

Little Things

Tanya Tucker

Love can't be measured with diamonds and gold
Before you spend your money I oughta let you know
If you want to get to me, try the little things
Don't need that mansion on top of the hill
Too many rooms with nothing to fill
You can't furnish me, with the little things
Rub my back, make me laugh
Hold me while I dream
All it takes, to make my day
Is to tell me that you love me, little things
It doesn't matter what mood I'm in
I always melt when you begin whispering
All those little things
Rub my back, make me laugh
Hold me while I dream
All it takes, to make my day
Is to tell me that you love me, little things

Songwriters

JONES, STEVEN / DULANEY, MICHAEL
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>