Little Things

Keshia Chante

Catching a flight from L.A
It's been three weeks
I've seen your face
Touching down, at a quarter past 3Lucky you, you must be home, asleep
I wait for my bags, they're taking so long
'Bout to call a cab to take me home
That's, I feel a touch from behind
Turn around, you're right before my eyesStanding there, I can't believe you came
It's 3 o'clock in the morning, and it's pouring rain
There's something about the kinda love that you bring
Can't put my finger on it, guess it must beAll these things
The little things that you do
They make my heart beat for youAll these things
The little things mean so much
You remind me
Each time we touch of all the little thingsI sleep through the morning and wake up at two
Just can't wait to spend the day with you
I head downstairs and the first thing I see
Is a note there, waiting, saying"There's a concert tonight, I thought you'd want to go
I hear dat, Alicia's got a real good show"
Sometimes, it seems you think of everything
You never cease to amaze, you know, I'm lovingAll these things
The little things that you do
They make my heart beat for youAll these things
The little things mean so much
You remind me each time we touch of all the little things(All these things you do keep me loving you)
All the little things that you do
Keep me in love with you, baby, yeah

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