

A Little Bit Of Everything

Dawes

With his back against the San Francisco traffic
On the bridges side that faces towards the jail
Setting out to join a demographic
He hoists his first leg up over the rail

And a phone call is made, police cars show up quickly
The sergeant slams his passenger door
He says, "Hey son why don't you talk through this with me?
Just tell me what you're doing it for"

"Oh, it's a little bit of everything
It's the mountains, it's the fog
It's the news at six o'clock
It's the death of my first dog"

"It's the angels up above me
It's the song that they don't sing
It's a little bit of everything"

An older man stands in a buffet line
He is smiling and holding out his plate
And the further he looks back into his timeline
That hard road always had led him to today

And making up for when his bright future had left him
Making up for the fact that his only son is gone
And letting everything out once, his server asks him
"Have you figured out yet, what it is you want?"

I want a little bit of everything
The biscuits and the beans
Whatever helps me to forget about
The things that brought me to my knees

So pile on those mashed potatoes
And an extra chicken wing
I'm having a little bit of everything

Somewhere a pretty girl is writing invitations
To a wedding she has scheduled for the fall
Her man says, "Baby, can I make an observation?
You don't seem to be having any fun at all"

She said, "You just worry about
Your groomsmen and your shirt-size
And rest assured that this is making me feel good"
I think that love is so much easier than you realize
If you can give yourself to someone, then you should

'Cause it's a little bit of everything
The way you choke, the way you ache
It is waking up before you
So I can watch you as you wake

So in the day in late September
It's not some stupid little ring
I'm giving a little bit of everything

Oh, it's a little bit of everything
It's the matador and the bull
It's the suggested daily dosage
It is the red moon when it's full

All these psychics and these doctors
They're all right and they're all wrong
It's like trying to make out every word
When they should simply hum along

It's not some message written in the dark
Or some truth that no one's seen
It's a little bit of everything