

It's A Sort Of Magic

Jigsaw

I laughed until I cried
And then I cried myself to sleep
And then I slept until I woke
And when I woke, I found the joke
Didn't seem to be quite so funny

I love myself to hate
Hate myself to love, 'cause when I love
I lose myself and when I find
That I am lost, I hate myself
For being weak inside

Oh, it's a sort of magic (Magic)
Mixed up sort of whirl

Je suis si fatigue
De cette chanson en Anglais
Que j'ai écrit quelque des mots
Que j'aime beaucoup en Français
Don't you think that's nice, mais moi

Oh, it's a sort of magic (Magic)
Mixed up kind of whirl

I love myself to hate
Hate myself to love, 'cause when I love
I lose myself and when I find
That I am lost, I hate myself