

Viva Voce, Special Thing

If the power dies again
Well who needs the light?
We'll see with our hands
and feel and understand

The notes create the source
They cause a driving force
and the sound that you explore
Through the wires on the floor

And it's a very special thing
She makes the people clap and sing
And my baby makes me happy all the time, all the time

It's the touch that's wearing thin
Where the strings break the skin
And the folks throwing stones
Have hearts like hollow bones

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