

# Somebody's Son

Kirk Franklin

I was born a mistake  
A sin they couldn't erase  
A secret hidden half a century  
I look for you  
Do I look like you?  
Questions children cry out in their sleep  
I'd give up every trophy that I've won  
Just to be somebody's son

Every wrong, I did it  
Failures, I admit it  
Consequences now belong to me  
But who knew me not having you  
Would force me to see love so differently  
Fighting battles few have ever won  
Truly, you're somebody's son

It makes sense  
I'm running, I'm chasing, I'm falling  
It makes sense  
These demons, these strongholds, unbroken  
It makes sense  
We're searching for a mother's love  
Step two is pointless when you're stuck at one  
Until you're somebody's son

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Why, oh why  
Did You keep them far away?  
How much more do I have to pay?  
Why, oh why  
You ignore the prayers I pray?  
Habits come from past mistakes  
With each limp, my race I have to run  
But I guess so did Your Son