# Father

## John Whelan

Father, oh Father, hear me if You can
Is it true what they say that life is a dream? I don't understand
The things that make rain in my eyes
Are they real or are they lies?
You know I hear so much about You now
I'd give anything to go on a little boat with You
Talk about the scheme of things
On a little boat with You
Father, oh Father, guide me if You can
Or give me the chance to follow You home
I am Your son but I wish I knew You
When You were young were You lonely as a boy?
You know I'd give so much to see You now
I'd go anywhere, pick a little stick and walk with You
Talk about the scheme of things
On a short walk with You
Father, oh Father, You give me just a little hope
I feel something out there reaching for me
Well, here I am, won't You take me with You out of this maze
And away from this place
Because it gets so cold and lonely here
I'll do anything to sit on a little rock with You
Talk about the scheme of things
On a small rock with You
Show me, show me, show me the way
Before they grind me down and bleach me grey
Send me power not to be afraid and when I close my eyes
Let me see You once in the light
Father, oh Father, heal me if You can
Is it true what they say that life is a dream?

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