

# His Love Makes Me Beautiful

Diana Ross

I am the beautiful reflection of my love's affection  
A walking illustration of his adoration  
His love makes you beautiful,  
So beautiful, so beautiful  
I ask my looking glass  
What is it makes me so exquisite?  
The answer to my query comes back  
"Dearie, his love makes you beautiful,

So beautiful, so beautiful  
And woman loved is woman glorified!"  
I'll make a beautiful, beautiful,  
Beautiful, beautiful bride!

Oh, his love makes me beautiful,  
So beautiful, so beautiful  
I ask my looking glass  
What is it makes me so exquisite?  
The answer to my query comes back:  
"Dearie, his love makes you beautiful

So beautiful (beautiful)  
So beautiful (beautiful)

And woman loved is woman glorified!"  
I'll make a beautiful, beautiful,  
Beautiful, beautiful bride!  
Oh, woman loved is glorified  
I'm gonna make a beautiful bride.

Gee, ain't she got some beautiful,  
Beautiful skinny legs?  
Got a beautiful face and hair, hair?  
I mean my wig, it's pretty.  
Oh, oh, and know why?  
Cause it makes me feel beautiful.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" Me.  
What?  
I know it.  
Cause I'm beautiful.

Well, maybe she is beautiful, cause she thinks she is.

Really, beautiful.

I'll make a beautiful, beautiful

Beautiful, beautiful bride.

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by MERRILL, BOB/STYNE, JULE

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>