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 though I saw a smile.

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