

The Crookes, Yes, Yes, We Are Magicians

Yes, my love, oh we, are magicians you and I
And soon, you'll see, that the cloud shapes in our eyes
are blind, but fly, forever just the same

Oh you you've been sleeping in the rough
A travelling man took you by the hand
And still I wonder
Why dear -- you've a pocket full of snuff
A meek and mild rag-time child
Who sometimes wonders

Why the crowds all stare, Mrs Porter's crying
Keep that kid away from my bear
I've got 10 bob on that on
And I'll not be having
No mard-arsed kid do me wrong
And suddenly the curtain falls

Oh it it may well hap to be
That there's magic wed in ragged threads
That you sleep under
You find -- there's comfort in the melody
Too mild and meek for rag-time chic
And still I wonder

Mary was a poor girl
Turned alabaster call girl
With bruised and pale pins

And Mary's still a poor girl
So through these gutters crawl girl
Your secret's sleeping in