

That Magic Touch

Angel

It's Friday and late after hours,
And still I haven't a date.
Waiting by the moon,
Sipping Whiskey sours.
I'll think I'll wait here 'till noon.
It really could be days,
'Til I find some flowers,
So I'll send you a bouquet.

Uptown, run around, hear the sound, of the city streets below,
And people in a rush everywhere.
No rain, sugar cane, just a grain,
In my champagne glass, you know.
You put that magic touch in the air.

So they say, it's closing time again,
Funny how time passes,
Through a bottle of Champagne.
The only sound I hear, is that of rattling glasses,
And people laughing in my ear.
You've taken far too much, since you left for Paris,
You've got that magic touch.

Uptown, run around, hear the sound, of the city streets below,
And the people rush everywhere.
No rain, sugar cane, just a grain,
In my Champagne glass, you know.
You put that magic touch in the air.
See those people in a rush,
But you've got that magic touch.