

# A Modern Day Prodigal Son

Brantley Gilbert

I set out one night in the fast lane bound for freedom  
in a truck that daddy bought me  
and money mom had saved for school  
I laid down all my books and picked up the drinking  
well hell I let 'em down  
when i gave up like a fool  
and one reckless night just lookin' for my whiskey  
I found a bible mama gave me and read a while  
I read a story 'bout a man who lived just like me  
then finally ate his pride and came runnin' home  
lord I'm a renegade, a rambler  
I've squandered all I've owned  
a bonafied runaway, I'm a gambler  
can't count the lies I've told  
and I need redemption, how 'bout forgiveness  
and I pray for open arms, and i coming home  
yea I'm comin' home, like a modern day prodigal son  
I had all of my things packed by early mornin'  
I left that bottle I'd lost right there on the bathroom floor

I stopped at a payphone and called back home to mama  
yeah she might not even talk after all I've done  
and the phone rang twice before I got an answer  
mama nearly dropped the phone when she heard me say  
I said mom it's your son and will yall have me  
she said son you know I've longed for this day  
lord I'm a renegade, a rambler  
I've squandered all I've owned  
a bonafied runaway, I'm a gambler  
can't count the lies I've told  
and I need redemption, how 'bout forgiveness  
and I pray for open arms, can you be with me lord  
oh cause I'm coming home like a modern day prodigal son  
lord I'm a renegade, a rambler  
I've squandered all I've owned  
a bonafied runaway, I'm a gambler  
can't count the lies I've told  
and I need redemption, how 'bout forgiveness  
and I pray for open arms, be with me lord

cause im goin' home like a modern day prodigal son

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