

# 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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