

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