

I believe in everything I see
Why believe in everything you hear?

Everyday I pray
That this fear just slips away
And I'm holding all these memories of you

Can you believe that your dreams are falling through?
Why wait for the sky will fall on you?

Everyday I pray
That this fear is here to stay
And I'm holding all these memories of you

As the days grow old
And I'm bound to feeling cold
I'll stop holding all these memories of you