

Bring Him Home

Susan Boyle

God on high
Hear my prayer
In my need
You have always been thereHe is young
He's afraid
Let him rest
Heaven blessedBring him home
Bring him home
Bring him homeHe's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son.
The summers die
One by one
How soon they fly
On and on
And I am old
And will be goneBring him peace
Bring him joy
He is young
He is only a boyYou can take
You can give
Let him be
Let him live
If I die
Let me die
Let him liveBring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home

Songwriters

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