

Father

Kingcrow

Father looking straight at me
From a silver frame
Teenage clothes, a genuine smile I can't recall
Father you were just like me
Cut from the same cloth
Never really learned to cry or laugh out loud

Talk to me, please, for real
'Cause I'm so tired of living through my memories

Wondering what you'd think of me
Staring at the ground
Like I don't know where I belong anymore

Caught in all these strong emotions
I can't hear your distant voice
Were you expecting something different?
For sometimes I wish I was just anywhere else
Far from here
Anyone else except myself
Killing what was there before

Speechless after all this time
Holding words inside
Crowding in my throat but still I can't let go

Father what you'd think of me

Caught in all these strong emotions
I can't hear your distant voice
Were you expecting something different?
For sometimes I wish I was just anywhere else
Far from here
Anyone else except myself
Killing what was there before