

At the Table

Josh Garrels

I went the ways of wayward winds
In a world of trouble and sin
Walked a long and crooked mile
Behind a million rank and file
Forgot where I came from
Somewhere back when I was young
I was a good manâ€™s child
'Cause I lost some nameless things
My innocence flew away from me
She had to hide her face from my desire
To embrace forbidden fire
But at night I dream
Sheâ€™s singing over me
Oh, oh, my child
Come on home, home to me
And I will hold you in my arms
And joyful be
There will always, always be
A place for you at my table
Return to me
Wondering where I might begin
Hear a voice upon the wind
Sheâ€™s singing faint but singing true
Son, there ainâ€™t nothing you can do
But listen close and follow me
Iâ€™ll take you where youâ€™re meant to be
Just donâ€™t lose faith
So I put my hand upon the plow
Wipe the sweat up from my brow
Plant the good seed along the way
As I look forward to the day
When at last I see
My Father run to me
Singing oh, my child
Come on home, home to me
And I will hold you in my arms
And joyful be
There will always, always be
A place for you at my table

Return to me
My child

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