

# Prodigal Son

## Bad Religion

Oh, can't you feel the nostalgia  
I wonder about your Modernistocrat Horatio Alger  
Clever never hesitating in the baiting  
Ever waiting for the canticle of manacles abating Did you ever forget  
You had a regret?  
And what you've only guessed at  
Might still be waiting When the prodigal son with a caroming shadow  
Of hate comes to land at home  
Well, he's a mourning star  
With a champagne heart at his curtain call And father never understood the way the work gets done  
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son  
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son When everybody above is ready to bout you  
About controversial values  
Don't you think you better readdress the level  
Of the cowardice rising to drown you Did you ever connect?  
Or come to reject? Or even inspect  
The dream that hounds you? When the prodigal son with a caroming shadow  
Of hate comes to land at home  
Well, he's a mourning star  
With a champagne heart at his curtain call And father never understood the way the work gets done  
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son  
Don't look at me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son When you least expect it, he's going to run  
Like the blood red path of the western sun, oh yeah The prodigal son is waiting, waiting for his moment to come  
Well, hell no, don't look at me  
Can't you see? I ain't one, no prodigal son  
It ain't me, no, I ain't one, no prodigal son

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