

# It's Magic

Barbara Lewis

You sigh, the song begins  
You speak and I hear violins, it's magic  
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 must be magic

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

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