

# King, These things

Drawing on a lip stained cigarette  
While nervously  
You play with your St. Christopher  
The wind blows us around the car  
We drive down country lanes  
Film scores blur with the speed  
These things that you do  
These things that you say  
These things are all that I adore  
Talking until we could rip the sleep from our eyes  
Exhausted  
Our heads spin with wine and plans  
The pictures you paint  
Became the landscape of my heart  
And although other may not see  
These things that you do  
These things that you say  
These things are all that I adore  
These things are these things are  
these things are  
All that I adore  
These things that you do  
These things that you say  
These things are all that I adore