

The Prodigal

Amy Grant

I face the day again
Against the window pane
I remain your closest friend
And wish you back again You wonder how I feel
You think you've pushed too far
If only you could see this pen
Scribbling down my heart I'll be waiting
I may be young or old and gray
Counting the days
But I'll be waiting
And when I finally see you come
I'll run when I see you
I'll meet you But still the days drag on
Why did you decide to go?
Did you only need to see
What only time can show? I'll be waiting
I may be young or old and gray
Counting the days
But I'll be waiting
And when I finally see you come
I'll run when I see you And even if
You never do return
Still I will have learned
How to love you better I'll be waiting
I may be young or old and gray
Counting the days
But I'll be waiting
And when I finally see you come
I'll run to meet you I'll be waiting
I may be young or old and gray
Counting the days
I'll be waiting
And when I finally see you come
I'll run to meet you

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