

Mr. Big

"Things Are What You Make Of Them"

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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...

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