

I used to be a firm believer  
Of heart ache  
Until I woke to find the stitches  
Mending the break.  
And if it's all the same to them  
Chalk up another song, and let me be healed again.

I used to be a strong supporter  
In every way.  
Optimism was my creed,  
Every day  
But as the path began to wind  
A reason for a smile was getting  
So much harder to find

All this love  
It doesn't mean a thing  
When it's just yours...that I want  
All this love, it don't mean a thing  
I'm spread so thin  
I need something to believe in.

I used to be a firm believer  
Of the greater good  
Until I saw the sad parade of Hollywood  
What a shame that we can't see  
The extent of what we know  
Comes from magazines or some kind of screen

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All this love, it don't mean a thing  
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I just can't do this all alone  
I could use a hand  
All my hope, it turned to stone,  
I think you understand.....

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