

## Angel Witch

### "That Magic Touch"

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It's Friday and late after hours,  
And still I haven't a date.  
Waiting by the moon,  
Sipping Whiskey sours.  
I'll think I'll wait here 'till noon.  
It really could be days,  
'Til I find some flowers,  
So I'll send you a bouquet.

Chorus 1:

Uptown, run around, hear the sound, of the city streets  
below,  
And people in a rush everywhere.  
No rain, sugar cane, just a grain,  
In my champagne glass, you know.  
You put that magic touch in the air.

So they say, it's closing time again,  
Funny how time passes,  
Through a bottle of Champagne.  
The only sound I hear, is that of rattling glasses,  
And people laughing in my ear.  
You've taken far too much, since you left for Paris,  
You've got that magic touch.

Chorus 2:

Uptown, run around, hear the sound, of the city streets  
below,  
And the people rush everywhere.  
No rain, sugar cane, just a grain,  
In my Champagne glass, you know.  
You put that magic touch in the air.  
See those people in a rush,  
But you've got that magic touch.  
(Repeat twice)

Repeat Chorus 1 'til fade.

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