

Keith Green, The Prodigal Son Suite

I was done hoeing, out in the fields for the day.
I was thinking of going, I had to leave right away.
My life was just fading, and though I felt so alone,
the nearest young maiden was, a full day's ride from home.

My father was reading, the holy books in his room,
my heart was just pleading, I knew I had to go soon.
He smiled and pointed, to an old wooden chair,
I wanted to hold him, but then I just wouldn't dare!
I said "Father there's so much to know, there's a world of things to see
and I'm ready, to go and make a life for myself.
If you give me what is mine, I will go if I can have your blessing,
but if you won't bless my journey, I'm going to leave anyway."

"Son, I've always tried my best for you, but if,
you must be leaving home, then go, with the blessing, of God."

Not too many days later, I was well on my way.
I met a traveling stranger, who seemed to have much to say.
He told me tales of the city, and all the women he had.
I asked him wasn't that sinful?
He said "No, it isn't that bad!"

Then a few days later, on an old city road,
we were drowning in laughter, and we had women to hold.
And this went on quite a long time, my father gave me a lot.
But when my pockets were empty Lord oh, my "friends" all left me rot!

Then a famine hit and drained the land,
everywhere I looked I saw starvation,
and a job was so hard to find.
I wandered through the city streets,
competing for the food of common beggars,
up till then I'd never known hunger,
but now I wasn't too proud.

I finally found some employment,
feeding pigs on a farm. I wasn't treated too kindly Lord,
I had to sleep in the barn. I had to eat with swine!
The bread I ate was like stone. It didn't take too much time until,
I was dreaming of home! Oh! the servants there are better fed,
if I could only have what my father gives them,
I would truly need nothing more.
Oh I will go and say to him, "I'm no longer worthy to be in your family,
will you take me as your servant? And let me live with them?"

It didn't take too long to, pack my things.
I left with only what I wore, and I prayed, that I still had, a home.

I was near home, in sight of the house.
My father just stared, dropped open his mouth.
He ran up the road, and fell to my feet, and cried, and cried.
"Father, I've sinned, Heaven's ashamed.
I'm no longer worthy, to wear your name,
I've learned that my home, is right where you are,
Oh father, take me in."

"Bring the best robe, put it on my son.
Shoes for his feet, hurry, put them on.
This is my son, who I thought had died.
Prepare a feast, for my son's life!
I prayed and prayed, never heard a sound.
My son was lost, Oh Thank you God! He's found!
My son was dead and he's now alive.

Prepare a feast for my son's life!
My son was dead, my son was lost.
My son returned in the hands of God."