

Now won't you listen to the word wizard,  
Watch him open up his gizzard,  
Every secret he has he's only told the world so far.

Don't you think that boy would be embarrassed,  
Find himself hassled or some what harassed,  
Cause he shows of his wounds before they turn to scars.

But when he comes home he brings me stories,  
He made up especially for me.  
A little bit of low down, a little bit of glory oh,

The choice is simple, I can scold him,  
Give him a smile or simply hold him  
Somehow it seems, I never ever told him no

Watch him work, he leaves each hartfull,  
Shovels it out there by the careful.  
He's so artless it's almost artful as he as he strings them along.

Takes you down, gets you cryin,  
Sets you high, gets you flyin.  
It's not the truth but it's not quite lying,  
As he sings his song.

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