

MAKE IT MINE

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Old man winter can be such a pest
I just shoveled off the front porch, I'll let the sunlight do the rest
And underneath the snow seeds wait to grow
How do they know? It's anyone's guess

The rains in April become the flowers in the spring
The world wakes up and every creature with a voice starts to sing
I try not to complain every time it starts to rain
And instead, remember all the goodness that it brings

Because isn't it a miracle to be alive?
To feel that spark of passion along your spine?
So whether it's evolved this way or been some grand design
I'm gonna take this life and make it mine

But the springtime rains can be so cold
So I try not to hit those frogs as they jump out in the road
I pray that they might find a safer place and kind
Around the next turn, if I may be so bold to say

Isn't it a miracle to be alive?
To feel that spark of passion along your spine?
So whether it's evolved this way or been some grand design
I'm gonna take this life and make it mine

And then summer's long hot days give way to fall
And slowly paints a picture on the forests so tall
In a slumber so deep Mother Earth goes back to sleep
Isn't it amazing that she wakes up at all?

Oh isn't it a miracle to be alive?
To feel that spark of passion along your spine?
So whether it's evolved this way or been some grand design
I'm gonna take this life and make it mine
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