

Ain't Nobody Perfect

Being As An Ocean

Unforgiveness is a cell I've made for myself,
Things can be said before, farewell.

Rich splashed his face with cold water,
Took a look at the man in the mirror.
He dried up and walked out
To the porch to finally talk to his father.
Man now tired, relieved of his anger.
His son looked him in the eye, spoke through anxiety.

"Dad, something has been weighing on me."
"What is it, Richie?"
He took a deep breath, his back drenched in sweat.
Floridian heat, he heard the ice melt in his father's tea,
The rocking creek of the swing.
Quietly, Rich began to speak,
"Unforgiveness is a cell I've made for myself,
Things can be said before, farewell."

"When I was young, you were awful to me;
A terrible father, a worse husband,
You have to see the blood on your hands.
Of all people, know what it's like to fear your ol' man
My entire life I've resented you,
But now I get what mom meant when she said,
(A father, never so broken)
'Ain't nobody perfect, ain't nobody got to be perfect.'
I'm tired of carrying resentments.
(A son, never outspoken)
I'm trying my best to forgive you,
To forgive you, to forgive you, to forgive you!"

(Farewell)

"Oh my son, for what I've done, I'm so sorry!
Just know that I've always loved you, if you ever can forgive me."

Our unforgiveness is a cell that we make for ourselves.
Things can be said before, farewell.

(Oh my son, for what I've done, I'm so sorry!
Oh my son, for what I've done, I'm so sorry!
Just know that I've always loved you, if you ever can forgive me.)
Tears of joy and pain streaming down their face,
Forgiveness opens the door to change.