

Chris Rice, Magic Wand

He rode His wagon into town
A gaudy spectacle
And every gray November brought Him there
Always entertaining, prestidigitating
Pulling rabbits from thin air
He would wave His Magic Wand
He would say the Magic Words
Working up a miracle, puttin' on a show
Changing what I thought to be
Unchangeable reality
Wish I had a Magic Wand of my own
Now twenty-three Novembers later
The prestidigitator
Still holds a power in my mind
â€~Cause I'd like a quick and easy way
To look inside and make a change
A Magic Wand would do me fine
I would wave my Magic Wand
I would say the Magic Words
Working up a miracle, puttin' on a show
Changing what I thought to be
Unchangeable reality
If I had a Magic Wand of my own
I would wave it over me and over you
And over all this crazy world
And make it right
Oh and there's so much I'd change
If I could take the easy way
I would wave my Magic Wand
I would say the Magic Words
Working up a miracle, puttin' on a show
Changing what I thought to be
Unchangeable reality
I would wave my Magic Wand
I would say the Magic Words
Working up a miracle, puttin' on a show
Changing what I thought to be
Unchangeable reality
If I had a Magic Wand of my own
The only way to really change
Is simple choices everyday
Obey the Spirit whisper in my soul
With the help of God, a little time
Can change a heart, renew a mind
Without a Magic Wand, He'll work a miracle
Without a Magic Wand, He'll work a miracle
Without a Magic Wand, He'll work a miracle