

MY ANGEL, GABRIEL

By John Lipinski

A sculptor had been created and someone else's story told
With lies, framed, abandonment, for a son I'd never hold
Questions arose, a different name somebody chose
The vision of this artist, clearly underexposed

The boy grew into quite a man, and his questions still remained
Where is my father, does he understand my pain
Why can he not love me, I never did him wrong
It's so very simple, I just want to belong

He's my angel, Gabriel, my first one of three
Thank the Lord up in heaven, above, for bringing you home to me
Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, no terms, unconditionally
I am your father, you are my son, forgive me for what's been done

Then, my son, he reached out to me, to find what had been lost
Never holding it over me, to justify what years had cost
Can you meet me, halfway, forget the time gone by
We still have tomorrow, it's the only reason why

You're my angel, Gabriel, first born, oldest of three
I thank the Lord, each and every day, for bringing you home to me
Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, with love, unconditionally
I'll always be your father, you'll always be my son, Gabriel, what's done is d