

Believe In You

Brian Burns

I'll play guitar to make the rent,
And you can make our family three.
I might not make a million dollars,
But then a million dollars won't make me.
I'm lookin' out at the stars tonight,
And I've been thinkin' about this human zoo.
There's poor old Leo watchin' the cars roll by,
And screamin' up at who knows who?

Believe in you...
And I'll believe in me.

Desperate men divided
In these glorious fields of green,
And we all pray to Heaven
To help us fix this broken machine.
There's too much talk about the clouds of gray
When there's a great big sky of blue.
I turn off the TV and look in your eyes,
And I know that I've found somethin' true.

Just believe in you...
And I'll believe in me.

This is the age of the icons made of sand,
From the rock and roll star to the local preacher man,
From the football hero to the politician with his plan...
Well, darlin'...

Just believe in you...
And I'll believe in you too.

Someone's gonna sue for harassment,
Someone gonna sue 'cause they can't forget.
Someone gonna sue poor old Phillip J. Morris
For sellin' 'em one too many cigarettes...
And Phillip Morris, well, he'll probably sue me
For puttin' his name in this song...
And all across America
We're tryin' to teach our children how to get along...

Just believe in you...
And I'll believe in me.
Yeah, just believe in you...
And I'll believe in you too.