

The Golden Boy and the Prodigal

Jason Gray

There are two sides to every person
Like the two sides of a dime
Heads or tails it depends upon
Who's watching at the time
Though I hate to say it
Mine is no exception
One part is the prodigal
The other part: deception
Like the prince and the pauper
Like Jacob and his brother
Each hide a different heart
Each a shadow of the other
Me and my doppelganger
Both share the same blood
One I have hated
The other have I loved
One of them's the Golden Boy
The man I'd like to be I show him off in the parades
For all the world to see
The other is much weaker
He stumbles all the time
The source of my embarrassment
He's the one I try to hide
The Golden boy is made of straw
His finest suit will surely burn
His vice is the virtue
That he never had to earn
The prodigal's been broken
And emptied at the wishing well
But he's stronger for the breaking
With a story to tell
I'm not easy with confessions
It's hard to tell the truth
But I have favored the golden boy
While the other I've abused
And he takes it like a man
Though he's longing like a child
To be loved and forgiven
And share the burden for awhile

So take a good look in the mirror
Tell me who you see
The one who Jesus died for
Or the one you'd rather be
Can you find it in your heart
To show mercy to the one
The Father loved so much
That he gave his only son...

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