Prodigal Son

Electronic

You may be a star in your own mind
But you're greatly deluded in my mine
I heard reports that you drink
And you take drugs most of the time
And that your life is in danger
And that you were involved in a crimeIs it over?
Is it over?
Will you come home now?
Is it over?
Is it over?
Don't you let me downYou're the architect of your own excess
Join the queue at the start of line
In a wilderness with an empty sky
The clouds are gone and the dessert is dryThe prodigal son is returning
He shouldn't be walking the streets
They tell me that children are starving
He's got everything that he needsIs it over?
Is it over?
Will you come home now?
Is it over?
Is it over?
Is it over now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come?
Won't you come home?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come?
Won't you come home?Won't you come home now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come home now?
Won't you come?
Won't you come home?

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