

# American Music Club, Miracle On 3rd St.

C'mon let's waste another thousand years  
Sitting around your kitchen table  
We'll turn the brandy into beer  
Later they'll say, "What a miracle."  
You say all you need is a right position  
'Cause nothing in this world helps you to see  
You say that you never do it  
Unless someone gives it to you for free  
You say I never listen to you  
Well you're right about that  
But I thought that I love you  
More than that  
I know you're strong enough to live  
In a world where the magic's gone  
I watch your hands tremble, you reach for another sip  
Now all your luck is gone  
Look at the moon ain't it pretty at night  
Don't look away give it a chance for once  
In its own way it's just alive as any of us  
In any way it's where you face  
You say I never listen to you  
Well you're right about that  
But I thought that I love you  
More than that