

## Magic Stick

Lauren Hoffman

It was early in the evening  
About ten o'clock I think  
When you said 'barkeep, get the lady a drink'  
You sidled up beside me and said 'that's a nice dress  
It would look great lying next to my bed!'  
Then you handed me a quarter  
You pointed to the phone  
Said, 'call your boyfriend, tell him you ain't coming home'  
Then you felt it in your cheekbone  
As it turned a pretty pink  
Barkeep whispered, 'man, that's gotta sting!'

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this  
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick...

You could take me to bermuda  
You could take me skiing in the snow  
You could take me any where I wanna go  
You could spend a lot of money  
But I wouldn't be impressed  
And in the end you'd have to tell your friends I said

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this  
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this  
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

One day you might say that I'm special  
And you've never felt this way before  
You love the way my heel sounds when it hits the floor  
You might tell me that you love me  
But I'd know what that means  
It means, 'I'd love to see you out of those jeans'

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this  
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this  
So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

I'm not falling, not falling  
I'm not falling, not falling for this  
I'm not falling, not falling  
I'm not falling, not falling for this