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Am  
 There was magic in the water  
 And in fire and wind and stone.  
 C  
 There was magic in the greenwood  
 And in blood and flesh and bone.  
 Dm  
 There was magic in the twilight  
 And the darkness and the day  
 C G Am  
 Then Man forged bitter Iron  
 Em Am  
 And the magic died away.

The stallion in the stable,  
 The mare that pulls the plow,  
 Who calls them beasts of fable?  
 Where is their magic now?  
 The Pegasus is fallen,  
 He has no wings to fly;  
 The Night-mare's power ended  
 On the day the magic died.

The lizard in the desert  
 In the shadow of the dunes,  
 The snake down in his tunnel  
 With his back still marked with runes,  
 Are the last remaining relics  
 Of the rulers of their day,  
 But who will know the Dragons  
 When their magic's gone away?

The goat upon the mountain,  
 Seeks for grass amid the stone.  
 The narwhale in the ocean  
 Bears a tusk of twisted bone.  
 The Unicorn was captured,  
 And the narwhale stole his horn,  
 And his magic died forever  
 On the day cold Iron was born.

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 HyperSpace Express from Steve Savitzky's songbook