

## **Anita Lipnicka** **"Cruel Magic"**

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Let's play the guitar  
Let's tap our feet  
Let's sing of love  
To make us all weep

Let's fill up our hearts  
And empty our minds  
Give ourselves to the music  
And dance outside Time

Let's sway our bodies  
Like the wind bends the trees  
Let's sing this melody  
To cure our disease

Ah, sweet magic  
Ah, this sweet, cruel magic

Let's fly through perfumed dreams

On a tapestry of lovers' words  
From the first burning kiss  
To the loss and the hurt

Here, the ladies wear their dresses tight  
The men, their peacock suits  
The moon comes out every night  
In a sky of midnight blue

We, who have loved  
We, who have been loved  
Ah, this sweet, cruel magic  
We did it all for Love

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