

# Duffy Stephen, She Wants To Share Her Magic

A cardboard crown  
A silver star upon a stick  
The wizard's hat  
Turns childhoods' trick  
And what we lose  
Like fading footage of a reel  
Amounts to what  
We're prepared to feel.  
And she wants to share her magic with me  
But I feel like a thief  
She wants to go to church on Sunday  
And sing in disbelief  
She wants to share her magic with me  
And see what we conceive  
The arcane lines of her confession  
Makes it hard for me to breathe.  
The diamonds flash  
On her fingers, in her hair  
As she supports  
Her starry head drooped in despair  
She knew the truth  
Before she knew it to be true  
Her calls are placed  
She's waiting to get through.  
And she wants to share her magic with me  
But I feel like a thief  
She wants to go to church on Sunday  
And sing in disbelief  
She wants to share her magic with me  
And see what we conceive  
The arcane lines of her confession  
Makes it hard for me to breathe.  
A spectral sound  
Searches through the zodiac  
She's radiant  
An illuminating beam of light  
Get up late  
She looks like Scorpio herself  
Euphoria  
Didn't know I needed her so much.