

Little Things

Louis The Child, Quinn XCII & Chelsea Cutler

Hot box in the car getting dumb high
We be laughing in slow-mo-mo
All she really wants is fries and a mud pie
But the supermarket is closed, closed, closed It's old jokes, good times when you come by
Something special I know, know, know
One half of the time it's a gun fight
The other half we're taking off clothes, clothes, clothes And there will come a time when we're
slowing down
We'll hold on to memories, memories
'Til then let's wreck shit and hold it down
I love when you're telling me, telling me One day
We'll think of these moments
'Cuz ahh
Just like this synth it's the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, duh-duh-duh-duh-duh
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, duh-duh-duh-duh-duh Quick text and you tell me that you missed me
Baby get your ass home, home, home
You shoot me blessings like a weapon when you kiss me
Feels like we'll never get old, old, old And there will come a time when we're slowing down
And we'll hold on to memories, memories
'Til then let's wreck shit and hold it down
Love when you're telling me, telling me One day
We'll think of these moments
'Cuz ahh
Just like this synth it's the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, duh-duh-duh-duh-duh
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, duh-duh-duh-duh-duh Every single second is golden
Hold on to the moment
Hold on to the moment Every single second is golden
Hold on to the moment
Hold on to the moment
Like this synth it's the little, ay! D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, duh-duh-duh-duh-duh
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, the little things
D-dum-dum, d-dum-dum, duh-duh The little things

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