

The Magician

I am the joker in the pack
Forced into your hands
The man who's cut
And then sewn back
You view me from the stands

I pull a rabbit out my hat
Disappear without a trace
Turn to the seat where you are sat
We meet face to face

This is not magic
There is no trickery
I am right in front of you
While you believe what you see

Fooled twice, shame on you
I had an extra key
Here comes the part of the show
Where you question reality