

David Sanborn

"The Magic Of The Chords"

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Her verse is formed by the light in her eyes
She's taking control, moving my soul with her bridge of
sighs

Her chorus is love's counterpart
Her teardrops can sing to my heart
Her song grows intense by the hour
And her power is in the magic of the chords

Her whispers of love shape a sweet flowing melody
Her heartbeat at night, her breath of life in our
symphony
And when the orchestra plays
Sinfonia concertante
Causing my soul to devour
All the power is in the magic of the chords

Her stanza of hope
Perpetual rhythm and majesty
Her song gives life
Weaving my dreams in her tapestry
Lord, she's baring her soul to me

Her promise of love strummed on a gentle mandolin
Her concerto's embrace composed with the grace of a
violin
When the finale arrives
I'll fight with the will to survive
Her song has the strength to empower
Because her power is in the magic of the chords

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