

# It's a Little Bit of Everything Taylor Goldsmith (Dawes)

D G D F#m D  
 With his back against the San Francisco traffic, on the bridge's side that faces towards the jail,  
*An older man stands in a buffet line, he is smiling and he's holding out his plate,*  
 Somewhere a pretty girl is writing invitations, to a wedding she has scheduled for the fall,

Bm A G D G D  
 Setting out to join a demographic, he hoists his first leg up over the rail.  
*And the further he looks back into his timeline, that hard road always had led him to today,*  
 Her man says, "Baby, can I make an observation? You don't seem to be having any fun at all."

D G D F#m D  
 And a phone call's made, police cars show up quickly. The sergeant slams his passenger door.  
*And making up for when his bright future had left him, making up for the fact his only son is gone,*  
 She said, "You just worry about your groomsmen and your shirt-size, and rest assured that this  
 is making me feel good"

Bm A G D G D  
 He says, "Hey son why don't you talk through this with me, just tell me what you're doing it for."  
*And letting everything out once his server asks him, "Have you figured out yet what it is you want?"*  
 I think that love is so much easier than you realize. If you can give yourself to someone, then  
 you should.

Bm D Bm F#m  
 "Oh, it's a little bit of everything, it's the mountains, it's the fog,  
*I want a little bit of everything, the biscuits and the beans,*  
 Cause it's a little bit of everything, the way you joke, the way you ache,

Bm D A  
 It's the news at six o'clock, it's the death of my first dog,  
*Whatever helps me to forget about the things that brought me to my knees,*  
 It is getting up before you, so I could watch you as you wake.

D G D Bm F#m A D  
 It's the angels up above me, it's the song that they don't sing. It's a little bit of everything."  
*So pile on those mashed potatoes, and an extra chicken wing, I'm having a little bit of everything.*  
 So on that day in late September, it's not some stupid little ring, I'm gettin' a little bit of everything.

**<Sing all three verses, then end with:>**

Bm D Bm F#m  
 Oh, it's a little bit of everything, the matador and the bull  
 Bm D A  
 It's the suggested daily dosage, it is the red moon when it's full.  
 Bm D Bm F#m  
 All these psychics and these doctors, they're all right and they're all wrong,  
 Bm D A  
 It's like trying to make out every word, when they should simply hum along,  
 D G D Bm  
 It's not some message written in the dark, or some truth that no one's seen,  
 F#m A D  
 It's a little bit of everything.

