

The Prodigal Son Suite

Keith Green

I was done hoeing, out in the fields for the day,
I was thinking of going, I had to leave right away,
My life is just fading, and oh I felt so alone,
The nearest young maiden was, a full day's ride from home. My father was reading, the holy books in his room,
My heart was just bleeding, I knew I had to go soon,
He smiled and pointed at an old wooden chair,
I wanted to hold him, but then I just wouldn't dare. I said, father, there's so much to know,
There's a world of things to see,
And I'm ready to go and make a life for myself
If you give me what is mine,
I will go, if I can have your blessing,
But if you won't bless my journey, I'm gonna leave anyway.
Son, I've always tried my best for you,
And if you must be leaving home, then go with the blessing of god. Not too many days later, I was well on my
way,
I met a travelling stranger, who seemed to have much to say,
He told me tales of the city, and all the women he'd had,
I asked him, wasn't that sinful,
He said, no, it isn't that bad.
And then a few days later, on an old city road,
We were drowning in laughter, and we had women to hold,
And this went on quite a long time, my father gave me a lot,
But when my pockets were empty, my friends all left me to rot. Then a famine hit and drained the land,
Everywhere I looked I saw starvation, and a job was nowhere to find,
I wandered through the city streets, competing for the food of common beggars,
Until then I'd never known hunger, but now I wasn't too proud.
I finally found some employment, feeding pigs on a farm,
I wasn't treated to kindly, I had to sleep in the barn,
I had to eat with the swine,
The bread I ate was like stone,
It didn't take too much time until, I was dreaming of home.
Oh, the servants there are better fed,
If I could only have what my father gives them,
I would truly need nothing more.
Oh, I will go and say to him,
I'm no longer worthy to be in your family,
Will you take me as your servant, and let me live with them. It didn't take too long to pack my things,
I left with only what I wore,
And I prayed that I still had a home.

I was near home, in site of the house,
My father just stared, dropped open his mouth,
He ran up the road, and fell to my feet, and cried, and cried,
Father I've sinned, heaven ashamed,
I'm no longer worthy to wear your name,
I've learned that my home is right where you are,
Oh father, take me in.
Bring the best robe, put it on my son,
Shoes for his feet, hurry put them on,
This is my son who I thought had died,
Prepare a feast for my son's alive,
I've prayed and prayed, never heard a sound,
My son was lost, oh thank you God he's found,
My son was dead and now alive,
Prepare a feast for my son's alive,
My son was dead,
My son was lost,
My son's returned in the hands of God.

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