

# Make the Most

Brett Dennen

And in the morning, when I rise  
one question, that feels like the sun in my eyes  
am I making the most of this life?  
so much trouble and so much strife  
and in my guilty hour  
through all of my shame  
when all my love is run sour  
I have no one else to blame  
cause it finds me through the mask I wear  
and I see it through it my eyes closed  
but still I can not bare to stare into my worries and my woes  
theres comfort in self loathing and its easy to slip into it  
but still I must learn to lead my life with no regrets  
all the time it all moves in the same direction  
so don't let it pass you by  
because It moves so fast, theres no time for perfection  
so make the most of this life  
make the most of this life, uh  
make the most of this life  
make the most of this life

and when I fall I fall hard  
and I dwell to often in my falls  
I must accept it and move on  
theres just no shame in having to crawl

cause it finds me through the mask I wear,  
and I see it through it my eyes closed,  
but still I can not bare to stare into my worries and my woes,  
theres comfort in self loathing and its easy to slip into it  
but still I must learn to lead my life with no regrets,  
all the time, it all moves in the same direction,  
so don't let it pass you by,  
because It moves so fast, theres no time for perfection,  
so make the most of this life, oh  
make the most of this life, oh  
make the most of this life  
just make the most of this life

and if you come to me smiling  
oh I, will see you shining out from within  
such a beautiful grin aw  
falling down on me and freckling my skin  
wake I am pour I a cup of  
wake I am pour I a cup  
wake I am pour I a cup of life