

Faust, Midas, and Myself

Switchfoot

This one's about a dream
I had last night
How an old man tracked me home
And stepped inside
He put his foot inside the door
And gave a crooked smile
Something in his eyes
Something in his laugh
Something in his voice
That made my skin crawl off

He said, "I've seen you here before
I know your name.
You could have your pick
Of pretty things.
You could have it all
Everything at once.
Everything you've seen,
Everything you'll need,
Everything you've ever had in fantasies."

"You've one life,
You've one life.
You've one life left to lead."

I woke up from my dream
As a golden man
With a girl I've never seen
With golden skin
I jumped up to my feet
She asked me what was wrong
I began to scream
I don't think this is me
Is this just a dream
Or really happening?

What direction?
What direction?
I'm splitting up!
I'm splitting up!
This is my personal disaffection

What direction? What direction?
What direction now?

I looked outside the glass
At golden shores
Golden ships and masts
With golden cords
As my reflection passed
I hated what I saw
My golden eyes were dead
And a thought passed through my head
A heart that is made of gold can't really beat at all

I wanted to wake up again
Without a touch of gold

What direction?
Death or action!
Life begins at the intersection.

I woke up as before
But the gold was gone
My wife was at the door
With her night robe on
My heart beat once or twice
And life flooded my veins
Everything had changed
My lungs had found their voice
And what was once routine
And what was once routine was now the perfect joy

You've one life
You've one life
One life left to lead