

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

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

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

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Let be
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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