

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 shelfEvery little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit countsToo little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for meI 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 bagBut it was too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for meI'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 soEvery little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit countsEvery little bit counts
Though it may not count for much
Could be long forgotten
By the time you add 'em upCould be too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for meToo little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me