

Angel [oldies] "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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