

# Faith In Me, Faith In You

Doug Stone

A single mother with two children make lunches in the mornin'  
And on her way to work, she drops 'em off at school  
And tells them, 'Faith in me, faith in you'  
A farmer kneels in his fields with dust pourin' through his fingers  
Says I'm gonna lose you if it don't rain real soon  
He looks up and says, 'Faith in me, faith in you'

Oh oh, I have to have faith that's where it all starts  
I know I have to have faith in myself  
It's feelin' that's found right here in my heart  
And when I think about things and all the dreams  
I wanna see come true let me tell you just what I do  
I take a look in the mirror and I smile and say  
'Have faith in me, faith in you'

In the shadow of the city, by the banks of the river  
From the doorway of his cardboard room  
A man cries out, 'Faith in me, faith in you'  
Your form of poverty and prejudice over hunger and pain  
Over social injustice, just watch as the bosses rein  
Here 'em saying, 'Faith in me, faith in you'

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