

# Hope Of The States, Forwardirektion

The satellites that spin above  
Are spitting out a little hope in the darkness  
An aerial is picking up  
The sound of something good starting to happen at last

I've never seen so much panic on yr face  
I've never seen you trying so hard  
Just to never get the blame

Throw yr stones and spit yr words  
'Cause I will never ever learn  
I believe in something more than this  
And I'm not afraid to say it

Call me dumb and call me on it  
But I never said I knew it all  
So all you cynics and all yr spite  
You can all go to hell

'Cause I believe in love  
And I believe in hope  
And I believe in everything I've done  
But I don't believe in you  
Or anything you do

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