

**Oh, I wish my heart wasn't broken from the start.  
I never stood a fighting chance.  
In all my days, from my cradle to my grave  
I'll never have a father-daughter dance.**

It was always drama. I'm sorry I'm always so anxious and numb.  
Just sorry I'm fucked up. I really just don't know how to love, how to trust.  
I try but when I talk about him I should probably cry but  
He's nothing, he's no one, a stranger.

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I'm never alone, but god I'm so lonely.  
I fuck with my phone, hoping it'll help me with my anxiety, but it don't.  
I don't even know if I wanna have kids,  
I don't wanna fuck 'em up the way he did.

Sometimes I wonder, if I'd had a dad,  
Would he have protected me  
From all the bad shit, the bad men?  
Would I even be the same person?

Somebody to help with a flat tire.  
Somebody to walk me down the aisle.  
Somebody to help with a flat tire.  
Somebody to walk me down the aisle.

The worst part of this is I'm not even sad.  
How do I miss something I never had?

**Oh, I wish my heart wasn't broken from the start.  
I never really stood a fighting chance.  
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I'll never have a father-daughter dance.**

Yet everyone who has pain don't turn to ice.  
I'm sure that at the time you tried your best,  
But all of this has made me who I am.

Without that father-daughter dance ...