

John Parish & Polly Jean Harvey

"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, you got the love that
I'm coming for
Your hair's so straight, I can make it curl
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, another broken heart

Chorus:

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 blankets, you won't hear a sound
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
Love in the shadows, 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, another broken heart

(Chorus)

Heat, flame, embers - it can be magical
Heat, flame, embers - smoking, smoking
(Repeats 2x)

Fire keeps burning up, fire keeps burning

(Chorus repeats out...)

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