

# Billy Dean, Small Favors

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She puts up with my coffee cup  
Ringing her dining room table  
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

CHORUS:

Thank god for small favors  
The Sunday paper and the taste of homemade wine  
Second chances and the healing hands of time  
And 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

REPEAT CHORUS