

Unbeliever

You+Me

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