

The Prodigal Son

Doris Day

Come home to the Father and open the door
Come home to the Father and wander no more

Come home to your mansions, come home to your lamps
The lamps have been lighted by welcoming hands
The riotous living, the greed, and the gold
Betrayed you and left you in famine and cold

Oh traveller throw off your garment of dreams
The fears and the failures, the heartaches and schemes
The Father will give you a rope and a ring
A banquet of gladness, a sweet song to sing

Oh lift the latch key and open the door
Come home to the Father and wander no more
Come home to the Father and wander no more