

Kenny Chesney, Magic

I believe there's magic here in these sails
In the wake of these old pirate trails
That cut through the water and the atmosphere
I believe there is magic here

It's in buried treasure under the sea
In the music that drifts out on the street
It's in the barflies drinking their beer
I believe there's magic here

This crazy rock has got a lot
Of romance and sex appeal
It's lazy days with Hemingway
And I gotta say that it captures me still

'Cause I believe there's magic in those beachside dives
Under the moon as it's changing the tides
Friends they go away, then they reappear
I believe there is magic here

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Of romance and sex appeal
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Friends they go away, then they reappear
I believe there is magic
A whole lotta magic
I believe there is magic here
I believe there is magic
A whole lotta magic
I believe there is magic here