

# The Music That Makes Me Dance

Natalie Cole

I add two and two the most simple addition  
Then swear that the figures are lying  
I'm a much better comic than mathematician  
'Cause I'm better on stage than at intermission  
And as far as the man is concerned  
If I've been burned, well I haven't learn

I know he's around  
When the sky and the ground starting ringing  
I know that he's near by the thunder I hear in advance  
His words and his words alone  
Are the words that can start my heart singing  
And his is the only music that makes me dance

He'll sleep and he lies in the light of two eyes  
That adore him  
Oh, bore him it might but he won't leave my sight  
For a glance

In every way, every single day  
I need less of myself I need more him, more him  
And his is the only music that makes me dance  
Yes, his is the only music that makes me dance  
Oh, dance