

One Little Song

Gillian Welch

There's gotta be a song left to sing
'Cause everybody can't have thought of everything
One little song that ain't been sung
One little rag that ain't been wrung out completely yet
Just gotta a little left

One little drop of fallin' rain, one little chance to try again
One little bird that makes it home now and then
One little piece of endless sky, one little taste of cherry pie
One little week in paradise and I start thinkin'

There's gotta be a song left to sing
'Cause everybody can't have thought of everything
One little note that ain't been used
One little word, ain't been abused a thousand times
In a thousand rhymes

One little drop of fallin' rain, one little chance to try again
One little bird that makes it every now and then
One little piece of endless sky, one little taste of cherry pie
One little week in paradise and I start thinkin'

Gotta be a song left to sing
'Cause everybody can't have thought of everything
One little song that ain't been sung
One little rag that ain't been wrung out completely yet
Till there's nothing left, yeah