

## Claire Lynch

### "Magical"

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Up in the attic where the skeletons hide  
We all live in fear of the door and what's behind  
A door you dare not open, cause what you'll find  
A close encounter of the sexual kind  
Love in the shadows, like a smoking gun

Batten down baby, lock all doors  
I got the love that you're lookin' for  
Your hair's so straight, but I can make it curl  
Cause there's a little bit of bad in every good little  
Girl  
Love in the shadows, like a smoking gun

Is it really what you want  
One more broken heart, one more lost and lonely  
Is it really what you need  
One more broken heart

When it happens, it'll be magical  
I'm not knocking it, here's to the magic  
When it happens, it'll be magical  
I'm not knocking it, here's to the magic

Pull up the blanket, so you won't hear a sound  
But the pounding's like thunder when it shakes the  
Ground  
You got a hunger only I can feed  
You try to fight it off but you're in too deep

Heat, flame, embers it'll be magical  
Heat, flame, embers smoking smoking  
Heat, flame, embers it'll be magical  
Heat, flame, embers smoking smoking

Fire keeps burning up  
Fire keeps burning up

When it happens, it'll be magical

