

Jonatha Brooke "Deny"

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Mother, mother, you're not listening any more
I am still the little boy with his height notched on the
door
And it seems that my life has not turned out cut and
dry
And it should have been love, love that showed you
why

You cannot deny, you cannot deny me now

Father, father you are making a big mistake
I am not a shiny trophy, or another call that you forgot
to make
And I have listened very closely to every word you have
not tried
And it should have been love, love that showed you
why

You cannot deny, you cannot deny me now

Oh my Lord, why's it taken you so long?
To give me grace and the dignity to right these wrongs
I will lead today, and I will follow you tomorrow
When the gloaming of my life, brings the promise of a
peaceful night
And there's just one thing that I need to know

That you will not deny, you will not deny me now

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