

When She Makes Music

Julie London

All she has to do is say "Hello"
And that's the sweetest melody I know
The sound of angels singing soft and low
When she makes music

Her laughter is an echo in the breeze
That hushes larks and thrushes in the trees
And calms the wave that rushes from the seas
When she makes music

Any time she breathes a sigh
The symphony begins
Every time she says "Goodbye"
A million violins start crying

The song is sad until we meet again
We kiss and then the song is sweet again
But whether she is far away or very near
She makes music only I can hear.

Every time she says "Goodbye"
A million violins start crying

The song is sad until we meet again
We kiss and then the song is sweet again
But whether she is far away or very near
She makes music only I can hear.