

Every Little Thing

Sawyer Brown

There were clouds rollin' in
Rain on the wind
There at the end of September
Your sweater was white
It was buttoned up tight
Darlin' you see I remember

Every little thing, every little thing
So real so strong, such a long time gone
Here I am still holding on
To every little thing, every little thing

I remember again how you squeezed my hand
Now and then as we walked down the hall
We stood under the light
When you kissed me goodnight
Now I can't help but recall

Where you've gone I don't know
But some how I've got to let go
Here I am still holding on
To every little thing
Every little thing