

Bring Him Home

Dennis DeYoung

God on high
Hear my prayer
In my need
You have always been there

He is young
He's afraid
Let him rest
Heaven blessed

Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home

He's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son
The summers die
On my own
How soon they fly
On their own
And I am old
And will be gone

Bring him peace
Bring him joy
He is young
He is only a boy

You can take
You can give
Let him be
Please let him live
For if I die
Let me die
Please let him live

Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home