

Broken Frame

"Dear Father"

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Have I ever seen your face before? Tonight I can't.
Have I ever heard your voice before? In my head....
Yet I feel like I'm getting nowhere, with you...
Yet it feels like I've got nothing left to prove.

I've been trying too hard to please them all, forgetting
me.
I would like some dreams to call my own.... a
property.....
Yet it feels like I'm getting nowhere, with you...
Yet it feels like I've got nothing left to prove.

And Dear Father you can't deny my name
And my son I never meant to just complain
But I never really had a choice at all
But I never really had a choice to make... make, make...

And what will it say on my tombstone? A good man...
I would rather write it on my own.... not use your hand...
Yet it feels like I'm getting nowhere (getting nowhere),
with you...
Yet it feels like I've got nothing left to prove.

And Dear Father you can't deny my name
And my son I never meant to just complain
But I never really had a choice at all
But I never really had a choice to make...
make.....make....

And Dear Father you can't deny my name
And my son I never meant to just complain
But I never really had a choice at all,
But I never really had a choice to make
But I never really had a choice at all
But I never really had a choice to make...

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