

# The Middle

Lauren Alaina

I get this feeling every year, the first days of winter  
Pull out that box of souvenirs, to read your old letters  
In that stack of memories, found a note you left for me  
It almost feels like you're still here  
I hear your voice in every word  
You told me to remember

Take each day and make it last  
Cause you turn around and the future is the past  
Here and now is all we have  
The beginning and the end mean so little  
What matters most is what's in the middle

Makes me smile when I look back to every summer  
You forget your birthday and just laugh; say it's just a number  
But Sunday afternoons, they meant so much to you  
The simple things were golden, you found beauty in every moment

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The day you're born is just a start  
Your last breath is a question mark  
The story of your life is in the in-between

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What's in the middle