The Crookes, Yes, Yes, We Are Magicians

Yes, my love, oh we, are magicians you and I And soon, you'll see, that the cloud shapes in our eyes are blind, but fly, forever just the same

Oh you you've been sleeping in the rough A travelling man took you by the hand And still I wonder Why dear -- you've a pocket full of snuff A meek and mild rag-time child Who sometimes wonders

Why the crowds all stare, Mrs Porter's crying Keep that kid away from my bear I've got 10 bob on that on And I'll not be having No mard-arsed kid do me wrong And suddenly the curtain falls

Oh it it may well hap to be
That there's magic wed in ragged threads
That you sleep under
You find -- there's comfort in the melody
Too mild and meek for rag-time chic
And still I wonder

Mary was a poor girl Turned alabaster call girl With bruised and pale pins

And Mary's still a poor girl So through these gutters crawl girl Your secret's sleeping in