# All These Things

## Stephen Speaks

(TJ McCloud)
Maybe it's her face, no makeup at all
As she tells me she's not beautiful
Maybe it's her hair, soft golden and wind blown
As we drive through the streets of town
It could be all these things
But I think it's her smile
Maybe it's her laugh when she throws back and sighs
Or her eyebrows when I do something stupid
Maybe it's her smell, the lotion she wears
Or how my hands smell like country pear for days
You know it could be all these things

But I think mostly it is her smile
Cause I love to see her smile back at me
And I know she is happy
Maybe it's her touch, the feel of her hands
When she puts her tiny fingers in mine
Maybe it's her eyes gently searching my soul
Still nothing stirs me like when I see those lips roll
and I see her smile
Cause I love to see her smile back at me
And I know she is happy

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