Fatherâ€™s Day

Chino XL

Yeah, question, why are we on the fourth floor?
I asked her mother, but we both or weren't sure yet
This is where the doctor said that we should go
Holdin' my child, she's 10 months old
The hospital was so cold
Definitely ruinin' all of our holiday plans of beach sands
Filling out some bland paperwork with shaky hands (Lost)
Seein' little children stricken with a certain sickness
Clutch my baby a little tighter, reflect the nervous feelings
A whole hour passed, we starting to lose patience
Humbled by the thoughts of patients lost in this situation (What's going on?)
Here comes a nurse, not knowing that we should fear the worst
Seen the doctor's mouth movin', couldn't even hear the words
This isn't happenin' to you, I'm like Superman
And I could protect you from anything, I was really scared (Serious)
I realized what I heard, but not prepared for
The sentence that the doctor said, "Your daughter has cancer"
I will take my life right now if you would save my child
I'd exchange my life for hers, this is my solemn vow
No more chemo in her veins and no more screams of pain (I pray)
This is a father's shame, that I can't save you from everythingOkay, I got to man up
It hit me so hard, that I could barely stand up (My world stopped)
Then the flowers and balloons and the cards came
Prayers many hours, knees bruised all in God's name (Hurt so much)
If only my feeble hands could remove this neuroblastoma tumor from your adrenal glands (Helpless)
Why you? Why now? It didn't feel fair
Your grandma shed tears, you lost your hair
It's unbelievable little Bella was that strong
And inconceivable we lived in the hospital that long (Forever)
Protecting your immune system from contaminants
You had to wear a medical mask, can't give my kid a kiss (Imagine)
I learned to envision your face growing getting older
Envisioned you driving your first car and getting your diploma
Envisioned your wedding, your husband better be a soldier
A little girl sick like you died two rooms over (Eva)
Chemotherapy made Christmas hard to process
I fed the family faith, hoping it would make their fears starve to death
Your momma's tough, prayed to Saint Jude's that it's a bad dream
But could it be I'm speaking to a doctor and not Epstein?

I remember the cries, remember the meals fed through tubes
Pulling the red wagon, the sound of the plastic wheels
Kind of a metaphor for pulling through this ordeal
I pray my enemies never even have to know how this feels (hurts)
But forget our feelings, it doesn't matter, you're the one suffering
You couldn't speak a lot yet, but its like your eyes was saying
"Daddy, if it's an obstacle, and price I got to pay
For a long, great life, then we'll make it through okay"
The day of your final surgery, I still live in that moment
The teddy bear you were holding, I still own it
I watched the doors closing, February 2, 2004
My little girl is curedMy GodJoy x4
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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