## **Magic Stick**

Lauren Hoffman

It was early in the evening About ten o'clock I think When you said 'barkeep, get the lady a drink' You sidled up beside me and said 'that's a nice dress It would look great lying next to my bed!' Then you handed me a quarter You pointed to the phone Said, 'call your boyfriend, tell him you ain't coming home' Then you felt it in your cheekbone As it turned a pretty pink Barkeep whispered, 'man, that's gotta sting!'

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this So put away, put away, put away your magic stick...

You could take me to bermuda You could take me skiing in the snow You could take me any where I wanna go You could spend a lot of money But I wouldn't be impressed And in the end you'd have to tell your friends I said

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

One day you might say that I'm special And you've never felt this way before You love the way my heel sounds when it hits the floor You might tell me that you love me But I'd know what that means It means, 'I'd love to see you out of those jeans'

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

No way I'm not falling, not falling for this So put away, put away, put away your magic stick

I'm not falling, not falling
I'm not falling, not falling for this
I'm not falling, not falling
I'm not falling, not falling for this