

The Prodigal Son

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Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI

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In the graying hours of twilight, I came 'round that final bend
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 that they turned with calloused hands
Now it lies amid the tangled weeds and rust.
I'm calling out their names but all that answers is the wind
Cuz their faces have turned to shadows and their voices to a hush.

Chorus: The prodigal son has now come 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
 And truth that only comes with growing old.

I set out with good intentions, thinkin' I knew best,
Searchin' for that fortune waitin' 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'd left behind.

Chorus: The prodigal son has now come 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
 And truth that only comes with growing old.

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.

Tag: I wonder why I ever sold my soul
 To this greenback dollar world we call our own.