

Simple Things

Tom Speight

I can feel you calling me back home
Can't believe how much this time has flown
Photographs of our first day at school
The simple things after all

Ever long the roads that we walk
Growing old's a gift that can't be bought
I never had much of a plan
The simple things that make a man

And hold my hand, through thick and thin
Bless my soul, with simple things
I never had much of a clue
The simple things I give to you

And hold my hand, through thick and thin
Bless my soul, with simple things
And hold my hand, through thick and thin
Bless my soul, with simple things
With simple things
With simple things