

You Can't Have Everything

Little Big Town

The driveway winds up the hill
Through the wildflower fields
Where the kids like to play
There's a little creek by the willow tree
Oh yes, it's a beautiful place

We have the family photograph
The house, the life, the dream
You're love's the only thing missing here
Well, I guess you can't have everything

We don't talk anymore
You leave your ring in the drawer
Like it don't mean a thing
The silence crawls down the lonely halls
That weep for what used to be

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