

Rough Magic

Springtime Carnivore

Could you tell my bed was on fire?

I didn't sleep for months

Every time I said your name

A field of roses blew upIt was a rough kind of magic

The kind of magic where you can't even think

It was a rough kind of magic

The kind of magic makes your knees go weakI couldn't wait, I took the bait

Of a broken fantasy

For a while I was walking tall

Now I'm falling to my kneesIt was a rough kind of magic

The kind of magic most people never see

It was a rough kind of magic

The kind of magic that you can't repeat

It could of worked in a perfect world

But who has that?

The final time you leaned in close

Your eyes went from blue to black

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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