

R.E.M., At My Most Beautiful

I've found a way to make you smile
I've found a way
A way to make you smile

I read bad poetry
Into your machine.
I save your messages
Just to hear your voice.
You always listen carefully
To awkward rhymes.
You always say your name,
Like I wouldn't know it's you,
At your most beautiful.

I've found a way to make you smile
I've found a way
A way to make you smile

At my most beautiful
I count your eyelashes, secretly.
With every one, whisper I love you.
I let you sleep.
I know you're closed eye watching me,
Listening.
I thought I saw a smile.

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I've found a way
A way to make you smile