

Abba, Little Things

Little things
Like my gentle touch
It's amazing, darling
That so little can achieve so much

Little things
Like your sleepy smile
As the brand new day is dawning
It's a lovely Christmas morning

And why don't we stay in bed for a while
Soon enough they'll be waking up from their dreams
Children bursting with giggles and screams
Oh, what joy Santa brings
Thanks, old friend, for packing
Christmas stockings full of nice little things

Little things
Like your naughty eyes
You'd consider bringing me a breakfast tray
But there's a price

Little things
Like that happy noise
As a brand new day is dawning
On this lovely Christmas morning

It's our children playing with their new toys
Little moments of happiness and of bliss
Does it ever get better than this?
Oh, what joy Santa brings
Thanks, old friend, for packing
Christmas stockings full of nice little things

Thank you, dear old friend, for packing
Christmas stockings full of nice little things

Little things
Like the precious jewels on rings
Or a music box that will fit in socks
Tiny elves with wings
Not as big as queens and their kings
If you sing along, it could be a song
That my grandma sings