

# I Believe

The Smithereens

A fading light, the falling rain  
Some subtle miracle I can't explain  
And in the dark where no one sees  
Solving the unspoken mystery of who's still alive  
Come the morning after  
There just has to be more to this life than the will to survive

I believe, I believe  
I believe, I believe

Without a trace, without a sound  
Finding your way, just a face in the crowd  
'Cause in the end we leave alone  
Making our way through the great unknown  
And who's still alive come the morning after  
There just has to be more to this life than the will to survive

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