

# Chantal Kreviazuk, Believer

I carry my microphone with me  
Everywhere I go  
It makes for a very good deadweight  
In case of an emergency  
In case I need to break your face  
In case I need you to be dead

Who do you think you are  
Who do I think you are  
I know who you are  
And it's hard to believe that God made you and me  
With the same hands, with the same hands

Ah, sit  
I tell my doggie to sit  
But I am not a dog  
But you make the animal in me  
Want to come out all over you

Who do you think you are  
Who do I think you are  
I know who you are  
And it's hard to believe God made you and me  
With the same hands  
With the same hands

Who do you think you are  
Who do I think you are  
I know

Who do you think you are  
Who do I think you are  
I know who you are  
And it's hard to believe that God made you and me  
With the same hands  
With the same hands (with the same hands, with the same hands, with the same hands)  
With the same hands (with the same hands, with the same hands, with the same hands)  
(With the same hands, with the same hands, with the same hands)

And it's hard to believe that I'm still a believer