

We were just a phase of flowers  
the happy days, the happy hours  
when the rain streamed down  
the fatal windows  
and her eyes seemed far away  
up close

When all the things you meant to mean  
and all the awful in between  
gets tired

Well, Lilly, I guess the best trick  
is to see the magic  
once you've seen the wires

My pulse held still for her to pass  
and my heart beat again  
at last

Now the roof is sitting on the floor  
her past is fitting in a drawer  
where all the lonely papers play  
like we were only made of make-believe  
and fire

Well, Lilly, I guess the best trick  
is to see the magic  
once you've seen the wires

Against the grain  
of a breeze  
carves my girl in dark perfume  
her doors open all  
the night skies make room  
my doors are facing  
the night skies just racing  
in bloom

Go on home, your little tin  
with what's left of a heart  
like the bark  
of a ghost  
of a dog  
that's still chasing his car

Cause I'm south and of now  
south enough to rest  
the birds are singin'  
sweet and meaningless

Well, Lilly, I guess the best trick  
is to see the magic  
once you've seen the wires