

# Midas

Robyn Ottolini

With a touch like this  
You could turn a Silverado gold, make a yellow brick road out of a two-lane  
With your hand on me  
You could turn a PBR in this smoky bar into a cool thing

So far I like what you do  
But I'ma need a little more proof

Might as well put your hands in my hair  
Might as well just make strangers stare  
Might as well just not even care if we're out of control  
Might as well just make out in public  
Might as well just let our friends judge us  
Might as well find out if everything you touch turns to gold

What the hell  
Might as well, might as well  
Might as  
(Might as, might as, might as well)  
(Might as, might as, might as well)

With your lips on mine  
That jukebox static sounds like disco magic on a Tuesday night  
All wrapped up in you  
Those last call lights look like the stars in the sky finally aligned

Might as well put your hands in my hair  
Might as well just make strangers stare  
Might as well just not even care if we're out of control  
Might as well just make out in public  
Might as well just let our friends judge us  
Might as well find out if everything you touch turns to gold

What the hell  
Might as well, might as well  
Might as  
(Might as, might as, might as well)  
(Might as, might as, might as well)

Yeah, I know all the glitters ain't gold  
But I still want you taking me home

Might as well put your hands in my hair  
Might as well just make strangers stare  
Might as well, might as well, might as well

Might as well put your hands in my hair  
Might as well just make strangers stare  
Might as well just not even care if we're out of control  
Might as well just make out in public  
Might as well just let our friends judge us  
Might as well find out if everything you touch turns to gold

What the hell  
Might as well, might as well  
Might as  
(Might as, might as, might as well)

(Might as, might as, might as well)