

American Music Club "Miracle On 8th Street"

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Come on, let's waste another thousand years
Sitting around your kitchen table
We'll turn the brandy into beer
Later they'll say, "What a miracle"

You say all you need is a right position
'Cause nothing in this world helps you to see
You say that you never do it
Unless someone gives it to you for free

You say I never listen to you
Well you're right about that
But I thought that I love you
More than that

I know you're strong enough to live
In a world where all the magic's gone
I watch your hands tremble, you reach for another sip
Now all your luck is gone

Look at the moon, ain't it pretty at night?
Don't look away, give it a chance for once
In it's own way it's just alive as any of us
In any way it's where you face

You say I never listen to you
Well, you're right about that
But I thought that I love you
More than that

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