Magic View

Chara

Turning, turning are the tables here before me
Oh, but you're so lovely
Lovely as you are, I know you'll leave me
High up in a tree, I can't climb downBut I don't mind the trouble, it's a magic view
Starin' at the pavement under youBurning, burning with the New York lights
I'm turning, turning into me it feels like heaven, heavenWhoa the hum of silence never seemed so far
But Lord it's quiet in my heart
And I don't even miss a single blade of grass
Paper trails, no fingernails and frozen eyes I never wanna closeI would be a fool to miss this magic view
Starin' at the ceiling next to you

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