

## Nancy Wilson

### "When He Makes Music"

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All he has to do is say hello,  
and thats the sweetest melody I know.  
The sounds of angels singing soft and low, when he  
makes music.

His laughter is an echo in the breeze,  
that hushes larks and thrushes in the trees.  
And calms the wave that rushes from the seas, when  
he makes music.

Anytime he breathes a sigh a symphony begin,  
everytime he says goodbye  
a million, violins start crying.

And so he says until we meet again,  
we kiss and then the song is sweet again.  
Though, whether he is far away or very near,  
he makes music only I can hear, he makes music only I  
can hear.

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