

Travie McCoy

"Unbelievers"

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Calling all you non-achievers
We are as one and we make a stand
Our wishes of no direction
Repay (?) the same till we reach the end
I imagine all these people
Running up to shake our hands
As we walk along we could be famous
We walk along we could be famous

Yellow buses, streams of caravans
Winding the highway like a snake
Pity all those unbelievers
Busy in life till they make the grey (break)
I imagine ancient places
Sunbeat in some endless heat as
We walk along we could be famous
We walk along we could be dreamers
We walk along we could be strangers
We walk along we could be dangerous

I imagine all these places
I imagine all these things as
We walk along we could be famous
We walk along we could be invisible
We walk along we could be strangers
We walk along we could be dangerous
We walk along we could be famous
We walk along we could be invisible
We walk along we could be strangers
We walk along we could be dangerous...

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