

# 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