

Nancy Lamott

"The Music That Makes Me Dance"

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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 me
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 me 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 dance
Yes, his is
The only music
That makes dance

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