

# 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