She Wants To Share Her Magic

Stephen Duffy

A cardboard crown
A silver star upon a stick
The wizard's hat
Turns childhoods' trick

And what we lose Like fading footage of a reel Amounts to what We're prepared to feel.

And she wants to share her magic with me But I feel like a thief She wants to go to church on Sunday And sing in disbelief

She wants to share her magic with me And see what we conceive The arcane lines of her confession Makes it hard for me to breathe.

The diamonds flash
On her fingers, in her hair
As she supports
Her starry head drooped in despair

She knew the truth
Before she knew it to be true
Her calls are placed
She's waiting to get through.

And she wants to share her magic with me But I feel like a thief She wants to go to church on Sunday And sing in disbelief

She wants to share her magic with me And see what we conceive The arcane lines of her confession Makes it hard for me to breathe.

A spectral sound Searches through the zodiac She's radiant An illuminating beam of light

Get up late
She looks like Scorpio herself
Euphoria
Didn't know I needed her so much.