The Prodigal Son

The Gatlin Brothers

There was a young man who had the best of everything
He was the first born of a wealthy man
But he was not satisfied with the best of everything
So he took his possessions in his handHe traveled far and wide and he tasted worldly pleasure
But deep inside, he was lonely without measure
He wound up in a pig pen, nearly dead
Then he raised his eyes toward Heaven and he saidI will arise and go back to my father's house
I will beg him to forgive me for the fool I've been
I will arise and go back to my father's house
I will gladly be a servant if he'll take me back againI was a young man who had the best of everything
I was the first born of a hardworking man
But I was not satisfied with the best of everything
So I took my possessions in my handI traveled far and wide and I tasted worldly pleasure
But deep inside, I was lonely without measure
I wound up in Las Vegas, nearly dead
Then I raised my eyes toward Heaven and I saidI will arise and go back to my father's house
I will beg him to forgive me for the fool I've been
I will arise and go back to my father's house
I will gladly be a servant if he'll take me back againSo I did arise and go back to my father's house
I said, Father, I'm sick and tired of being alone
So I did arise and go back to my father's house
And then he wrapped his arms around me
And said, Son, you're welcome home