

Robert Cray, These Things

These things made our love come to an end
Oh these things
Hey baby, thought you were my friend
Stepping out, playing around
All of these things, baby
Really let me down
Oh and I know
You're gonna miss me
One of these ole' days
Early one morning
I got out of bed
I thought about our happiness, yes I did
That we left was dead
I love ya'
I need you
Oh, these things, baby
Still run through my head

Oh, and I know
You're gonna miss my lovin' baby
One of these old days, yes you will

Early one morning
When I got out of bed yeah
I thought about our happiness, yes I did
Long left for dead
And oh baby I love ya'
And oh baby I need ya'
All of these things, baby
Still run through my head
Oh, and I know
You're gonna miss me
One of these old days
Yes, you will

All because of these things
All because of these things
Steppin' out
Dead love
Playin' around
Hey baby

Thought you were my friend
All because of these things