

Here's to the small things that give pleasure.
Here's to the everyday things that bring a smile.
My hands are complicated thoughts.
My hands are complicated,
but my feet just wanna go.

Here's to the finer points that mean everything.
Here's to the details that so often get overlooked:
the way one day fades into another;
the way simple desires get expressed

(What's the bus that goes by here?)

Here's to the best things.
Here's to the things that give God pleasure.
Here's to the things that make God smile.
The small victories are big ones.
And as one day fades to another,
as the past fills up with failure,
it all adds up.