

Little Things

Vince Gill

Me and you and the Sunday paper
Spread all over the bed
A rose colored morning light
All to ourselves
Hot coffee and the comic strips
Pillow talk and your fingertips
Laying down and loving
'Til there's nothing left

I'll take the little things
The simple pleasures that your sweet love brings
I'll take the little things with you

Open the window, leave that old fan on
Lay here with me 'til the sun is gone

Don't say nothin' just let the time
Pass right on by
I want to hear you breathe
I want to brush your hair
I don't care if we go anywhere
We've got everything we need

Right here in this room

I'll take the little things
The simple pleasures that your sweet love brings
I'll take the little things with you

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Spread all over the bed