

# Bishop Allen, Things Are What You Make Of Them

I was spending my days with my demons, yeah  
They had taken up inside of my heart  
They were trying to keep me entertained  
They were tearing me apart

Well my memory, she was packing, yeah  
And I knew that she would never come back  
She handed me a letter and  
Then she vanished in the black  
And the letter said:

Things are what you make of them  
Things are what you make of them, baby  
And you know what I mean  
Yeah, you know what I mean

Well I met up with my common sense  
And I knew her by the rose in her hair  
She said: Son, if you don't make a noise  
God will never know you're there

So I purchased me a ticket, yeah  
For a meeting with Jesus Christ  
He shook my hand and offered me  
Just this thimble of advice  
He was telling me:

Things are what you make of them . . .