

# Things Are What You Make Of Them

Bishop Allen

I'm spending my  
I'm spending my days  
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I'm spending my days  
My day-mons yeah  
They're taking up inside of my heart  
They were trying to keep me entertained  
But 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  
Then she vanished in the black

And the letter said  
(Things are what you make of them  
Things are what you make of them  
Let it be  
And you know what I mean  
Yeah you know what I mean  
Things are what you make of them  
Things are what you make of them  
Let it be  
And you know what I mean  
Yeah you know what I mean)

Well I met up with my common sense  
And I knew it by the way she stared  
She said if you don't make a noise  
I will never know your there

Ao 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

Hello he-he-hello  
Hey come on  
Hello he-he-hello  
Hey come on

Things are what you make of them  
Things are what you make of them  
Let be  
Things are what you make of them  
Things are what you make of them  
Let be  
Things are what you make of them  
Things are what you make of them  
You know what I mean  
Yeah you know what I mean