

# The Little Things (My Baby Does)

[Bruce Springsteen](#)

The way she kisses so tenderly  
The way she gives her love to me  
I been felt by the graces and angels up above  
The little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
That make me love her  
The way she sighs when I hold her tight  
Good times and bad will be alright  
Faces on the street, they push hard and they shove disappear  
With the little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
I know I love her  
The soft summer breeze fills her every sigh  
Her eyes are bluer than the summer sky  
I been felt by the graces and angels up above  
The little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
That make me love her  
And when the night closes in  
I'm drifting, I can't find a friend  
On the wings of the angels I'm saved by her love  
The little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
The little things my baby does  
That make me love her  
The little things my baby does  
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Songwriters

Bruce Springsteen  
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