

Caro Padre

Deaf Havana

I arrived on time, into my mother's arms
and a name I didn't choose.
I was blinded by the white of the hospital,
and in that moment I was pure and absolute.
Little did I know the moment died when it
was young, when my father taught me half
of right and wrong. He washed his hands of
trust and left us penniless before my brain
had chance to learn his foreign tongue.
Even though I feel like I'm alright, part of
me is missing when I close my eyes. It's clear
that you shine through me in every mistake
that can't be undone. As I'm getting older,
oh, it's clear what I've become. I am my father's son
I am my father's son
It's clear what I've become.
I am my father's son I do more than just share your name, I
can feel your blood running through my
veins. Because the lying, the cheating, the
stealing, oh, it's transferred through. To me,
from you.
All of the months and the years that have
gone by, you never once could find the time
to tell me why. In all of the months and
the years that we've gone through, I tried
my best to be myself but ended up turning
into you.

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