

# R.E.M., At My Most Beautiful

I've found a way to make you smile  
I've found a way  
A way to make you smile

I read bad poetry  
Into your machine.  
I save your messages  
Just to hear your voice.  
You always listen carefully  
To awkward rhymes.  
You always say your name,  
Like I wouldn't know it's you,  
At your most beautiful.

I've found a way to make you smile  
I've found a way  
A way to make you smile

At my most beautiful  
I count your eyelashes, secretly.  
With every one, whisper I love you.  
I let you sleep.  
I know you're closed eye watching me,  
Listening.  
I thought I saw a smile.

I've found a way to make you smile  
I've found a way  
A way to make you smile