

The Prodigal

Amy Grant

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 foar
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

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