

# Every Little Thing

## The Whiskey Saints

Here's the rest of why I've got to say goodbye to you  
Stop counting days and counting ways; I've told you that it's through  
An echo that's come bouncing back in the empty city night  
A half illuminated face that's waving, fading out of sight  
And you meant every little thing  
That's true

You meant every little thing  
I can't control the world it looks like the sky is caving in  
Strange as fiction I couldn't picture now if it was then  
Think I'd make the same decision hard as it would be  
Stay content in just remembering that you'll remember me  
And you meant every little thing  
That's true

You meant every little thing  
It's getting in my way  
Messing up the day to day  
But I know that I won't stay  
I'm letting go  
You're still holding on

Whether right or wrong  
The ink is spilling out on paper like it was the blood  
Of someone half alive or half forgotten from the flood  
Drowning in the memories and searching for a way  
Clinging on to anything and waiting for the break of day  
And you meant every little thing  
That's true

You meant every little thing  
That's true

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