

Pipettes, The "Magician Man"

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There was this girl,
and she looked like a school teacher
With strappy sandals and a cotton dress
And her hair was always in a long, long plait
With big white clips to keep it all in
And stop it falling out
And stop it falling out
And she did the Charleston to every sort of music
especially if it was punk
Then it would be the Charleston sped up
And the first time I saw her,
she was dancing all alone,
in the middle of a red-carpeted room
And everyone was watching, but pretending not to
She was quite something,
and she knew all my friends' names
But I don't think she'd remember mine
Then he said...

My pretty baby, would you like to dance?
And I thought,
My pretty baby, I might give you a chance
And he said,
My little lady you must understand
That I am not a magician, I am nothing but a man

But it didn't matter anyway,
because we danced all the same
And it seemed to me,
we were dancing better than her
Much better
And I smoked 4 cigarettes that night,
and 5 the next day, and 6 the next night
To share a cigarette, and remember all
the ones we shared before

But I still remember that night,
(Still remember)
And I still remember the red-carpeted room
(Still remember)
And I still remember it when he came up to me and

said
(Still remember)
Yeah, I still remember when he came up to me and said
(Still remember, still remember, still remember)
He said...

My pretty baby, would you like to dance?
(My pretty baby, would you like to dance?)
And I thought,
My pretty baby, I might give you a chance
(My pretty baby, I might give you a chance)
Then he said,
My little lady you must understand.
(My little lady)
That I am not a magician, I am nothing but a man
(Nothing but a man)

My pretty baby, would you like to dance?
And I thought,
My pretty baby, I might give you a chance
Then he said
My little lady you must understand
That I am not a magician, I am nothing but a man

He's my magician man
My magician man
He's my magician man
He's my magician man

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