

The Incidentals

Alisha's Attic

Its just the little things, the incidentals
Its like you wouldnt even notice
When you really turn me on
Its the little sparks that fly
And then land like dynamiteIts just, its just the simple things
Pure incidentals, its like staying up till midnight
Talking about absolutely nothing
Its the thought that itll always be
As wild as I expect it to be, yeahOoh, you know its la, la, la, la, la
When you dream a monster just swallowed you up
And you dont wanna be savedOoh, and I am crazy bout you babe
You satisfy me in so many ways
So many waysBut its just the little things, the incidentals
Its like you wouldnt even notice
When you're really turnin me on
Its those little sparks that fly
And then land like dynamiteIts just, its just the simple things
Pure incidentals, its like breathing on the back of my neck
And making me feel weak inside
Its no, no matter how scared
How scared I am, I know Ill be safe tonightOoh, you know its la, la, la, la, la
When you dream a monster just swallowed you up
And you dont wanna be savedOoh, and I am crazy bout you babe
You satisfy me in so many ways
So many waysOoh, so many ways, cant count the ways
Its the thought that itll always be
As wild as I expect it to beIts just the little things, the incidentals
Its like you wouldnt even notice
When you're really turnin me on
Its those little sparks that fly
And then land like dynamite, yeahIts those little sparks that fly
And then land like dynamite, yeah

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