

You still have to squeeze into your jeans

But you're perfect to me

Fill in the gaps

| NSTRUMENTAL | CHORUS: |
|--|--|
| Your hand fits in mine | I won't let these little things |
| Like it's made just for me | Slip out of my (4) |
| But bear this in mind | but if it's true |
| t was meant to be | It's you |
| And i'm joining up the dots | Oh it's you |
| With the (1) on your cheeks | They add up to |
| And it all makes sense to me | I'm in love with you |
| know you've never loved | And all these little things |
| The crinkles by your eyes | You'll never love yourself |
| When you smile, | Half as much as I (5) you |
| You've never loved | You'll never treat yourself right darlin' |
| Your stomach or your thighs | But i want you to |
| The dimples in your back | If i let you (6) |
| At the bottom of your spine | I'm here for you |
| But i'll (2) them endlessly | Maybe you'll love yourself like i love you |
| CHORUS: | Oh |
| won't let these little things | I've just let these little things |
| Slip out of my mouth | Slip out of my mouth |
| But if i do | Because it's you |
| t's you | Oh it's you |
| Oh it's you | It's you |
| They add up to | They add up to |
| 'm in love with you | And i'm in love you |
| And all these little things | And all these little things |
| You (3) go to bed | I won't let these little things |
| Nithout a cup of tea | Slip out of my mouth |
| And maybe that's the reason | But if it's (7) |
| That you talk in your sleep | It's you |
| And all those conversation | It's you |
| Are the secrets that I keep | They add up to |
| Though it makes no sense to me | I'm in love (8) you |
| know you've never loved the sound of your voice tape | And all your little things |
| You know want to know how much weigh | |



- 1. freckles
- 2. love
- 3. cant
- 4. mouth
- 5. love
- 6. know
- 7. true
- 8. with

Fill in the gaps