

Magic in the Air

I like the smell of the wind – (that's) coming through the trees
The lusty scent of autumn – lifting off the leaves
It fills my heart with longing - as it calls me up from a dream
To sit and watch the moon climbing high

There's magic in the air this evening – the spirit of autumn is returning
Haunting everything just like - those lovely autumn nights when we were young
(This) thread runs through our lives – finds us when our hearts are yearning
(It) brings us back through the seasons turning – one more time

I like to hear the snow – crunch under my feet
The muffled sound of laughter, a snowball fight across the street
A hush falls over the city on a cold clear winter night
Everything (is) softly buried beneath this blanket of white

There's magic in the air tonight – the spirit of winter is returning
Haunting everything just like those lovely winter nights when we were young
(This) thread runs through our lives – to catch us when our hearts are yearning
(And) bring(s) us back through the seasons turning one more time

I like to taste the rain (that's) rolling down my face
Kicking through the moldy leaves on a warm spring morning
Drift(ing) back through memories to an old familiar place
The day that I first learned to love the rain

There's magic in the air this morning – the spirit of spring-time is returning
Haunting everything just like those lovely spring days when we were young
This thread runs through our lives - finds us when our hearts are yearning
Brings us back through the season's turning one more time

And I like to feel the sunshine pouring down on my skin
Those first long lazy days when summer time begins
I love to feel my hair brushed back in a cool summer breeze
Soft earth between my toes and grass stains on my knees

It's all around us now – the spirit of summer is returning
Haunting everything just like – those lovely summer days when we were young
This thread runs through our lives – and finds us when our hearts are yearning
Brings us back through the seasons turning one more time

(Instrumental break)

One more time one more time

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The lusty scent of autumn lifting off the leaves
It fills my heart with longing as it calls me up from a dream
To sit and watch the moon climbing high