

Jimmy Buffett, Little Miss Magic

She's constantly amazed by the blades of
the fan on the ceiling
And the funny little faces she makes
can't help but be appealing
She loves to ride through the town with the top down
Feel the warm breeze on her gentle skin
She is my next of kin

[Chorus:]

I see a little more of me everyday
I catch a little more moustache turning grey
Your mother is the only other woman for me
Little Miss Magic what you gonna be?

Sometimes I catch her dreaming and wonder
where that little mind meanders
Is she down along the shore or
strolling cross the broad Savannah's
I know in time she'll learn to make up her own mind
In time she's gonna learn to fly
Oh that I won't deny

[Chorus]

It's raining it's pouring
Your old man is snoring