Magic Boy

Summer Salt

Ay-ay-ay, there's a magic boy
Sitting on the front steps near his dad's old Mustang Ford
Where a love that used to live ain't anymore
Ay-ay-ay, goes the magic boy

Taking the heat on, of a West Texas July
Burning the freeway in with the dusty night
Home in his new Ford, everything that's left too fast
Not meant to last

Ay-ay-ay, there's the magic boy
Sitting on the front steps of old hook and letter four
Wooden fires out in a heart one once adored
Ay-ay-ay, goes the magic boy

Taking the heat on, of a West Texas July
Burning the freeway in with the dusty night
Home in his new Ford, everything that's left too fast
Not meant to last

Taking his top down, he put a star on scenic drive
Cooling his hands from the rusty firefight
One of these days everything that's left too fast
Will come back at last
Will come back at last

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