

Deny

Jonatha Brooke

Mother, mother, you're not listening any more
I am still the little boy with his height notched on the door
And it seems that my life has not turned out cut and dry
And it should have been love, love that showed you why

You cannot deny, you cannot deny me now

Father, father you are making a big mistake
I am not a shiny trophy, or another call that you forgot to make
And I have listened very closely to every word you have not tried
And it should have been love, love that showed you why

You cannot deny, you cannot deny me now

Oh my Lord, why's it taken you so long?
To give me grace and the dignity to right these wrongs
I will lead today, and I will follow you tomorrow
When the gloaming of my life, brings the promise of a peaceful
night
And there's just one thing that I need to know

That you will not deny, you will not deny me now