

# Little Things

## Southern Culture On The Skids

Love can't be measured with diamonds and gold  
Before you spend your money I oughta let you know  
    If you wanna get to me, try the little things  
    Don't need that mansion on top of the hill  
        Too many rooms with nothing to fill  
    You can't furnish me with the little things  
        Rub my back, make me laugh  
        Hold me while I dream  
        All it takes to make my day  
    Is to tell me you love me, little things  
        It doesn't matter what mood I'm in  
        I always melt when you begin  
        Whispering little things  
    Rub my back, make me laugh  
        Hold me while I dream  
        All it takes to make my day  
    Is to tell me you love me  
        Oh, little things  
    Rainy walks, a midnight talk  
        Dance me on your feet  
        Hold me close, don't let go  
        All I'll ever need is a single rose  
    A kiss hello, that smile upon your face  
        The tender way, you say my name  
        Takes my breath away  
        Little things, oh yeah, aha  
Love can't be measured with diamonds and gold  
    All I'll ever need, oh, is little things  
        Mmm, little things, little things

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