

Buffett Jimmy

"Little Miss Magic"

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Constantly amazed by the blades of the fan on the
ceiling
The clever little glances she gives me can't help but be
appealing

She loves to ride into town with the top down
feel that warm breeze on her gentle skin
She is my next of kin

I see a little more of me everyday
I catch a little more moustache turning gray
Your mother's is the only other woman for me
Little miss magic
what you gonna be

Sometimes I catch her dreaming and wonder where
that little mind
meanders
Is she strolling along the shore or cruising or the broad
savanna
I know someday she learn to make up her own runs
I know someday she's gonna learn how to fly
Oh that I won't deny

I catch a little more dialog coming my way
I see those big brown eyes just start to looking astray
Your mother's still the only other woman for me
Little miss magic
what you gonna be

She loves to ride into town with the top down
Feel that warm breeze on her gentle skin
She is my next of kin

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ceiling
Those clever little looks she gives just can't help but be
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what you gonna be
Little miss magic
what you gonna be
Little miss magic
Just can't wait to see

It's raining it's pouring
Your old man is snoring

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