

Magical Spell

Masters of Reality

Don't she look good
Don't she look fine
She needs to be picked
Like fruit off the vine
Ain't she got class
Ain't she got style
She's got the right ass
But all the while

Ain't I a wreck
My can't you tell
I fell into her magical spell

Been movin' round
Two ships in the night
In the same town
Somethin' ain't right
Am I too nice
Or am I too mean
Does she even think twice
It needs to be seen