

## Little Things

William Singe

Your hand fits in mine like it's made just for me  
But bear this in mind, it was meant to be  
And I'm joinin' up the dots with the freckles on your cheeks  
And it all makes sense to me  
I know you've never loved the crinkles by your eyes when you smile  
You've never loved your stomach or your thighs  
The dimples in your back at the bottom of your spine  
But I'll love them endlessly

I won't let these little things slip out of my mouth  
But if I do, it's you, oh, it's you, they add up to  
I'm in love with you and all these little things

You can't go to bed without a cup of tea  
And maybe that's the reason that you talk in your sleep  
And all those conversations are the secrets that I keep  
But it makes no sense to me  
I know you've never loved the sound of your voice on tape  
You never want to know how much you weigh  
You still have to squeeze into your jeans  
But you're perfect to me

I won't let these little things slip out of my mouth  
But if I do, it's you, oh, it's you, they add up to  
I'm in love with you  
I'm in love with you  
Said, I'm in love with you