

# Everything I See

George Strait

Drove down to the old place a couple a days ago  
Where I grew up riding next to you, learning everything I know  
I noticed just how green things were when I pulled through the gate

Like the greener pastures up there where we'll meet again someday

Wish I'd have thought to slip a phone in the pocket of your suit

When the good Lord called you home on that sunny day in June

Then I could send a picture of all the things you touched  
To think a man who led such a simple life could leave behind so much

It's just a lot of little things but they mean the world to me  
Everywhere I look there's one more memory

There's a little bit of you in everything I see

Seems to rain now all the time, hadn't seen this much in years  
Didn't take you long to send back home some answers to our prayers

A lot of things are different now but so much is still the same  
And I accidentally dial your number almost every day  
Wish I'd have thought to slip a phone in the pocket of your suit

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Then I could send a picture of all the things you touched  
To think a man who led such a simple life could leave behind so much

It's just a lot of little things but they mean the world to me  
Everywhere I look there's one more memory  
There's a little bit of you in everything I see

If somehow you could find that cloud with my stuff locked away  
Dust it off and you could see the things I send you everyday

Yeah, I could send a picture of your great grandson growing up  
Tell you one more time I love you and that I miss you so much  
Sometimes it's the little things that really get to me  
Everywhere I look there's one more memory  
There's a little bit of you in everything I see

Everywhere I look there's one more memory  
There's a little bit of you in everything I see