

# Jimmy Buffett, Little Miss Magic

She's constantly amazed by the blades of  
the fan on the ceiling  
And the funny little faces she makes  
can't help but be appealing  
She loves to ride through the town with the top down  
Feel the warm breeze on her gentle skin  
She is my next of kin

[Chorus:]

I see a little more of me everyday  
I catch a little more moustache turning grey  
Your mother is the only other woman for me  
Little Miss Magic what you gonna be?

Sometimes I catch her dreaming and wonder  
where that little mind meanders  
Is she down along the shore or  
strolling cross the broad Savannah's  
I know in time she'll learn to make up her own mind  
In time she's gonna learn to fly  
Oh that I won't deny

[Chorus]

It's raining it's pouring  
Your old man is snoring