

Every Little Bit Counts

James McMurtry

My thoughts were gnawing at me so I tried hard not to think
I took a pint of whiskey and I poured it down the sink
I'd get my act together, I swore it to myself
I looked up at your picture and I knocked it off the shelf

Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts

Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me

I tried and I tried and I tried to be so good
Wanted to be good, so bad
I tried and I tried and I tried every trick I could
Emptied out the whole damn bag

But it was too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me

I'm no longer choking on, the hair of the dog
It's been a couple of weeks now since I came out of the fog
The highs are slightly higher, the lows are just as low
A mild improvement on the average even so

Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts
Every little bit counts

Every little bit counts
Though it may not count for much
Could be long forgotten
By the time you add 'em up

Could be too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me

Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me
Too little too late, sorry
Too little too late for me