

Michael Card

"Underneath The Door"

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My father was a doctor, who would come home late at night
With a soul so bruised and bleeding from his unending faithful fight
To keep a hold of kindness in a world that isn't kind
To hold out the hope of healing to his hurting humankind

And he'd flee back to his study, to his bookish quiet place
With notes and books and journals, to all in his special space
Then he'd lock the door from things that cannot be locked out
And his youngest son would starve for what he would always do without

But it was meant to make me who I am and for all these many years
Till the little boy down on his knees full of hope and full of fear
Calling underneath the door, "This is me, it's who I am"
For we love the best by listening, when we try to understand

Desperate stubby fingers pushing pictures neath the door
And longing to be listened to, by the man that I adored
Inside someone who needed me just as much as I did him
Still unable to unlock the door that stayed closed inside of him

And it's strange the way we tend to flee from what we need the most
That a father would lock out his son when his heart would hold him close
But our wounds are part of who we are and there's nothing left to chance
And pain's the pen that writes the songs and they call us forth to dance

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