Rolling Stones, Prodigal Son

(Rev. Wilkins)

Well a poor boy took his father's bread and started down the road
Started down the road
Took all he had and started down the road
Going out in this world, where God only knows
And that'll be the way to get along
Well poor boy spent all he had, famine come in the land
Famine come in the land
Spent all he had and famine come in the land
Said, "I believe I'll go and hire me to some man"
And that'll be the way I'll get along
Well, man said, "I'll give you a job for to feed my swine
For to feed my swine
I'll give you a job for to feed my swine"
Boy stood there and hung his head and cried
Cause that is no way to get along
Said, "I believe I'll ride, believe I'll go back home
Believe I'll go back home
Believe I'll ride, believe I'll go back home
Or down the road as far as I can go"
And that'll be the way to get along
Well, father said, "See my son coming home to me
Coming home to me"
Father ran and fell down on his knees
Said, "Sing and praise, Lord have mercy on me"
Mercy
Oh poor boy stood there, hung his head and cried
Hung his head and cried
Poor boy stood and hung his head and cried
Said, "Father will you look on me as a child?"
Yeah
Well father said, "Eldest son, kill the fatted calf,
Call the family round
Kill that calf and call the family round
My son was lost but now he is found
Cause that's the way for us to get along"
Hey