

# Newsboys, Always

what were you thinking  
I have a right to ask  
is there a reason  
other than your past?  
the great pretender  
why was I the last  
to see through your skin?  
is there a chance  
you'll ever change?

it's always the same  
you're always to blame  
is there any way around it  
I can't see  
you walked out on her  
you planned to be free  
I'm trying not to point the finger  
but it's killing me

What were you thinking  
were you thinking of me?  
did you see what they wrote  
on the family tree?  
I know it's over  
it's all in the past  
need I to forgive you  
if I'm to last - will I ever change?

take these pieces thrown away  
put them together from  
night 'n' day  
washed by the sun  
dried by the rain  
to be my father  
in my fatherless days