

Magic

Bruce Springsteen

I got a coin in my palm
I can make it disappear
I got a card up my sleeve
Name it and Ill pull it out your ear
I got a rabbit in my hat
If you wanna come and see
This is what well be
This is what well beI got shackles on my wrists
Soon Ill slip and Ill be gone
Chain me in a box in the river
And Rising in the Sun
Trust none of what you hear
And less of what you see
This is what well be
This is what well beI got a shiny saw blade
All I needs a volunteer
Ill cut you in half
While your smilin at me
And the freedom that your songs
Drifting like a ghost amongst the trees
This is what well be
This is what well beNow theres a fire down below
But its coming up here
So leave everything you know
Carry only what you feel
On the road the sun is sinkin low
Sombodys hanging in the trees
This is what well be
This is what well be

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