

Magic Time

Michael Johnson

He pulls into her driveway
His headlights flash across her bedroom wall
He slips in through the screen door
And he glides like a shadow down the hall
The fan upon the ceiling whirls around
He moves his hands in front of her
And her black hair falls down

Well, it's magic time, it's magic time, the couple takes the stage
He lights the candles with his eyes, and music starts to play
Slowly they dance and then they read each other's minds
Ooh, it's magic time, ooh it's magic time

Right outside her window
A night owl screams and flies off towards the moon
She can feel his heartbeat
And he can almost taste her sweet perfume
The wind out in the blackjack trees gently blows
He reaches up into thin air and pulls her down a rose

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The silver moon is sinking and it shines like a spotlight on her bed
There a lonely lady lies awake and shakes her pretty hair
For three nights running, how strange the dream has been
She blows out the candles to sleep and dream again

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