

# Magic Show

## Electric Owls

I'm a clairvoyant, babe, listen if you will  
I'll tell you the future of this twenty dollar bill  
Now watch as it turns to a cup of your finest swill  
And whoa, where'd it go? Now to the young lady sitting in the front row  
Won't you tell the audience how many years I've known you  
And how we loved each other and we were off and on?  
And whoa, she was gone I will not tell you how I do my tricks  
It's yours to suspend disbelief and let it be like this  
It's mine to take your money and in a puff of smoke  
I'll disappear from here We will take a life and we will live it on the stage  
When the show is over hopefully they will say  
For the final act they breathed an endless sigh  
And waved goodbye

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