

The Old Magician

Prefab Sprout

The old magician takes the stage
His act has not improved with age
Observe the shabby hat and gloves
The tired act that no one loves
There was a time he produced doves

A mirror and a puff of smoke
His mysteries are now a joke
His poor assistant black and blue
She's tired of being sawn in two
She's tired of being sawn in two

Hidden trapdoor, velvet cape
Still from death there's no escape
Words of sympathy and tact
Only underline the fact
Death is a lousy disappearing act

Lord have mercy and be kind
When our faculties unwind
Overlook the hat and gloves
The tired act that no one loves
There was a time we produced doves
Overlook the hat and gloves
The tired act that no one loves
There was a time we produced doves

The old magician takes the stage
With sleight of hand he'll disengage
As dignified as you'll allow
He'll take his last, his final bow
He's lost all his illusions now
As dignified as you'll allow
He'll take one last one final bow
He's lost all his illusions now