

Christie Allen

"Magic Rhythm"

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We grew into a twosome, lovers touched by Go-o-od
We had our chances, blew some, but lovers we are no-
ot
We took a piece of paper, wrote a lover's vow-ow
You see a chick, you chase her baby
Where's my lover now

I thought we had ourselves
A magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Now you say it doesn't matter, say it doesn't matter

Don't wanna hear my story, cover up your ear-ears
Don't wanna watch my laughter baby, turnin' into tear-
ears
Lovers are for lovin', not to be ignor-ored
I'm sorry if my kinda lovin' kinda makes you bored

I thought we had ourselves
A magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Now you say it doesn't matter, say it doesn't matter
Woh-oh-oh - magic - magic - magic

Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Now you say it doesn't matter, say it doesn't matter
Magic - magic - magic

Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above
Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above

Magic sort of rhythm, magic sort of love
Magic sort of rhythm, given from above [fade]

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