

# Every Little Bit of It

Carrie Newcomer

Every Little Bit Of It -- Song (by Carrie Newcomer) Just beyond my sight, something that I cannot see  
I've been circling around a thought that's been circling round me  
Like the vapor of a song that is just out of ear shot  
I thought I knew the question, but I guess not There it is just below the surface of things  
In a flash of blue, and the turning of wings  
I drain the glass, I drink it down, every moment of this  
Every little bit of it. I swam against the tide, I tripped on my own pride  
So I'll try again today, to get out of my own way  
The face was always in the stone, said Michelangelo  
You just have to chip and clear, to see what is already there There it is just below the surface of things  
In a flash of blue, and the turning of wings  
I drain the glass, I drink it down, every moment of this  
Every little bit of it. There it is in the apple of every Newton notion  
There it is in the scar healed over what was broken  
In the branches, in the whispering  
In the silence and the sighs  
And the curious promise of limited time It's true although it's hard  
A shadow glides over the ridge  
And one fast beating heart  
Tries with all its might to live  
And we sense, but can't describe  
From the corner of our eye  
Something nameless and abiding  
And so we keep transcribing There it is just below the surface of things  
In a flash of blue, and the turning of wings  
I drain the glass, drink it down, every moment of this  
Every little bit of it, every little bit.

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