**BELIEVE** Recording is in A, Guitar is played in G formation, capo 2

G

 Old man Wrigley lived in that white house

/F#

 Down the street where i grew up

Em

 Momma used to send me over with things

G C

 We struck a friendship up

 D G

I spent a few long summers out on his old porch swing

G

 Says he was in the war when in the navy

/F#

 Lost his wife, lost his baby

Em

 Broke down and asked him one time

G /B C

 How ya keep from going crazy

He said I'll see my wife and son in just a little while

G

 I asked him what he meant

D

 He looked at me and smiled, said

 **G D**

**I raise my hands, bow my head**

 **C**

**I'm finding more and more truth in the words written in red**

 **Am /B C D**

**They tell me that there's more to life than just what i can see**

 **G D**

**Oh i believe**

Few years later i was off at college

Talkin' to mom on the phone one night

Getting all caught up on the gossip

The ins and outs of the small town life

She said oh by the way son, old man Wrigley has died.

Believe, page 2

Later on that night, I laid there thinkin' back

Thought about a couple long-lost summers

I didn't know whether to cry or laugh

If there was ever anybody deserved a ticket to the other side

It'd be that sweet old man who looked me in the eye, said

 **G D**

**I raise my hands, bow my head**

 **C**

**I'm finding more and more truth in the words written in red**

 **Am /B C D**

**They tell me that there's more to life than just what i can see**

Em

I can't quote the book

 B7(?)

The chapter or the verse

Em

You can't tell me it all ends

 A

In a slow ride in a hearse

 C

You know I'm more and more convinced

/B

The longer that i live

 Am

Yeah, this can't be

 /B

No, this can't be

 C D

No, this can't be all there is

 **G D**

**I raise my hands, bow my head**

 **C**

**I'm finding more and more truth in the words written in red**

 **Am /B C D**

**They tell me that there's more to this than just what i can see**

 **Em G A**

**Oh i believe**

 **C D**

**i believe**

 **G F** (repeat riff…)

**i believe**

**BELIEVE** Recording is in A

A

 Old man Wrigley lived in that white house

/G#

 Down the street where i grew up

F#m

 Momma used to send me over with things

A D

 We struck a friendship up

 E A

I spent a few long summers out on his old porch swing

A

 Says he was in the war when in the navy

/G#

 Lost his wife, lost his baby

F#m

 Broke down and asked him one time

A /C# D

 How ya keep from going crazy

He said I'll see my wife and son in just a little while

A

 I asked him what he meant

E

 He looked at me and smiled, said

 **A E**

**I raise my hands, bow my head**

 **D**

**I'm finding more and more truth in the words written in red**

 **Bm /C# D E**

**They tell me that there's more to life than just what i can see**

 **A E**

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F#m

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 **A E**

**I raise my hands, bow my head**

 **D**

**I'm finding more and more truth in the words written in red**

 **Bm /C# D E**

**They tell me that there's more to this than just what i can see**

 **F#m A B**

**Oh i believe**

 **D E**

**i believe**

 **A G** (repeat riff…)

**i believe**