

Joe Stampley, All These Things

The touch of your lips next to mine
Get me excited, make me feel fine.
The sound of your voice, your sweet hello
The fire inside me, when I'm holding you close.

Your love's so warm and tender.
Your thrill is so divine.
Yet it's All These Things
That make you mine.

If you would leave me, I surely would die.
When you started to go, I started to cry.
Now I've got it bad, but that's alright.
As long as your near me every night.

Your love's so warm and tender.
Your thrill is so divine.
Yet it's All These Things
That make you mine.

Music Break...

Now I got it bad, but that's alright.
As long as your near me every night.

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Your thrill is so divine.
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