

My Former Self, Magic Trick

It's too late
Sit down now
Take a number
And turn around

I took too long for you

He was there first
It's too late for my turn (with you)

Say one word
For a magic trick
Make you feel the same
I wish I could change

I want so bad
To make you feel again
That when our lips touch
You want something between us

I'll make it different
Bad thoughts disappear
They disappear in thin air
Nothing but the best is left

I'll make it different for us
Nothing but the best is left for us

Say one word
I disappear into thin air with this magic trick