Sophie Ellis-Bextor, Making Music

Equations such as this can be a pleasure to behold
You and me, mathematically, add up or so I'm told
When I have my four to floor the two of us combine
Instinctively, hypnotically, we always keep in time

Oh I know the air tonight is the same as it was before
I can't account for feeling this
You make me beg for more

Making music
Making music
Making music by numbers

Words can be my enemy but rhythms on my side
Circulating round you while my eyes are on the prize
I couldn't plan the things I do, or calculate my move
When you and me amount to this my number skills improve

Leave aside anxiety and just enjoy the ride
I can't be sure of where we'll go
The beat can be our guide

Making music
Making music
Sweet music by numbers

Making music
Watch me use it
See me lose it
By numbers