

The Things You Do

Seeb

I made you up in my mind
You were perfect, perfect
I made you up in my mind
You were beautiful, beautiful

And, oh
Nothing compares to the dream of you
Nothing is wrong with the things you do
[?] ever tell me who, oh-oh-oh
The things you do

The things you do

You come to me through the dawn in the dark night, dark night
You come to me in the dark and are beautiful, beautiful

And, oh
Nothing compares to the dream of you
Nothing is wrong with the things you do
[?] ever tell me who, oh-oh-oh
The things you do

The things you do
The things you do