Unbeliever

I've been wandering through This dead city With the devil's voice inside my head And the streets they're all, they're after fortune And the sky is painted about our grave But I keep hanging on I keep hanging on And on

Now I'm a thousand miles away from nowhere And the night is turning, it's turning bleak Fear comes upon me now And I feel just like some ill-fated beast But I keep hanging on I keep hanging on And on

Now I don't plan Much to offer I thought that was plain to see Explain on just an unbeliever And I believe you can count on me If you keep hanging on Just keep hanging on And on

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