

# NO MORE MAGIC

(Recorded on One Day In Holland & Silver)

© Marion Arts

The medicating of the unusual, exceptional mind.

**Key = Bm Time = 4/4 (mostly)**

Verse:

**Bm** **Bm/A** **G** **Bm** **Bm/A** **G**  
Now you can watch the television all the way through  
**Bm** **Dma9** **D**

Without going off on some wild goose chase.

**Bm** **Bm/A** **G** **Bm** **Bm/A** **G**  
Now you can hold a conversation all the way through  
**Bm** **Dma9** **D**

Without those expressions on your face.

**Gmaj7**

But what of the times

**Bm**

you used to see wounded tigers and jaguars

**Gmaj7**

Quartets of herons streaking the skies

**Bm**

**Gmaj7**

**Bm**

But now you see only clouds, now you see only clouds.

Chorus:

**G**

**Bm**

No more magic, no more magic.

**Bm**

**G**

**Bm**

No more magic, no more magic.

**G**

**Bm**

No more wild times weaving the centre line,

**G**

They've brought you back from all the way across,

**Bm**

All the way over, all the way over

**G**

**Bm**

Where there's no more magic.

Verse:

Children used to sit beside you, metal to magnet drawn,

Burning with stories of stranger worlds.

You took them through the steaming swamplands

Past the caves of fire,

To the crumbling cities where demons danced.

But now you can't take them anywhere,  
Or recall where you used to go  
The deep lands you travelled are drowned and submerged  
In a dreary shroud of snow,  
A dreary shroud of snow. > Chorus

**Bm**

Spoken: Leaning into a warm wind  
Honeysuckle sweet and heady  
A kiss as wild as any.  
Leaning nostrils flared for the sharp wind,  
Cold and salt,  
For the strong wind high and angry.  
It strikes, full-faced it takes.  
It strikes, full-faced it takes.  
It strikes, full-faced it takes.

No more magic, no more magic.