

# Amy Grant, The Prodigal (I'll Be Waiting)

I face the day again  
Against the window pane.  
I remain your closest friend,  
And wish you back again.  
You wonder how I feel;  
You think you've pushed too far.  
If only you could see this pen  
Scribbling down my heart.

I'll be waiting.  
I may be young or old and gray,  
Counting the days,  
But I'll be waiting,  
And when I finally see you come,  
I'll run when I see you--  
I'll meet you.

But still the days drag on.  
Why did you decide to go?  
Did you only need to see  
What only time can show?

I'll be waiting.  
I may be young or old and gray,  
Counting the days,  
But I'll be waiting,  
And when I finally see you come,  
I'll run when I see you.

And even if  
You never do return,  
Still I will have learned  
How to love you better.

I'll be waiting.  
I may be young or old and gray,  
Counting the days,  
But I'll be waiting,  
And when I finally see you come,  
I'll run to meet you.

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Counting the days,  
I'll be waiting,  
And when I finally see you come,  
I'll run to meet you.