

# A Little Bit Of Everything

Dawes

With his back against the San Francisco traffic  
On the bridges side that faces towards the jail  
Setting out to join a demographic  
He hoists his first leg up over the rail

And a phone call is made, police cars show up quickly  
The sergeant slams his passenger door  
He says, "Hey son why don't you talk through this with me?  
Just tell me what you're doing it for"

"Oh, it's a little bit of everything  
It's the mountains, it's the fog  
It's the news at six o'clock  
It's the death of my first dog"

"It's the angels up above me  
It's the song that they don't sing  
It's a little bit of everything"

An older man stands in a buffet line  
He is smiling and holding out his plate  
And the further he looks back into his timeline  
That hard road always had led him to today

And making up for when his bright future had left him  
Making up for the fact that his only son is gone  
And letting everything out once, his server asks him  
"Have you figured out yet, what it is you want?"

I want a little bit of everything  
The biscuits and the beans  
Whatever helps me to forget about  
The things that brought me to my knees

So pile on those mashed potatoes  
And an extra chicken wing  
I'm having a little bit of everything

Somewhere a pretty girl is writing invitations  
To a wedding she has scheduled for the fall  
Her man says, "Baby, can I make an observation?  
You don't seem to be having any fun at all"

She said, "You just worry about  
Your groomsmen and your shirt-size  
And rest assured that this is making me feel good"  
I think that love is so much easier than you realize  
If you can give yourself to someone, then you should

'Cause it's a little bit of everything  
The way you choke, the way you ache  
It is waking up before you  
So I can watch you as you wake

So in the day in late September  
It's not some stupid little ring  
I'm giving a little bit of everything

Oh, it's a little bit of everything  
It's the matador and the bull  
It's the suggested daily dosage  
It is the red moon when it's full

All these psychics and these doctors  
They're all right and they're all wrong  
It's like trying to make out every word  
When they should simply hum along

It's not some message written in the dark  
Or some truth that no one's seen  
It's a little bit of everything