

# Father

Paula Cole

Father  
Father  
Father  
Father is a blackout  
Father is a sacrificial art  
Ready for sacrifice  
The holy rite  
Romanticized  
Some distant shrine  
A valentine  
Pretty paper shine  
Ego stroked  
And stitched inside...

I take it and take it  
And take it again  
I take it and take it  
And take it again

I just rip you out, just get you out  
Return to your karma  
Live another life  
Be the daughter, be the wife  
Receive your lashings this second time  
Be the beggar, be the shrew  
Bring this karma upon you  
And the river runs red  
And the banished bed  
Received your lessos, pick up the thread

We take it and take it  
And take it again  
We take it and take it  
And take it again

Feelings wash anew  
Another Father's Day too  
A scab torn fresh  
The blood lets, the skin stings  
But my tears don't spring  
Cause cynicism is my middle name  
Don't come here to blacken my birth  
Don't remember me  
I'm not your baby girl

I take it and take it  
And take it again  
I take it and take it  
And take it again

I take it and take it  
And take it again

Father  
Father  
Father  
Lilacs and hidden rooms

The scent of loss  
The whiff of doom  
Father