

It's What They Call Magic

The Nylons

The heart is not judged
By how much you love but
By how much you're loved by others

I'll always remember the night that we met
Was it May or September? Somehow I forget
We were taken surprise by the moon on the rise
And the stars in the skies matched the stars in our eyes
And then, oh, what a feeling, taking our breath away

It's what they call magic
The stuff dreams are made of
It's comic and tragic
It's heartbreak and true love

The world keeps on spinning
It spins like a wheel
Young hearts are burning
Yearning to feel the magic
Feel the magic

From New York to London
From Tokyo to Rome
Some things never change
Wherever you call home

The heart speaks a language
The ear cannot hear
But to body and soul
The message is clear

It says dance to your heartbeat
Fly on the wings on love

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