

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 up It 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 weak I couldn't wait, I took the bait
Of a broken fantasy
For a while I was walking tall
Now I'm falling to my knees It 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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