

# 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