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 closeYour love so warm and tender, the thrill is so divine
It is all these things that make you mine, make you mineIf 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 nightYour love so warm and tender, the thrill is so divine
It is all these things baby, that make you mineYour love so warm and tender, the thrill is so divine
It is all these things that make you mine

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