Presto

Alfred Schnittke

If I could wave my magic wandI am made from the dust of the stars
And the oceans flow in my veins
Here I hide in the heart of the city
Like a stranger coming out of the rainThe evening plane rises up from the runway
Over constellations of light
I look down into a million houses
And wonder what you're doing tonightIf I could wave my magic wand
I'd make everything all rightI'm not one to believe in magic
But I sometimes have a second sight
I'm not one with a sense of proportion
When my heart still changes overnightI had a dream of a winter garden
A midnight rendezvous
Silver, blue and frozen silence
What a fool I was for youI had a dream of the open water
I was swimming away out to sea
So deep I could never touch bottom
What a fool I used to beIf I could wave my magic wand
I'd set everybody freeI'm not one to believe in magic
Though my memory has a second sight
I'm not one to go pointing my finger
When I radiate more heat than lightDon't ask me, I'm just improvising
My illusion of careless flight
Can't you see my temperature rising?
I radiate more heat than lightDon't ask me, I'm just sympathizing
My illusion's a harmless flight
Can't you see my temperature rising?
I radiate more heat than lightI'm not one to believe in magic
But I sometimes have a second sight
I'm not one with a sense of proportion
When my heart still changes overnightI'm not one to believe in magic
(If I could wave my magic wand)
Though my memory has a second sight
(I'd make everything alright)I'm not one to go pointing my finger
(If I could wave my magic wand)
When I radiate more heat than light
(I'd set everybody free)I'm not one to believe in magic
(If I could wave my magic wand)
I'm not one to believe in magic

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