

# Bring Him Home

Barry Manilow

God on high  
here my prayer  
in my need  
you have always been there  
he is young  
he's afraid  
let him rest  
heaven blessed  
bring him home  
bring him home  
bring him home  
he's like the son I might have known  
if God had granted me a son  
the summer's die one by one  
how soon they fly on and on  
and I am old and will be gone  
bring him peace  
bring him joy  
he is young  
he is only a boy  
you can take you can give  
let him be let him live  
if I die, let me die  
let him live  
bring him home  
bring him home  
bring him home

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