

Chris Rice, Life Means So Much

Every day is a journal page
Every man holds a quill and ink
And there's plenty of room for writing in
All we do is believe and think
So will you compose a curse
Or will today bring the blessings?
Fill the page with rhyming verse
Or some random sketching
Teach us to count the days
Teach us to make the days count
Lead us in better ways
Somehow our souls forgot
Life means so much, life means so much, life means so much
Every day is a bank account
And time is our currency
So no one's rich, nobody's poor
We get twenty-four hours each
So how are you gonna spend
Will you invest or squander
Try to get ahead
Or help someone who's under
Teach us to count the days
Teach us to make the days count
Lead us in better ways
Somehow our souls forgot
Life means so much, life means so much, life means so much
Has anybody lived who knew the value of a life
And don't you think giving is all will prove the worth of yours and mine?
Teach us to count the days
Teach us to make the days count
Lead us in better ways
Somehow our souls forgot
Life means so much
Every day is a gift you've been given
Make the most of the time every minute you're living
Every day is a gift you've been given
Make the most of the time every minute you're living
Lead us in better ways
Somehow our souls forgot
Life means so much, life means so much, life means so much
Every day is a gift you've been given
Make the most of the time every minute you're living