The Middle

UNC Clef Hangers

I get this feeling every year, the first days of winter.
Left that box of souvenirs, to read your old letters.
In the 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.
Chorus:
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 and 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.
Chorus
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.
Take each day and make it last.
'Cause you turn around and the future is the past.
Here and now is all we have.
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.
What's in the middle.

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