

Deep Magic

John Mark McMillan

Lost myself again for a minute
Back in the pandemic
But I'm beginning to find a light
Since I've been born again
I lose my faith every morning
But in the evening, I find
Jesus in the reaches every night

And I'm coming back up from the underworld again
With a savior complex and a couple of other bad habits
I'm coming back up from the underworld again
With flowers for my friends and a pocket full of deep magic

Can I hold on to your heart
When the gold rush is over and gone?
Could we start over?
Would you sing to me like Springsteen
Dancing in the shadows?
How can I keep your heart?
Keep your heart
When the gold rush goes dark

Would you know the miracle if you were in it?
Or would you resent it
With a body full of Spirit
And stardust in your blood
And maybe it's okay to be afraid of getting older
But don't look over your shoulder
And say that isn't what it was

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I'm coming back up from the underworld again
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Can I hold on to your heart
When the gold rush is over and gone?
Could we start over?
Would you sing to me like Springsteen
Dancing in the shadows
When nobody knows who we are?
Can I still have your heart?

(Can I hold on?)
(Can I hold on?)
(When the gold rush goes dark)
(Can I hold on to your heart?)
(When the gold rush goes dark)
(Can I hold on?)
(Can I hold on?)
(When the gold rush goes dark)
(Can I hold on to your heart?)
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