A Million Questions

My Dad Is Dead

As we stand in silence
And stare at the ground
Sun sets behind us
Slides slowly on down

As we turn in silence
Can we ever go home
Night grows behind us
Ever blackening dome

As we break in silence
Will we ever be whole
Distance grows between us
Sets fire to our souls

Why has love always eluded me?
Why does the money fall like water through my hands?
Why has nothing ever satisfied?
Why does everything always end?

I've got a million questions for you
I've got a million questions for you
I've got a million questions for you
And here's
Here's just a few

Lyrics submitted by Conrad Bourdeau.

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