

The Little Things

Bruce Springsteen

The way she kisses so tenderly
The way she gives her love to me
I been felt by the graces and angels up above
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
That make me love her

The way she sighs when I hold her tight
Good times and bad will be alright
Faces on the street they push hard and they shove
Disappear with the little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
I know I love her

The soft summer breeze fills her every sigh
Her eyes are bluer than the summer sky

I been felt by the graces and angels up above
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
That make me love her

And when the night closes in
I'm drifting and I can't find a friend
On the wings of the angels I'm saved by her love
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
That make me love her

The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
The little things my baby does
[Fades Out]