It's the whisper of the rain when we're sleeping The familiar way the scent of you clings In the coolness of the night It's the little things It's the honest way you ask how I'm feeling And the way you still agree though I'm wrong It's the little things in life That carry me along And it's the peace that I find When it all slows down And I feel something in the air Keeps me from losing my mind In this crazy world When there's some little thing to share 'Cause all alone here with you The little things will do Everyone's always reaching for brass rings As for me, I'm content with the view When the afternoon shadows play With the breezes at end of day There is nothing I need to say Let the fireworks start, let the band begin Those things don't really matter at all 'Cause when the crowds all go home And I look within, the extravagant gestures seem small It's not castles and kings It's the little things It's not castles and kings It's the little things It's the whisper of the rain when we're sleeping