

## 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