

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Cruel Magic

Lets play the guitar  
Lets tap our feet  
Lets sing of love  
To make us all weep  
Lets fill up our hearts  
And empty our minds  
Give ourselves to the music  
And dance outside Time  
Lets sway our bodies  
Like the wind bends the trees  
Lets sing this melody  
To cure our disease  
Ah, sweet magic  
Ah, this sweet, cruel magic  
Lets fly through perfumed dreams  
On a tapestry of lovers words  
From the first burning kiss  
To the loss and the hurt  
Here, the ladies wear their dresses tight  
The men, their peacock suits  
The moon comes out every night  
In a sky of midnight blue  
We, who have loved  
We, who have been loved  
Ah, this sweet, cruel magic  
We did it all for Love