

Dad Gone Thing

Gregory Porter

Jack of all trade
Master of everything
Lived a life with a spice
For the party he brings

He could out-pray the Pope
More junk, more dope
He was my missin' link
Pour him another drink

He was always there
To hear the church-bells ringing
Front row, right pew
So that he could be seen

I was with him through all of this
But a few things that he missed
He didn't teach me a dad gone thing
But how to sing

He charmed all the ladies
They would watch his show
He made art from his heart
He could make a tear flow

He could out-play the devil
Out-smart him too
If you would hear him croon his tune
He would blow your mind too

He was always there
To hear the church-bells ringing
Front row, right pew
They might call him to do his thing

He spun around in the pulpit
Flashin' a diamond ring
He didn't teach me a dad gone thing
But how to sing

He charmed all the ladies
They would watch his show
He was smart, he was sharp
But didn't wanna let go

He could out-play the devil
But why did he play me?
I stood right in front of his stage
But still I was hard to see

He was always there
To hear the church-bells ringing
Front row, right pew
So that he could be seen

He would trade his only son
For the life that he could get

So the son went to the father's church
Stepped into the pulpit

Laying his head back, and opened his mouth
The church jumped up like spring
You didn't teach me a dad gone thing
But how to sing

And I won't sing my song
(Heavenly Father)
Sing my song
(Heavenly Father)
Heavenly Father
(Heavenly Father)

Can you hear my plea?
(Heavenly Father)
Heavenly Father, now, now, yeah
(Heavenly Father)

(Heavenly Father)
Hey now, Heavenly Father
(Heavenly Father)
Can you hear my song?
(Heavenly Father)
Can you hear my song?