

# These Things

Robert Cray

These things made our love come to an end  
Oh, these things  
Hey, baby, thought you were my friend  
Steppin' out, playin' around

All of these things, baby  
Really let me down  
Oh, and I know you're gonna miss me  
One of these old days

Early one mornin'  
I got out of bed  
I thought about our happiness, yes I did  
That we left was dead

I love you, I need you  
Oh, these things, baby, still run through my head  
Oh, and I know you're gonna miss my lovin' baby  
One of these old days, yes you will

Early one mornin'  
When I got out of bed, yeah  
I thought about our happiness, yes I did  
Long left for dead

And oh baby I love you  
And oh baby I need you  
All of these things, baby  
Still run through my head

Oh, and I know  
You're gonna miss me  
One of these old days  
Yes, you will

All because of these things  
All because of these things  
Steppin' out, dead love  
Playin' around, hey baby

Thought you were my friend  
It's all because of these things  
These things, these things, these things  
It's all because of these things, these things