

# 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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