

Brenda Lee, Must I Believe

Must I believe in every breath of life
And the bitter taste of salt from the sea
Must I believe in those that cross my path
And life's shadows disappear
Why must there always be a place
Or a time a mountain to climb
Why must the poets write tomorrow's too late
Why can't they find something else to say
Must I believe in the absence of your love
And the hope you will return to me
Must I believe in the dreams of yesterday,
They seem so far away
Must I believe...