

Chris Filer

"Not To The Grave"

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I've cradled the grieving
And soaked up the tears
I've heard vain attempts
To make up for the years
I'm a keeper of stories, row after row
If only you knew what I know

Sorry's no good when you're standing alone
Begging forgiveness from a name carved in stone
Speak all the words you've been dying to say
They belong to the living and not to the grave

A father's neglect
That can't be undone
The shame and regret
Of a prodigal son
Seeking a pardon they come and they go
I listen, but can't offer hope

If the hurt runs deep
Let love run deeper still
Make your apologies, don't wait
Don't wait until...

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