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I Confess

Reference number PT0549

SHAW

Oh yes! He has all the answers.
He's gonna set me straight.
How can he presume to know what I've been through?
He hasn't got a clue.
But how could anyone, unless they've had a son?

As perfect as a child could be, the best of all the best in me,
my brush with immortality, my kid.
For sixteen winters and fifteen springs,
I had a son, and still it stings when I remember all the things we did,
me and my kid.

Simple things like fishing at the lake, tip-toeing out before dawn.
Bobby would worry if we didn't hurry, all of the fish would be gone.
We would sit and huddle in the boat, waiting for something to bite,
and I'd watch the sunrise in my own son's eyes.
And the world would fill up with light.

(spoken)

And Bobby would ask a million questions.
"Daddy, how many is the biggest number?"
Or "Daddy, why do I have a thumb?"

(sung)

And I confess I didn't always have the answers,
I didn't always know which way was true.
Nevertheless, I always tried to lead with love.
That's all that any father can do.

As the years went by, we had our differences.

(spoken)

But then, who doesn't?

(sung)

Even if the friendship wasn't all it was before,
We shared a lot,
and who'd have thought that so much joy could vanish in a blink?
Who ever stops to think?
And in that final moment who knows what went wrong?
The questions come too late and linger far too long.
And I confess I don't always have the answers,
I don't always know which way is true.
Nevertheless,
I've always tried to lead with love.
That's all that any father can do.

(spoken)

And then look... look, what do I do?

(sung)

This boy comes to me, this fatherless child.
I scoff at his pain and I send him away!
My daughter speaks up and I shout her down,
I won't hear a word of what she has to say!
My wife reaches out and I turn my back.
I send her to bed without even a kiss!
Can my God forgive the things I have done
while I've tried forgetting how much I'm still missing my son?

I'm tired of feeling nothing but numb.
Maybe the time has come to finally let the world in.
But how do I begin?

Give me strength and maybe then I can reach my fellow men
so we all may rise again.

I confess I don't always have the answers,
I don't always know which way is true.
Nevertheless, I've always tried to lead with love.
That's all that any father can do.