

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