

## John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

### "Make It Better"

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Life is hard until you open your mind up  
Instead of trying to fill up all the holes  
Love is harder than a diamond's heart  
It'll cut you up just as fast as it gleams  
And I don't ask why, I just say, "How can I make it  
better?"  
I don't ask why, I just say, "All those things don't even  
matter"

Life is a highway, sometimes it's the fast lane  
Sometimes you're getting passed on both sides  
And love is higher than the tallest mountain  
And it's easier to climb most of the time  
And I don't ask why, I just say, "How can I make it  
better?"  
I don't ask why, I just say, "All those things don't even  
matter"  
And I don't ask why, I just say, "How can I make it  
better?"  
I don't ask why, I just say, "All those things don't even  
matter"

Love is like smoke, only harder to hold in  
It'll choke you up if you hold it inside  
My life is moving, constantly turning back the pages of  
my worried mind  
And I don't ask why, I just say, "How can I make it  
better?"  
I don't ask why, I just say, "All those things don't even  
matter"  
And I don't ask why, I just say, "How can I make it  
better?"  
I don't ask why, I just say, "All those things don't even  
matter"  
And I don't ask why  
How can I, how can I make it better?

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