

# Heather Dale, Prodigal Son

Did you think that you were better, somehow better than me?  
You come here with your arms thrown wide like that means anything to me  
You think 'cause you're a big man now you can take what isn't yours  
You come here in your righteousness and you think that opens doors

Did you miss the one that pushed you out, that womb that gave your life?  
Did you come to see my father's grave or the man who took his wife?  
You don't know what I could have been but for an accident of birth  
But I got only what I could take and you were given God's own earth

And you come running back like a prodigal son  
You think you can finish what we have begun  
The cradle will rock and the cradle will fall  
And I gave you nothing, but you gave it all

Did you somehow feel neglected? Did it leave you wanting more?  
God, they raised you up like Jesus Christ and then they branded me the whore  
They say when you get desperate, well, you'd do anything for pride  
And I've got your little secret, dear--I've carried it inside

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You come here with your arms thrown wide, like that means anything to me  
You think 'cause you're a big man now you can take what isn't yours  
You come here in your righteousness and you think that opens doors  
Oh, yeah, you think that opens doors.