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