

## **Doris Day**

### **"A Woman's Touch"**

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A woman's touch, a woman's touch  
The magic of Aladdin couldn't do as much  
She's a wizard, she's a champ  
And she doesn't need a lamp  
A woman's touch can weave a spell  
The kind of hocus-pocus that she does so well  
With the magic of a broom  
She can mesmerise a room  
With a whisk-whisk here and a whisk-whisk there  
And a dustpan for the cinders  
With a rub-rub here and a rub-rub there  
She could polish up the winders  
Then presto-chango, suddenly  
The sun comes shining through  
And what does Mr Sunshine say to you  
How-do-ya-do  
It makes you blink, to stop and think  
A woman and a whisk broom  
Can accomplish so darn much  
So never underestimate a woman's touch  
A woman's touch can quickly fill  
The empty flower boxes on a winder sill  
One smile from her and zoom  
Little buds begin to bloom  
A touch of paint, a magic nail  
Can turn a kitchen chair into a Chippendale  
Even make a lamp appear  
Like a crystal chandelier  
With a tack-tack here and a tack-tack there  
And a hand around a hammer  
With a mop-mop here and a mop-mop there  
You can give a cabin glamour  
Then gosh-o-mighty, all at once  
The cabin that we knew  
Becomes a shiny castle built for two  
Me and you  
The pies and cakes, a woman bakes  
Can make a fella tell her  
That he loves her very much  
So never underestimate a woman's touch

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