

# I Believe In You

[Molly Ringwald](#)

You have the cool, clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth,  
Yet there's that up-turned chin and the grin of impetuous youth.

Oh I believe in you;

I believe in you. I hear the sound of good solid judgment whenever you talk;

Yet there's the bold, brave spring of the tiger that quickens your walk.

Oh I believe in you;

I believe in you. And when my faith in my fellow man  
all but falls apart,

I've but to feel to your hand

grasping mine

and I take heart,

I take heart. To see the cool, clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth;

Yet there's that slam-bang tang reminiscent of gin and vermouth.

Now I believe in you;

I believe in you. And when my faith in my fellow man  
all but falls apart,

I've but to feel to your hand

grasping mine

and I take heart,

I take heart. To see the cool, clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth;

Yet there's that slam-bang tang reminiscent of gin and vermouth.

Now I believe in you;

I believe in you.

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