

Firm Believer

The Spill Canvas

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

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 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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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.

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When it's just yours...I want
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