

## The Midas Touch

### The Monochrome Set

I saw the shape of things to come  
The future in your eyes  
The love you always meant to give  
The bodyguard of lies

The hunting dog, the heated bitch  
Le monsieur et madame  
We never gave our maiden names  
Waiting for a grand slam

For he's the man with the Midas touch  
She was born with a silver spoon  
We came, we saw, we conquered you  
We conquered you

The games are tough, the rules are hard  
The legacy is pain  
The wound was deep, the flesh unmarked  
To win was not to gain

We played our hands with frozen hearts  
Toujours chemin de fer  
And human kindness played no part  
When we were free of care

Deauville, Monaco, and Menton  
The people were amazed  
By the colourless blood we drew  
At tables of green baize

People thought that we were in love  
But we were just a team  
We simply played at keeping fat  
When times were truly lean