

Attic Alisha's "The Incidentals"

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it's just the little things
the incidentals it's like you would-
n't even notice
when you really turn me on
it's the little sparks that fly and then land
like dynamite

it's just, it's just the simple things
pure incidentals it's like
staying up till midnight and talking about
absolutely nothing,
it's the thought that it'll always be
as wild as i expect it to be yeah

ooh you know it's la la la la love
when you dream
a monster just swallowed you up and
you don't wanna be saved
ooh and i am crazy bout you babe
you satisfy me in so many ways, so
many ways

but it's just the little things
the incidentals it's like you wouldn't
even notice
when you are really turning me on
it's those little sparks that fly and then land
like dynamite
it's just, it's just, the simple things
pure incidentals it's like breathing on the back
of my neck and
making me feel weak inside
it's no, no matter how scared i am
i know i'll be safe tonight

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