

Billy Dean, Small Favors

Written by: Billy Dean, Tim Nichols

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