

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