

Bernard Fanning, Believe

Come on you faker
Don't you turn your back on me
I'm not your gaoler
Fly away on your silver wings
With your golden key

Look out you loser
I can almost smell the defeat
All night manoeuvre
Trying to set this trouble and problem free

I can't believe you're giving it all up over me
So you can get back to where you should be
Back to what you really believe
What you really believe

Come on you joker
What you hiding up your sleeve?
So hard to please you
Lay your burden down on me
If it's what you need

I can't believe you're giving it all up over me
So you can get back to where you should be
Back to what you really believe
What you really believe

Life has a way that's unpredictable
But you can't stand and wait on a miracle
Life has a way that's unpredictable
Can't stand and wait on a miracle

Come on you faker