

The Crookes

"Yes, Yes, We're Magicians"

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Yes, my love, oh we, are magicians
you and I
And soon, you'll see, that the cloud shapes in our eyes
are blind,
but fly, forever just the same

Oh you -- you've been sleeping in the rough
A traveling man took you by the hand
And still I wonder
Why dear -- you've a pocket full of snuff
A meek and mild rag-time child who sometimes
wonders

Why the crowds all stare,
Mrs Porter's crying "Keep that kid away from my bear"
I've got 10 bob on that on and I'll not be having no mad-
arsed kid do me wrong
And suddenly the curtain falls

Oh it -- it may well hap' to be
That there's magic wed in ragged threads
That you sleep under

To find -- there's comfort in the melody
Too mild and meek for rag-time chic

And still I wonder

Why the crowds all stare,
Mrs Porter's crying "Keep that kid away from my bear"
I've got 10 bob on that on and I'll not be having no mad-
arsed kid do me wrong
And suddenly the curtain falls

Mary was a poor girl
Turned alabaster call girl
With bruised and pale pins
Mary's still a poor girl
So through these gutters crawl, girl
Your secret's sleeping in

And the crowds'll stop and stare

Mrs Porter's crying "Keep that kid away from my bear"
I've got 10 bob on that on and I'll not be having no mad-
arsed kid do me wrong
And suddenly the curtain falls.

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