

The Middle

Lauren Alaina

I get this feeling every year, the first days of winter
Pull out that box of souvenirs, to read your old letters
In that stack of memories, found a note you left for me
It almost feels like you're still here
I hear your voice in every word
You told me to remember

Take each day and make it last
Cause you turn around and the future is the past
Here and now is all we have
The beginning and the end mean so little
What matters most is what's in the middle

Makes me smile when I look back to every summer
You forget your birthday and just laugh; say it's just a number
But Sunday afternoons, they meant so much to you
The simple things were golden, you found beauty in every moment

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The day you're born is just a start
Your last breath is a question mark
The story of your life is in the in-between

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