

Father

John Grant

We looked across the street
It's winter, there's a soft snow falling
The doors are open, there's no light
I hear a faint voice calling me
We walk inside into those rooms
Where we once laughed and played
It's all empty now, but it feels like it was yesterday

I see that cubbyhole and where we used to eat together
I see the walls you built
The room where I slept as a child
I went downstairs into the basement
Even though the lights aren't on
I can hear the Beach Boys singin'
And my brothers playin' pool

And sometimes I just want to run into your arms
And let you hold me, once again
I feel ashamed because I couldn't be the man
You always hoped that I would become
Ahh, ahh

And that's the staircase where I sat back in the 70s
Listening to the radio, the first big hit from C&T
I'd still be sitting there if anything were up to me
I can hear you telling me that nothing on this Earth is free

And now I see the work bench that you made with your two hands
And I'd give anything to see you standing
Where you used to stand
To feel your hand upon my shoulder
That meant comfort then
To see you turn around and smile and say
"Hey quatro, how you been?"

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So you've dedicated your entire life to one big lie
It seems you are afraid to live and equally afraid to die
You imparted that to me, I ate it up and swore that I
Would never take part in this world or try to build a life

And the people who sang "Jesus loves me this I know"
Have chosen someone else and say the Bible told them so
The laws of men aren't good enough for them they want their Book to be
The only one allowed but, not all of it just the OT

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