

All These Things

Denace 2 Society

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 Your love so warm and tender, the thrill is so divine

It is all these things that make you mine

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