

Ray Conniff, Charlotte

Fragile and magical shadows, silently start to appear
Lovely and miracle, silvery-miracle Charlottes Web
Carefully spinning her tracings
Lacy and gracefully sheer
Over and under the infinite wonder of Charlottes web.
Why is she spinning and weaving away all night long?
What is she trying so hard to convey with her silent sound?
Sometimes when somebody loves you
Miracles somehow appear
And there in the warp and the woof is the proof of it.
Charlottes web.

(Instrumental break)

Sometimes when somebody loves you
Miracle somehow appear
And there in the warp and the woof the proof of it.
Charlottes web!