

Every Little Bit Counts

[James McMurtry](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My thoughts were gnawing at me so I tried hard not to think
I took a pint of whiskey and I poured it down the sink
I'd get my act together, I swore it to myself
I looked up at your picture and I knocked it off the shelf Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me I tried and I tried and I tried to be so good
Wanted to be good, so bad
I tried and I tried and I tried every trick I could
Emptied out the whole damn bag But it was too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me I'm no longer choking on, the hair of the dog
It's been a couple of weeks now since I came out of the fog
The highs are slightly higher, the lows are just as low
A mild improvement on the average even so Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts Every little bit counts
Though it may not count for much
Could be long forgotten
By the time you add 'em up Could be too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me

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