Prodigal Song

Laura Story

Henry loves the ballpark
But lately he ain't coming round
Things have been so different
Since his youngest boy left townFighting seem so harmless
Families sometimes disagree
It's hard to know the reason
Why he finally chose to leave
But he's gone away, his father waitsAnd he is watching and he is hoping
Though his eyes are weary, his arms are still open
And his prayer so softly spoken
Please come homeNow Henry sits and wonders
In that front porch rocking chair
Does his boy remember
All the love the family shared
And is he cold out there alone?And he is watching and he is hoping
Though his eyes are weary, his arms are still open
And his prayer so softly spoken
Please come homeTo your seat at the table
To your father who weeps
Every night in sleepless dreams
He longs to see his face in younger skin
Running down the driveway againAnd he is watching and he is hoping
Though his eyes are weary, his arms are still open
And his prayer so softly spoken
Please come home

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