

# Non Believer

## London Grammar

We both know that you wanna love her  
Skies are open crying, please don't believe her  
'Cause she'll tell you lies and then say it doesn't matter  
And you're pleased to see her calling them non-believers  
But maybe she loves you and I'm just a preacher  
Those burning skies and all who don't believe her  
Non-believers, no  
Don't believe her, no  
All that we are, all that we need  
They're different things  
Oh, maybe what we are and what we need  
They're different things  
Do you realize again, you chased an idea  
Healed an earth behind some broken creature  
Maybe she loves you and I'm just a preacher  
Non-believers crying don't believe her  
Don't believe her, no  
Don't believe her, no  
All that we are, all that we need  
They're different things  
Oh, maybe what we are and what we need  
They're different things  
Give you my all and you're taking my everything  
All that we are, all that we need  
They're different things  
Oh, maybe what we are and what we need  
They're different things  
All that we are, that we need  
They're different things  
All what we are, what we need  
Oh what we are, what we need

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