

Hangin' Around

Billy Currington

You're the last thing that I cling to
Before I fall asleep at night
You're the first thing that reach for
In the early mornin' light

You're the name that I see written in the stars
You're the face that I see in every cloud
Oh, I wish you could have been more like
Your memory and kept hangin' around

You're that tap on my shoulder
You're that voice in the crowd
You're that constant distraction
You're that book I can't put down

It keeps haunting me, I still want and need you, always will
You're every, thought I think, every sight I see
Every feelin' I feel

You're the last thing that I wish for
When I lay down at night