

Jimmy Buffett

"Little Miss Magic"

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By: jimmy buffett

1980

For "the noop"

Constantly amazed by the blades of the fan on the ceiling

The clever little glances she gives me can't help but be appealing

She loves to ride into town with the top down

Feel that warm breeze on her gentle skin

She is my next of kin

Chorus:

I see a little more of me everyday

I catch a little more moustache turning gray

Your mother is the only other woman for me

Little miss magic, what you gonna be?

Sometimes I catch her dreamin' and wonder where that little mind meanders

Is she strollin' along the shore or cruisin' o'er the broad savannah

I know someday she'll learn to make up her own rhymes

Someday she's gonna learn how to fly

Oh that I won't deny

Chorus:

I catch a little more dialogue comin' my way

I see those big brown eyes just start to lookin' astray

Your mother's still the only other woman for me

Little miss magic, what you gonna be?

Yes she loves to ride into town with the top down

Feel that warm breeze on her gentle skin

She is my next of kin

Constantly amazed by the blades of the fan on the ceiling

Those clever little looks she gives just can't help but be appealing

I know someday she'll learn to make up her own

rhymes

One day she's gonna learn how to fly
That I won't deny

Chorus:

I see a little more of me everyday
I feel a little more moustache turning gray
Your mother's still the only other woman for me
Little miss magic, what you gonna be?
Little miss magic, what you gonna be?
Little miss magic, just can't wait to see

It's raining, it's pouring
Your old man is snoring

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