

A Little Bit More

Mike Macdonald and the Widow Makers

For certain she the face of springtime, the flowers stood and paid her due
And all the folk they sang of a good rhyme
While drinking all they wanted to
A bitter sweet, this final evening, before he must leave her side.
They danced around the glass filled tables while fiddlers played so sweet and low.
Their eyes hard fixed upon each other, how could she ever let him go.
And when the time it came upon them, she said in case we forget.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
The letters came and every single Sunday

We all would wait to hear the news.
She knew her love would be home someday, the only thing she held on to
We sang a song just like we used to and she said before we could leave.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more
That night she heard her true love calling
With words that only she could know
They held each other till the morning
And when it was his time to go
She said..... Just a little bit more just a little bit more

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