

# Presto

## Alfred Schnittke

If I could wave my magic wand I 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 rain The evening plane rises up from the runway  
Over constellations of light  
I look down into a million houses  
And wonder what you're doing tonight If I could wave my magic wand  
I'd make everything all right I'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 overnight I had a dream of a winter garden  
A midnight rendezvous  
Silver, blue and frozen silence  
What a fool I was for you I 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 be If I could wave my magic wand  
I'd set everybody free I'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 light Don't ask me, I'm just improvising  
My illusion of careless flight  
Can't you see my temperature rising?  
I radiate more heat than light Don'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 light I'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 overnight I'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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