

# Stephen Speaks, All These Things

Maybe it's her face, no makeup at all  
As she tells me she's not beautiful  
Maybe it's her hair, soft golden and wind blown  
As we drive through the streets of town  
It could be all these things  
But I think it's her smile  
Maybe it's her laugh when she throws back and sighs  
Or her eyebrows when I do something stupid  
Maybe it's her smell, the lotion she wears  
Or how my hands smell like country pear for days  
You know it could be all these things  
But I think mostly it is her smile  
Cause I love to see her smile back at me  
And I know she is happy  
Maybe it's her touch, the feel of her hands  
When she puts her tiny fingers in mine  
Maybe it's her eyes gently searching my soul  
Still nothing stirs me like when I see those lips roll  
and I see her smile  
Cause I love to see her smile back at me  
And I know she is happy