out the script
You almost jump to your old conclusion
Your anecdotes they all come forth unripped
But who gave you the sweat that you dripped