

# Little Things

Lee Brice

Yeah, you might say he ain't got much to his name  
Sitting on the porch and waiting on the rain  
His corn homegrown, it's the good and always sheds his tears  
He smiles and says,  
There's always next year  
Yeah money, it don't come easy  
But sonny, that ain't what's gonna please me  
(It's the little things) Got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right  
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night  
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think  
You don't need much, it's just the little things  
It's the little things  
He knows that old truck gon' crank  
Yeah, it always turns over  
Ain't got no need for a black Range Rover  
They got around calls and the tape deck saints  
What more could you need than just them little things Got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on  
my right  
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night  
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think  
You don't need much, it's just the little things, yeah Just them little things  
Oh, like a guitar player with a slide  
Yeah  
Got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right  
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night  
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think  
You don't need much, it's just the  
Hey  
Got a pretty girl on my left, old dog on my right  
Cold beer in my hand on a Saturday night  
You add it all up, it's bigger than you think  
You don't need much, it's just the little things Hm, what!?  
Yeah!  
Yeah, I like it like that

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>