

# The Little Things

Matthew Ryan

Has the future come  
To make a liar out of me?  
Every day I wake  
And I'm further out to sea

High above the driving nails  
Swirl the gardens of relief  
A broken smile, a little grace  
For no longer how brief

The little things, the little things mean everything  
The little things, the little things mean everything

Now I'm off to work  
On the train I only stare  
There's a sleepy drum  
And there's corruption in the air

Only souls have been lost  
Desperate is as desperate does  
A little push, a little shove  
A little talk I give myself

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