

Kami Lyle "Hocus Pocus"

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As a family of lawnchairs gathered
Underneath a clean suburban sun
There were seven pink flamingos
Standing pigeon-toed, not hurting anyone
Her mama called her "Precious"
And her daddy called her once or twice a year
When she was five she practiced magic tricks
In hopes that she could make him reappear
And she'd say, "Hocus Pocus"
And pray a little prayer
Then she'd wave her hands
Like butterflies
And make a big red heart
In the air
Her best friend was Angie
They played Barbies after school for three whole years
And on weekends they'd have cider
On the railroad tracks pretending it was beer
Just like family 'til Angie's front yard
Grew a sign that said "Just Sold"
And the tears that came on moving day
Were more than hearts that small could ever hold
So they said, "Hocus Pocus"
And prayed a little prayer

Then they waved their hands
Like butterflies
And made a big red heart
In the air
And daddy never showed
And Angie never wrote
But there's always hope
In a pile of broken daisies fell decisions
At the turning of her life
There was a boy she was in love with
And he'd asked her if she'd want to be his wife
But they were both from broken families
And quaking at the thought of taking vows
So they shared a secret wedding, just the two of them
And they're still together now
They said, "Hocus Pocus"
And prayed a little prayer

Then they waved their hands
Like butterflies
And made a big red heart
They said, "Hocus Pocus"
And prayed a little prayer
Then they waved their hands
Like butterflies
And made a big red heart
In the air -a

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