

Weak Man, Weak Boy

Balance and Composure

Bow your head close your eyes,
pray that you'll see your son again.
He's been there your whole life,
watching the door for you to come in.

He's not like other boys,
he's got good ideas, his thoughts are real.
But now he's lost his head, his heart and soul,
He cannot feel.

So carry on with your dull life,
keep the guilt deep in your chest,
deep inside of, don't let anyone in.

Your son's losing all hope,
he drags his feet when he walks.
You will not see him cry,
no, he'll hold it in until you talk.

What's been holding you back?
Just let him know you love him.
What's he supposed to think of dear old dad,
a real man.

So carry on with your dull life,
keep the guilt deep in your chest,
deep inside of, don't let anyone in.

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pray that you'll see your son again.