

## **Tina Dico**

### **"Magic"**

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"I don't do this sort of thing," I said  
As he leaned in and ran his fingers through my hair  
I could tell he didn't believe me  
And I could tell from his sweet smile he didn't care

He slipped his hand under my skirt  
And for a moment I looked deep in to his eyes  
I didn't see much in there  
Apart from an emptiness I sadly recognised

"Let me take you far away from here," he said  
"I know some magic that is sure to pick you up!"  
I thought of me alone in my cold hotel bed  
And I said "Yeah, well... Why not..."

He took me back to where he lives  
We had a drink and tried to start a friendly chat  
But none of us felt much like talking  
About the lives that we were there to forget

And so he lay me on the bed  
And we undressed as street lights sliced us through  
the blinds  
His skin felt warm against my body  
But my body couldn't hold on to my mind

I drifted far away above this strangers room  
My thoughts got lost in the crowded streets of  
yesterday  
Until he stopped...  
And asked if he had come too soon  
I shook my head and turned away

We lay a little while in silence  
Until I got up, got dressed and splashed cold water on  
my face  
"I better go," I said politely  
"I don't usually stay out this late..."

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