

## Dragon's Lair

## Sunset Rubdown

I'm sorry that I'm late  
I went blind  
I got confetti in my eyes  
I was held up at yesterday's parties  
I was needed on the congo line

But my dear, oh, my dear  
I'd like to fight the good fight for another couple of years  
'Cause to say the war is over is to say you are a widow

You're not a widow yet  
You're not a widow yet  
You're not a widow yet  
You're not a widow yet

So this one's for the critics and their disappointed mothers  
For the cupid and the hunter shooting arrows at each other  
Ain't no such thing as a saint,  
Ain't no such thing as a sinner, oh

There's a swan among the pigeons of Barcelona's floor  
There's a Samson with Delilahs lining up outside the door  
If you are sharpening your scissors  
I am sharpening my scissors,  
And I am sharpening my sword  
So you can take me to the dragon's lair  
Or you can take me to Rapunzel's windowsill  
Either way it is time for a bigger kind of kill  
A bigger kind of kill

Oh, I see your face when I close my eyes  
Oh, I see the muscles in your legs from the way you always rise  
To the occasion of catching things that fall  
Like the statuettes on pedestals I tend to build too tall  
But I have navigated Iceland  
I've laid my claim on Portugal  
I have seen into the wasteland  
Oh, the future  
Oh, the future of us all

Of dead, dead leaves last fall  
Oh, keep them in her country  
Of dead, dead leaves last fall  
Dead leaves  
Dead leaves  
Dead leaves  
Dead leaves

Seen from the back of a train  
I rode away from your station  
They drifted in the air  
Like memoirs of old conversations  
Sprung from a leather case  
You opened in the wind  
To watch the papers chase each other  
Into oblivion

You're such a champion  
You're such a champion  
I hide behind your sun  
You are the champion

So you can take me to the dragon's lair  
You can take me to Rapunzel's windowsill  
Either way it is time, oh, it is time  
For a bigger kind of kill  
A bigger kind of kill