

# Making Love Out of Nothing At All

Air Supply

I know just how to whisper,  
and I know just how to cry;  
I know just where to find the answers;  
and I know just how to lie.  
I know just how to fake it,  
and I know just how to scheme;  
I know just when to face the truth,  
and then I know just when to dream.  
And I know just where to touch you,  
and I know just what to prove;  
I know when to pull you closer,  
and I know when to let you loose.  
And I know the night is fading,  
and I know that time's gonna fly;  
and I'm never gonna tell you everything  
I've got to tell you,  
but I know I've got to give it a try.  
And I know the roads to riches,  
and I know the ways to fame;  
I know all the rules  
and then I know how to break 'em  
and I always know the name of the game.

But I don't know how to leave you,  
and I'll never let you fall;  
and I don't know how you do it,  
making love out of nothing at all  
(Making love)  
out of nothing at all,  
(making love)  
out of nothing at all,  
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out of nothing at all.

Every time I see you all the rays of the sun  
are streaming through the waves in your hair;  
and every star in the sky is taking aim  
at your eyes like a spotlight,  
The beating of my heart is a drum, and it's lost  
and it's looking for a rhythm like you.  
You can take the darkness from the pit of the night  
and turn into a beacon burning endlessly bright.  
I've got to follow it, 'cause everything I know, well it's nothing till I give it to you.

I can make the run or stumble,  
I can make the final block;  
And I can make every tackle, at the sound of the whistle,  
I can make all the stadiums rock.  
I can make tonight forever,  
Or I can make it disappear by the dawn;

And I can make you every promise that has ever been made,  
And I can make all your demons be gone.

But I'm never gonna make it without you,  
Do you really want to see me crawl?  
And I'm never gonna make it like you do,  
Making love out of nothing at all.

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