

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