

Small Favors

Billy Dean

She puts up with my coffee cup

Ringing her dining room table

And she don't mind those Friday nights

When she has to drive 'cause I'm unstableShe goes to church while I oversleep

I'm not sure what she sees in meThank God for small favors

Sunday paper and the taste of homemade wine

Second chances and the healing hands of time

Thank God love is blindSomehow she knows, I love her so

Though I don't always show her

She only sees the good in me

But with me she has to look closerLord, I guess I owe you one

She thinks I hung the moon and the sunThank God for small favors

Sunday paper and the taste of homemade wine

Second chances and the healing hands of time

And thank God love is blindThank God for small favors

Sunday paper and the taste of homemade wine

Second chances and the healing hands of time

And thank God love is blind

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