

Father, Friend, Stranger

Father,

I wish you knew what made me bitter,
Perhaps you would then understand me better.
All you see is someone cold,
Someone whose presence gets old.

Father, Friend,

I remind you of your past
When your heart was put to the test
When you left and swore you tried your best
But you left me in the nest
For I was forced to defend with the rest
Can't you see that Mom's a mess?

Father, Friend, Stranger

Am I that hard to miss?
You can't even look at me when you give me a kiss,
I guess I'm that easy to diss.
I want love and you always gave me the fist
I thought I meant more to you than this.
Maybe someday I'll be hard to miss.

Until then I will defend on my own
In the emptiness of a so called "home"
For there is no difference whether you call me on the phone
I am still all alone.