

Dana Key, Dear Mr. Clapton

Dear Mr. Clapton,
I have learned of your loss.
Tears in heaven,
It's a beautiful song.

I know your bleeding
Won't cease with my words.
They're just a cool drink
To help you along.

Through Saturdays with no noise,
Baseballs and untouched toys.
They leave an empty feeling in your soul.

He is in heaven's care.
There are no tears up there, cause,
Jesus loves children more than we will ever know.
He loves those children more than we will ever know.

Dear Mr. Clapton,
You are not without hope.
The door to heaven
lies beyond the grave

If you would only
believe as a child,
someday this pain
will be washed away.

Of, memories of holidays,
That small angelic face.
They leave an empty feeling in your soul.

CHORUS

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