

Dear Father

Keith Wallen

Dear Father I hope you're well
I haven't talked to you in a while
So many things I want to tell you
If you could only see me now

Dear father I still see your face
In every mirror on every wall
A silhouette through time and space
We're not so different after all

I'm so damn sick of talking to heaven
And if you're not there who's gonna listen
So I'll keep talking to heaven
And the photographs that never last
Like I'm holding onto some kind of vision
Ohh
Dear Father

Dear Father nothing feels the same
I wish that you could take my call
See the lights see the stage see the world I made
See the man that I've become
Oh

I'm so damn sick of talking to heaven
And if you're not there who's gonna listen
So I'll keep talking to heaven
And the photographs that never last
Like I'm holding onto some kind of vision
Ohh
Dear Father

Grateful for every second that we had
I wish I had a way to bring you back

I'm so damn sick of talking to heaven
And if you're not there who's gonna listen
So I'll keep talking to heaven
And the photographs that never last
Like I'm holding onto some kind of vision
Ohh
Dear Father