Little Things

Linda Eder

It's the whisper of the rain when we're sleeping
The familiar way the scent of you clings
In the coolness of the night
It's the little thingsIt's the honest way you ask how I'm feeling
And the way you still agree though I'm wrong
It's the little things in life
That carry me alongAnd it's the peace that I find
When it all slows down
And I feel something in the air
Keeps me from losing my mindIn this crazy world
When there's some little thing to share
'Cause all alone here with you
The little things will do
Everyone's always reaching for brass ringsAs for me, I'm content with the view
When the afternoon shadows play
With the breezes at end of day
There is nothing I need to sayLet the fireworks start, let the band begin
Those things don't really matter at all
'Cause when the crowds all go home
And I look within, the extravagant gestures seem smallIt's not castles and kings
It's the little things
It's not castles and kings
It's the little things
It's the whisper of the rain when we're sleeping

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