

A Modern Day Prodigal Son

Brantley Gilbert

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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