

# 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 town  
Fighting 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 waits  
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 home  
Now 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 home  
To 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 again  
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 home

Lyrics provided by

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