

# Yes, Yes, We're Magicians

The Crookes

Yes, my love, oh we, are magicians  
You and I  
And soon, you'll see, that the cloud shapes in our eyes are blind,  
But fly, forever just the same

Oh you -- you've been sleeping in the rough  
A traveling man took you by the hand  
And still I wonder  
Why dear -- you've a pocket full of snuff  
A meek and mild rag-time child who sometimes wonders

Why the crowds all stare,  
Mrs Porter's crying "Keep that kid away from my bear"  
I've got 10 bob on that on and I'll not be having no  
Mad-arsed kid do me wrong  
And suddenly the curtain falls

Oh it -- it may well hap' to be  
That there's magic wed in ragged threads  
That you sleep under

To find -- there's comfort in the melody  
Too mild and meek for rag-time chic  
And still I wonder

Why the crowds all stare,  
Mrs Porter's crying "Keep that kid away from my bear"  
I've got 10 bob on that on and I'll not be having no  
Mad-arsed kid do me wrong  
And suddenly the curtain falls

Mary was a poor girl  
Turned alabaster call girl  
With bruised and pale pins  
Mary's still a poor girl  
So through these gutters crawl, girl  
Your secret's sleeping in

And the crowds'll stop and stare  
Mrs Porter's crying "Keep that kid away from my bear"  
I've got 10 bob on that on and I'll not be having no  
Mad-arsed kid do me wrong  
And suddenly the curtain falls.