

"Bucket Full of Tears"

By Oba William King

Right behind my eyes there is a bucket full of tears
but I can't cry...'cause I'm a man.

Right behind my eyes you see the loneliness and fear
but I can't cry won't you understand.

So many weeks have come and gone since I have held you
in my arms,

I want to keep you safe and war but they say loving you
is wrong.

You are my sweet and precious pearl, I hope to give to
you the world.

I'll do anything to keep you near, I need to know you
'cause my dear

Without you I can barely breathe, look at the trees
don't see the leaves

I wonder if you feel it too, how much my heart is
missing you.

If I could hold you in my arms I'd keep you safe from
any harm.

Don't ever think at you I'm mad, I'll always be your loving dad.

Right behind my eyes, a bucket full of tears - I can't cry, I can't cry

Right behind my eyes you see loneliness and fear

I can't cry, help you understand

I remember sitting in your chair, you know that I was always there

Pray to God each and every day that in your heart I'll always stay

No matter what they say or do, nothing will stop me from loving you

And when you're grown, you'll understand that God is the one with the master plan.

Right behind my eyes, a bucket full of tears but I can't cry - 'cause I'm a man

Nobody knows when this began, when woman felt to revenge the man,

She'd work to keep his child away a most disgusting game to play.

Nobody wins and worst of all it is the child who takes the fall.

When the money's spent what have you got, lessons learned are the lessons taught.

I'm the same guy who nine months ago, you promised your heart you promised your soul.

Now that God's precious child has come, you want to pack your things and run.

Where will you go where will you stay, but most of all what will you say

When our child asks you, "Where's my dad? Where's my dad?"

Right behind my eyes, a bucket full of tears, I can't cry - 'cause I'm a man

God chose me so I can tell the world about this living hell,

Of separating us and them, it must be the most deadly sin.

See daddies love their babies too, to separate us is so cruel,

When will we stop this awful game, a child needs more than just our name.

Right behind my eyes, a bucket full of tears, I can't cry, I can't cry, I can't cry, I can't cry

Nobody knows when this began, when woman felt to revenge the man,

She'd work to keep his child away a most disgusting game to play.

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