

Billy Dean **"Small Favors"**

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She puts up with my coffee cup
Ringing her dining room table
And she don't mind those Friday nights
When she has to drive 'cause I'm unstable

She goes to church while I oversleep
I'm not sure what she sees in me

Thank God for small favors
Sunday paper and the taste of homemade wine
Second chances and the healing hands of time
Thank God love is blind

Somehow she knows, I love her so
Though I don't always show her
She only sees the good in me
But with me she has to look closer

Lord, I guess I owe you one
She thinks I hung the moon and the sun

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Second chances and the healing hands of time
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