

A feather is a ton of bricks
Or maybe I'm too sensitive...
I don't know.
All I can say is this,
From now on
I'll try to listen to intuition.

There's magic in our bones,
A north star in our soul
That remembers our way home.
There's magic in our bones.

No, I don't have a script for this.
But I know the right words exist
Somewhere,
And I just need more time.
I know, I know, I'm asking for the moon,
But I must listen to intuition
Believe me, I only want what's right.

There's magic in our bones,
A north star in our soul
That remembers our way home.
God, it's easy to forget
There's magic in all of this.

It's so easy to forget,
It's so easy to forget
That there's magic in all of this.

There's magic in our bones,
A north star in our soul
That remembers our way home.
God, it's easy to forget
There's magic in all of this.

There's magic in all of this.