

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Blow me a kiss from a-cross the room,
Say I look nice when I'm not;
Touch my hair as you pass my chair,
Lit-tle things mean a lot.

Give me your arm as we cross the street,
Call me at six on the dot;
A line a day when you're far a-way,
Lit-tle things mean a lot.

Don't have to buy me dia-monds and pearls,
Cham-pagne, sa-bles and such;
I nev-er cared much for dia-monds and pearls,
But hon-est-ly, hon-ey, they just cost mon-ey.

Give me your hand when I've lost the way,
Give me your shoul-der to cry on;
Wheth-er the day is bright or gray
Give me your heart to re-ly on.

Send me the warmth of a se-cret smile
To show me you have-n't for-got,
For now and for-ev-er, that al-ways and ev-er,
Lit-tle things mean a lot.