

One True Thing, Dearest

As I stand here all alone,
shoulders shudder in my cold.
Hid my bruises, hid my secrets
in my heart for too long.
Well, I'm standing on my own.
Your house never was my home.
That was yesterday,
and memories don't fade away.

There's a picture on the wall,
Father's arms around his daughter.
She pleads, 'Father, Daddy, when will you be a man?'
Be a man. A man.

When you kicked me down the stairs,
to my haven underground.
Said I wasn't worth
the dirt under your fingernails.
When you said you wanted more,
then you labeled me a whore.
And these days forget,
but nothing mutes the wound inside!

There's a picture on the wall,
Father's arms around his daughter.
Her eyes brim with tears,
but smile to hide the hate inside her heart.
There's a picture on the wall,
Daddy's arms around his Princess.
She pleads, 'Daddy, go away!'
Away, away.
Dearest, Daddy's gone away.
Take me away!

There's a picture on the floor,
broken glass shards in my toes.
My blood stains the carpet,
my bloodstain's a memory.
There's a picture on the floor,
broken glass rings through my soul,
Dad, these scars won't fade away!