

Jerry Vale, Its Magic

You sigh,
the song begins,
you speak and
I hear violins
It's magic
The stars desert
the skies
and rush to nestle
in your eyes
It's magic

Without a golden wand
or mystic charms
Fantastic things begin
when I am in your arms

When we walk hand-in-hand,
the world becomes
a wonderland
It's magic

How else can I explain
those rainbows
when there isn't rain?
It's magic

Why do I tell me myself
these things that happen
are all really true
When in my heart I know
the magic is my love
for you?

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