

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.