

## **Keshia Chante**

### **"Little Things"**

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Catching a flight from L.A  
It's been three weeks  
I've seen your face  
Touching down, at a quarter past 3

Lucky you, you must be home, asleep  
I wait for my bags, they're taking so long  
'Bout to call a cab to take me home  
That's, I feel a touch from behind  
Turn around, you're right before my eyes

Standing there, I can't believe you came  
It's 3 o'clock in the morning, and it's pouring rain  
There's something about the kinda love that you bring  
Can't put my finger on it, guess it must be

All these things  
The little things that you do  
They make my heart beat for you

All these things  
The little things mean so much  
You remind me  
Each time we touch of all the little things

I sleep through the morning and wake up at two  
Just can't wait to spend the day with you  
I head downstairs and the first thing I see  
Is a note there, waiting, saying

"There's a concert tonight, I thought you'd want to go  
I hear dat, Alicia's got a real good show"  
Sometimes, it seems you think of everything  
You never cease to amaze, you know, I'm loving

All these things  
The little things that you do  
They make my heart beat for you

All these things  
The little things mean so much  
You remind me each time we touch of all the little

things

(All these things you do keep me loving you)  
All the little things that you do  
Keep me in love with you, baby, yeah

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