You and Music

Donald Byrd

When you speak, a symphony begins
Melodies of a thousand violins
When you touch me baby,
My horn starts to play
To the beat of a soulful serenade.Ooh, maestro, my heart sings along
Keeping time with each stroke of your baton.Perfect rhythm, sweet harmony
Makes me want to dance
Makes me want romance
Puts me in a trance.Baby, I hear music
You, you and music!

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