

Rachelle Ferrell

"Too Late"

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1st Verse

Sixty-five years must've been too much to bear
For an insecure black man livin' on the verge of despair
Too much resentment and too much hate
From which there can be no easy escape

Chorus

It's too late, there's nothing left to give
Not for your woman, you got nothin' for your kids
It's too late, there's nothing left to hide
So you go your way, and I'll go mine

2nd Verse

My father and I don't get along
He's always right, I'm always wrong
We never talk he'd rather hide
Preening his pride and pruning mine
Chorus

It's too late, there's nothing left to give
Not for your woman, you got nothin' for your kids
It's too late, there's nothing left to hide

So you go your way, and I'll go mine

Bridge

I tried to talk to him, to go beyond the insults and lies
Depending on the love to keep the family alive
He said, "I don't wanna talk on account of the pressure
of my blood"
I said, "Can't we talk on account of love "
"I'm reaching out to you"
He said, "Don't reach out to me"
"But I love you! I love you! Dad don't you love me?"
He stared straight ahead at the basketball game on his
precious TV
And he never even opened his mouth

He never even opened his mouth to me and now

Chorus

It's too late, there's nothing left to give
Not for your woman, you got nothin' for your kids
It's too late, there's nothing left to hide
So you go your way, and I'll go mine
You go your way, you go your way
And I'll go mine

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