

# All These Things

**Harry Connick, Jr.**

The touch of your lips next to mine  
Gets me excited, makes me feel fine  
The touch of your hand, your sweet hello  
The fire inside you when you're holding me close  
Your love so warm and tender, the thrill is so divine  
It is all these things that make you mine, make you mine  
If you would leave, I surely would die  
When you were ten minutes late, I started to cry  
I've got it bad, it's all right  
As long as you're here every night  
Your love so warm and tender, the thrill is so divine  
It is all these things baby, that make you mine

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