

Little Things

Lee Brice

Yeah, you might say he ain't got much to his name
Sitting on the porch and waiting on the rain
His corn homegrown, lest the good Lord sheds his tears
He smiles and says, "There's always next year"
Yeah money, it don't come easy
But sonny, that ain't what's gonna please me
(It's the little things)

I got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think
You don't need much, it's just the little things

Yeah, it's the little things

He knows that old truck'll crank, yeah, it always turns over
Ain't got no need for a black Range Rover
They got around calls and the tape deck saints[?]
What more could you need than just them little things

Got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think
You don't need much, it's just the little things, yeah

Just them little things
Oh, like a guitar player with a slide!
Yeah

I got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think
You don't need much, it's just the little things
Hey!

I got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think
You don't need much, it's just the little things

(Hm, what!?)
Yeah!
Yeah, I like it like that