

## **MAGIC IN THE AIR**

Whether standing at the bus stop  
Or waiting in the endless line of traffic  
As the sun is rising  
Even when you're not really looking  
There's always some magic in the air  
Maybe a smile, perhaps a flight of birds  
Or the frost on the window pane  
A vapour trail across the sky  
A break in the clouds  
The momentary absence of pain  
Through the ceremonies we undertake  
The rituals that we observe  
The magic we sow upon the meaningless  
The unknown and the absurd  
But once in awhile  
From out of the proverbial blue  
We may stumble across - each other  
The magic in me and the magic in you  
There's always some magic in the air  
Maybe you're standing at the foot  
Of mist shrouded hills  
Or drunk and depressed  
Having swallowed a bottle of pills  
With the sound of the deep chanting waves  
A million memories of laughter and joy  
Echo and fade  
Looking out over the rooftops  
Life seems a lifetime away  
Deep underground, high up in the mountains unseen  
Thoughts linger on forever  
In the places that we've never been  
Whether happy or sad  
With friends or with those who do not seem to care  
Whether you take the time to look, or not,  
There's always some magic in the air.