

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