

Watson Wayne, Material Magic

Wayne Watson

Pressure's on--I can't slow down

Got to make it--'fore the best years pass me by

Up before dawn--building my crown

In my own eyes it's a noble sacrifice

I spend my time

Tryin' to make a little hay

Before the sun stops shinin'

Chorus

Material magic

Got a spell on me

One more time

Pile it high

Save it up for a rainy day

For surprises--unexpected tragedy

Funny thing is

It can all blow away

Leave ya broken, Leave ya beggin'

Down on your knees

It makes good sense

Till the walls of my security

Come crashin' in

Chorus

And the checkbooks

And the credit cards go flyin'

You can get 'em in the mail

Before you apply

Can my limit take the weight of what I'm buyin'

Good money down on my own slice of the pie

Are we crazy

Or just out of control

That we bow down to what money can buy

Seems like people will trade in their souls

For the pleasure--for the ecstasy of the eye

Does Jesus weep

That I spend my time collectin'

What I cannot keep

I heard him say

Lay your treasure up

Where the hands of time

Cannot decay