

# 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 are 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 it's 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