

American Music Club, Miracle On 8th Street

Come on, 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
Ooh, you're right about that
But I thought that I love you
More than that, 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
And anyway, anyway, anyway it's where you face

You say I never listen to you
Well, you're right about that
You're right about that
But I thought that I love you
I love you more than that
I love you more than that
I love you more than that
I love you more than that
I love you more than that
I love you more than that
I love you