

Something to Believe In

Bret Michaels

Story

When I wrote the lyrics to Something to Believe
In it truly was the hardest lyrics I ever had to write.

It was a time in my life that, uh, When Kimo passed away it was just such a devastating time
And I remember being home at the Christmas break

And I went upstairs into my sister Nicole's room and I just wrote these lyrics

And they just poured out of me and it turned into many different things And it was my way of releasing all that
pain.

Rikki and Bobby and C.C. allowed me to just keep the song the way it was

Which I'm very thankful for and a very good friend of ours,

Bruce Fairburn, who produced this song just let it the way it was. He loved it and it was beautiful and also,

Bruce Fairburn had recently passed away,

So this song, while doing this really, really means a lot to me. Song (5:18)

Will I see him on the TV

Preachin' 'bout the promised land

He tells me to believe in Jesus

And steals the money from my hand Some say he was a good man

But Lord I think he sinned, yeah Twenty-two years of mental tears

Cries a suicidal Vietnam vet

Who fought a losing war on a foreign shore

To find his country didn't want him back Their bullets took his best friend in Saigon

Our lawyers took his wife and kids, no regrets

In a time I don't remember

In a war he can't forget He cried "Forgive me for what I've done there

'Cause I never meant the things I did" [Chorus]

And give me something to believe in

If there's a Lord above

And give me something to believe in

Oh, Lord arise My best friend died a lonely man

In some Palm Springs hotel room

I got the call last Christmas Eve

And they told me the news I tried all night not to break down and cry

As the tears rolled down my face

I felt so cold and empty

Like a lost soul out of place And the mirror, mirror on the wall

Sees my smile it fades again [Chorus] Sometimes I wish to God I didn't know now

The things I didn't know then

Road you gotta take me home I drive by the homeless sleeping on a cold dark street

Like bodies in an open grave

Underneath the broken old neon sign
That used to read JESUS SAVESA mile away live the rich folks
And I see how they're living it up
While the poor they eat from hand to mouth
The rich is drinkin' from a golden cupAnd it just makes me wonder
Why so many lose, so few win[Chorus]You take the high road
And I'll take the low roadSometimes I wish to God I didn't know now
The things I didn't know thenAnd give me something to believe in

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