

A Little Bit More

Air Supply

For certain she was the face of springtime,
The flowers stood and paid their due.
And all the folk, they sang of a good rhyme
While drinking all they wanted to.
A bitter sweet, this final evening,
Before he must leave her side...

They danced around the glass filled tables
While fiddlers played so sweet and low.
Their eyes hard fixed upon each other,
However would she let him go?
And when the time it came upon them,
She said in case we forget...

Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.

The letters came and every single Sunday
We all would wait to hear the news.
She knew her love would be home someday,
The only thing she held on to.
We sang a song just like we used to
And she said before we could leave...

Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.

That night she heard her true love calling
With words that only she could know.
They held each other till the morning
And when it was his time to go.
She said...

Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.
Just a little bit more, just a little bit more.

Just a little bit more.