

Little Things Mean a Lot

Cliff Richard

Blow her a kiss from across the room
Say she looks nice when she's not
Touch her hair as you pass her chair
Little things mean a lot

Give her your arm as you cross the street
And call her at six on the dot
A line a day when you're far away
Little things mean a lot

Don't have to buy her diamonds or pearls
Champagne, sables, and such
For she never cared much for diamonds and pearls
But honestly, honey, they just cost money

Give her a hand when she's lost the way
Give her your shoulder to cry on
Whether the day is sunny or gray
Give her your heart to rely on

Send her the warmth of a secret smile
Show you haven't forgot
For now and forever, that's always and ever
Little things mean a lot

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