

A Woman's Touch

Doris Day

A woman's touch, a woman's touch
The magic of Aladdin couldn't do as much
She's a wizard, she's a champ
And she doesn't need a lamp

A woman's touch can weave a spell
The kind of hocus pocus that she does so well
With the magic of a broom
She can mesmerize a room

With a whisk whisk here and a whisk whisk there
And a dustpan for the cinders
With a rub rub here and a rub rub there
She can polish up the winders

Then presto chango
Suddenly, the sun comes shining through
And what does Mr Sunshine say to you?
How d'you do?

It makes you blink, to stop and think
A woman and a whisk-broom
Can accomplish so darn much
So never under-estimate a woman's touch

A woman's touch can quickly fill
The empty flower boxes on a window sill
One smile from her and zoom
Little buds begin to bloom

A touch of paint, a magic nail
Can turn a kitchen chair into a Chippendale
Even make the lamp appear
Like a crystal chandelier

With a tack tack here and a tack tack there
And a hand around a hammer
With a mop mop here and a mop mop there
You can give a cabin glamour

Then gosh, almighty, all at once
The cabin that we knew
Becomes a shining castle built for two
Me and you

The pies and cakes a woman bakes
Can make a fella tell her
That he loves her very much
So never under-estimate a woman's touch