Brett Dennen, Make The Most

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