

The Music That Makes Me Dance

Diana Ross

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

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