

# The Prodigal Son

Becky Buller, *Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI*

In the graying hours of twilight  
I came 'round that final bend  
And saw the homestead standing silent in the snow  
I never dared imagine  
That I'd see this place again  
But it's funny how life leads us where it knows we need to go

They loved these 40 acres  
They turned with calloused hands  
Now it lies amid the tangled weeds and rust  
I'm calling out their names  
But all the answers is the wind  
'Cause their faces have turned to shadows and their voices to a hush

Chorus:       The prodigal son has come back home  
                  To the arms he's been longing for to hold  
                  But all he's found are faded memories  
                  Of how the way things used to be  
                  And truth that only comes with growing old  
                  Truth that only comes with growing old

I set out with good intentions  
Thinking I knew best  
Searching for that fortune waiting to be mine  
But when the hard times settled in  
And took the air right from my chest  
I realized the things I treasured most were what I left behind

Repeat Chorus

Bridge:        No feast is set and waiting  
                  No rings and fancy robes  
                  I came to ask forgiveness  
                  Now I see I'm all alone

The years will go by quickly  
And time will take its toll  
It's enough to bring a man down to his knees  
It's only now I realize  
What I've denied my soul  
And my only hope's to rest beneath those same old maple trees

Last chorus:   The prodigal son has come back home  
                  To the arms he's been longing for to hold  
                  But all he's found our faded memories  
                  Of how the way things used to be  
                  And truth that only comes with growing old  
                  I wonder why I ever sold my soul  
                  To this greenback dollar world we call our own