

White Magic

Miniature Tigers

So you want a piece of the pie
I'll have to wonder why no one's trying to stop me
I'll use black magic technique
To sweep you off your feet
Maybe you could be mine

Do you believe in white magic?
Do you believe in white magic?

Small, you fit in the palm of my hand
Well, I could be your man
Or I could be some creep you know down the street ago
And it hurt, you fell through thin ice
I'll thaw you out with my eyes
Maybe you could be mine

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