

Sunday

H20

It was a sunday morning
I was way too young for this day
The phone rang, and her fates changed
And thats when all the pain came
I sat there trying to comprehend
I'll never see my dad again
He never saw me singing
He never saw me spell my name

And the images won't fade
Your voice, my joy, your pain
Its painted on my brain
No matter what i do or say

Another sunday morning
The biggest day of my life
She said "there's something inside me
Nine months and you will meet him"
In the delivery room I'm a patient boy
I wait, I wait, I wait
For the new life we created
If he's watching above would he be proud?

It's painted on my brain
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No matter what I do or say
These images won't fade

PAINTED ON MY BRAIN

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