

Sitting by the river
Staring at the motion
Just a little sliver
Running to the ocean
Walking through the forest
The canopy is hissing
It sings a little chorus
When I stop and listen

Looking at the mountains
Ripples in the fabric
Suddenly astounded
Sometimes I feel the magic

Casting off the old gods
Drinking to the future
Buckle up and hold on
We're sewing up the sutures
Staring at the sunset
Thinking 'bout the distance
No, it isn't done yet
It will be in an instant

Just a little ember
The sky is looking tragic
Sometimes I remember
Sometimes I feel the magic

Drowning out the noises
Getting to the center
Lifting up our voices
To get us through the winter
Laughing at the fire
Looking into new eyes
Dealing with desire
Finding what the truth buys

Looking at the old sun
Once it was a baby
Every day a new one
Every day a maybe
I just wanna hold on
And have you through the havoc
When we sing the old song
Sometimes I feel the magic
Sometimes I feel the magic