

It's Magic

Tom Jones

You sigh, the song begins, you speak and I hear violins
It's magic
The stars desert the skies and rush to nestle in your eyes
It's magic

Without a golden wand or mystic charms
Fantastic things begin when I am in your arms

When we walk hand-in-hand, the world becomes a wonderland
It's magic
How else can I explain those raindrops, when there is no rain?
It's magic

Why do I tell me myself these things that happen are all really
true
When in my heart I know the magic is my love for you?

It's magic
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