

# Don't Call It Magic

Phillip Mills

Capo: 2

Em C B7 Em

Net - tles by the road - side,  
Mor - gan Lock will lie dead

D Em

Bur - dock in the ditch. For love and looks and  
When first snow comes down. With all Meg's red - haired

C D Em

sweet dreams Go and ask "the witch". Night must give her  
child - ren, The next one will have brown Pro - phe - cy is

D Em

mag - ic For she whiles a - way her days, Sit - ting on a  
mag - ic For she has no way to know, Laz - ing in the

C B7

stone pile, Watch - ing cat - tle as they graze.  
town square, Watch - ing peo - ple come and go.

Em C D

Call it know - ledge; call it pow - er, Kin - ship with each beast and flow - er.

Em C D

Call it pulse of stars and o - cean, Mys - ter - y or fool - ish no - tion,

C D Em C D Em

Call it what you like... Don't call it mag-ic.

C D Am7 Esus

Mag-ic forc-es chang-es. Mag-ic seeks con - trol.

Am7 Esus

Mag-ic bends the un - i - verse, do - min - ion as its goal. But

D C A

touch the flow of na - ture, strength that lives with - in

D C B7

leaf that feels the cur-rent, a cloud that sees the wind.

Em C D

Call it know-ledge; call it pow-er, Kin-ship with each beast and flow-er.

Em C D

Call it pulse of stars and o - cean, Mys - ter - y or fool - ish no - tion,

C D Em C D

Call it what you like... Don't call it mag-ic.

C D Em

Call it what you like... Don't call it mag - ic.

History:  
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