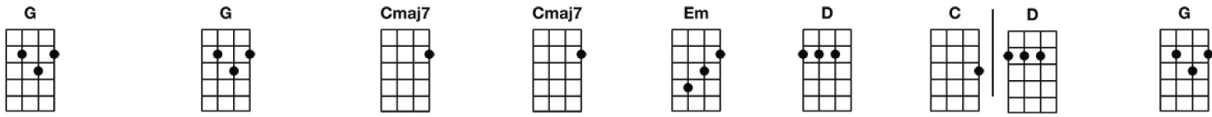


# Little Things

get more Bartt's Charts at [Bartt.net](http://Bartt.net)



(intro)



Your hand fits in mine like it's made just for me, but bear this in mind, it was meant to be



And I'm joining up the dots with the freckles on your cheeks, and it all makes sense to me



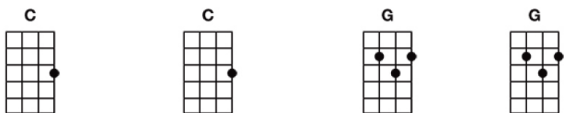
I know you've never loved, the crinkles by your eyes when you smile. You've never loved your stomach or your thighs;



the dimples in your back at the bottom of your spine, but I'll love them endlessly



I won't let these little things slip out of my mouth. But if I do, It's you, oh it's you, they add up to



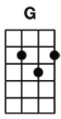
I'm in love with you, and all these little things



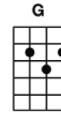
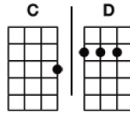
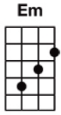
You can't go to bed without a cup of tea. And maybe that's the reason that you talk in your sleep



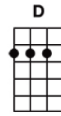
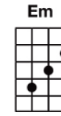
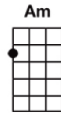
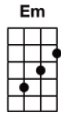
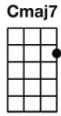
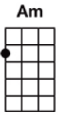
And all those conversations, are the secrets that I keep, though it makes no sense to me



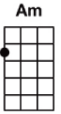
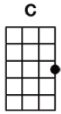
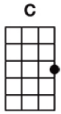
I know you've never loved, the sound of your voice on tape. You never want, to know how much you weigh



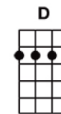
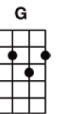
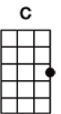
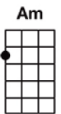
you still have to squeeze into your jeans, but you're perfect to me



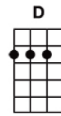
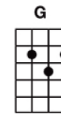
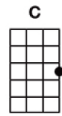
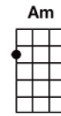
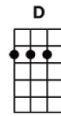
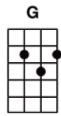
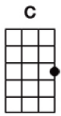
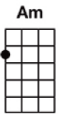
I won't let these little things slip out of my mouth. But if I do, It's you, oh it's you, they add up to



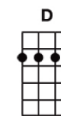
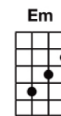
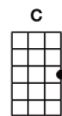
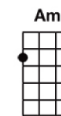
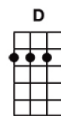
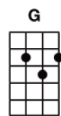
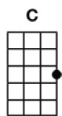
I'm in love with you, and all these little things. You'll never love yourself, half as much as I love you.



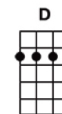
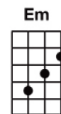
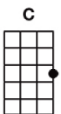
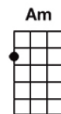
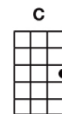
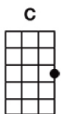
And you'll never treat yourself, right darlin', but I want you to



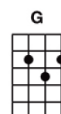
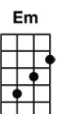
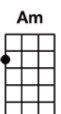
If I let you know, I'm here, for you, maybe you'll love yourself like I, love you, oh



I've just let these little things slip out, of my mouth. 'Cause it's you, oh it's you, it's you, they add up to



And I'm in love with you, and all these little things - I won't let these little things slip out, of my mouth.



But if it's true, it's you; it's you, Tthey add up to. I'm in love with you, and all your little things