

## **I Believe in Something More**

**By Ryan Clair**

What is the point of a life at all?  
If we're born and we died and there was no more.  
Why do we love, and we laugh, and we cry?  
If this was the only and the rest was a lie.  
Oh, I will believe in something more

There's a path that I know we all choose to take  
As the preacher man on Sunday would say  
What if the road seems tougher to find?  
When you lose what you love, with God on your side  
Oh, I still believe in something more

Oh, I believe I will see you again  
Though my faith is small I'll keep pressing in.  
Until the time I hear the angels call  
And that old trumpet sounds making sense of it all.  
Yes, I still believe in something more.

When heavier things weigh down a young soul  
And it's hard to know the right way to go  
But If choosing to love means choosing to lean  
On a faith that you feel but can't always see  
I still believe in something more

Yes, I believe I will see you again  
Though my faith is small I'll keep pressing in.  
Until the time I hear the angels call  
And that old trumpet sounds making sense of it all.

Though there's sorrow in the waiting  
Looking for answers to explain  
Why you had to go so early?  
But I'll hold on to that hope and say...

Oh, I believe I will see you again  
Though my faith is small I'll keep pressing in.  
Until the time I hear the angels call  
And that old trumpet sounds making sense of it all.  
Yes, I still believe in something more.