The Magician

Eric Roberson

Master of my craft
I make people cheer
Make things disappear
I done it for years
Illusions they call it
A simple of tricks
Cutting people in half
With tops of my .
She was a muse she beg me to show
My little secrets how I make things go
I was relocated to show her
What I meant to show you
She sees what I hide
Every night . as I finish with my eye
All my game is revolving now there is one trick that I like
I can solve the puzzle to this disappearing act
It seems I lost my lady spark and I can give it back
Now the secrets I have I hold no more
. she was born . on the floor
By the tricks people love and she adores
I love to guess if she is impressed
Of heat I do best she used to be fooled
Your secrets are blessed she sees my tool
. when I perform I swear she front door
Every night . as I finish with my eye
All my game is revolving now there is one trick that I like
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