

## Gail Ann Dorsey

### "Magical"

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You are the bright, white light in my streets of  
Darkness  
A storyteller with wings I envy  
Baby, I've been waiting for you, waiting for you all my  
Life  
What did I know before you came?

One in million flowers on my pillow  
One of kind hands reaching out to me  
Baby, you're my shining armour; beauty and dressed  
to  
Kill  
Nothing I know can be the same

I wanna dance; pick me up and turn me 'round  
One foot out, one foot down, all my senses hit the  
Ground  
I close my eyes, I feel so free, and it comes so easily  
It Can Be Magical... It Can Be Magical

My little hero, never short of wonder  
Wherever we go racing it's to win  
Straight into the arms of parlours, straight into the  
Halls of fame  
Into this handsome honeymoon

I wanna dance; pick me up and turn me 'round  
One foot out, one foot down, all my senses hit the  
Ground  
I close my eyes, I feel so free, and it comes so easily  
It Can Be Magical... It Can Be Magical

I want to fly for real  
I want to get high for real this time  
Cause magic we're made of, a mystic parade of  
Desires... desires...

I was a picture of a prima donna that was stranded on  
The edge of town  
Only a face without a name...

Now, I wanna dance; pick me up and turn me 'round  
One foot out, one foot down, all my senses hit the  
Ground  
I close my eyes, I feel so free, and it comes so easily  
It Can Be Magical... It Can Be Magical

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