

# Tooji, Father

Your head is so deep in the box so you cannot rise up from it,  
The world is getting cold, you got so numb while you played with it,  
Forgot your heart on the road, how are you filling up the empty seats?  
Your hands are getting cold while you're looking for another treat, a glimpse of heat.

And I'll be running from you.  
Father if you could just hear me, I'm tired of running, I'm tired of running.

And I'll be,  
Running from you.  
Oh, father if you could just hear me, I'm tired of running, I'm tired of running from you.

Father /8x

You're so obsessed with your high,  
Cloud nine didn't make an ease.  
And I can see your road,  
Lights out by the end of it.

I feel so bad for you now,  
While you're cleaning up your wounds to heal.  
Tell me, what's the point?  
When you're looking for that other need to make it bleed.

And I'll be,  
Running from you.  
Oh, father if you could just hear me, I'm tired of running,  
I'm tired of running from you.

Father /8x

May all beings everywhere plagued  
With suffering of body and mind  
Quickly be freed from their illness  
May those frightened cease to be afraid  
And may those bound be free  
May the powerless find power  
And may people think of each other.