In my own way, I'm a believer.
In my own way, right or wrong.
I don't talk too much about it.
It's something I keep workin' on.
I don't have too much to build on,
My faith has never been that strong.

There is a man there in that buildin'. He's a holy man, they say. He keeps talkin' about tomorrow, While I keep strugglin' with today. He preaches hellfire and brimstone, And heaven seems so far away.

I do believe in a higher power. One that loves us, one and all. Not someone to solve my problems, Or to catch me when I fall.

He gave us all a mind to think with. And to know what's right or wrong. He is that inner spirit, That keeps us strong.

In my own way, I'm a believer.
But not in voices I can't hear.
I believe in a lovin' father.
One I never have to fear,
That I should live life at its fullest,
Just as long as I am here.

Mmm-mmm, mmm-mm.