

Abbey Lincoln - It's Magic

Tom: A

You sigh, the song begins
 You speak and I hear violins it's magic
 The stars desert the skies
 And rush to nestle in your eyes it's magic
 Without a golden wand or mystic charms
 Fantastic things begin when I am in your arms
 A

When we walk hand in hand
 The world becomes a wonderland it's magic
 How else can I explain
 Those rainbows when there is no rain? It's magic
 Why do I tell myself
 These things that happen are all really true
 When in my heart I know
 The magic is my love for you

Acordes

