

It's Magic

Dean Martin

Why do I tell me myself these things that happen are all really
true

When in my heart I know the magic is my love for you

You sigh the song begins you speak and I hear violins it's magi
c

The stars desert the skies and rush to nestle in your eyes it's
magic

Without a golden wand or mystic charms

Fantastic things begin when I am in your arms

When we walk hand-in-

hand the world becomes a wonderland it's magic

How else can I explain those rainbows when there ain't no rain
it's magic

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true

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