

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

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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

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