

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 3
Lucky 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 eyes
Standing 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 be
All these things
The little things that you do
They make my heart beat for you
All these things
The little things mean so much
You remind me
Each time we touch of all the little things
I 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 loving
All these things
The little things that you do
They make my heart beat for you
All 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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