

Edwin Starr

"The Magic Piper"

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I'm through with love hangovers,
It's best that I stay sober.
No rolling in the clover,
No Gretna Green trip over.
No honeymoon in Paris,
I only feel embarrassed
For the cool cats,
The charmed kittens,
Both smitten by the love songs
That he's written.
Caught in the sights
Of a deadly sniper:
The magic piper of love.
The magic piper of love.
Of love, of love.

My girlfriend, she go blotto
Of cunnings and his grotto.
It turns out he's a dirty old man.
The nice place that I want to be,
Is sat up on this Christmas tree,
While playing these games of
Catch as catch can.
Cause he's a sweet talker,
A silent stalker.
All the savvy of a street walker.
More deadly than a horned viper:
The magic piper of love.
The magic piper of love.
Of love, of love.

He's a heart breaker,
A mover and a shaker:
The magic piper of love.

It's kind of hard to swallow,
You know you've gotta follow,
The magic piper of love.

Cause he's a city slicker,
An expert politic-er:

The magic piper of love.

Of love, of love.

Of love, of love.

Of love, of love.

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