

# Marianne Faithfull, The Most Of What Is Least

I'm staring at the setting of the sun  
For I know my time with you is nearly gone  
And my minutes, they're so precious, yes, each and every one  
As I try to make the most of what is least.

I've a weary kind of feeling in my mind,  
I'll try to look ahead and not behind.  
And I know that you don't mean to be unkind  
As I try to make the most of what is least.

The rain is dripping down my window pane  
And if you came back to me, it wouldn't be the same.  
I know the end is near and I'll try to battle on

As I try to make the most of what is least.

I'm staring at the setting of the sun  
For I know my time with you is nearly gone  
And my minutes, they're so precious, yes, each and every one  
As I try to make the most of what is least.

Lonely nights down by the railroad track,  
I see you going and never coming back.  
I'll try, I'll try, I'll try to battle on  
As I try to make the most of what is least.