

The Wayward Son

Glen Campbell

He was born far away from home
In a troubled place in a distant land
He was guided by a reason as he searched for the truth
Questioning life as he tried to understand
Just who he was

Disciplined by philosophy
A dead end street with no way through
Trusting education as the key to his soul
But the room that it opened held no clue
To who he was

And the Wayward Son kept looking
For a path to lead him home
A new age revelation to give him hope
And the Wayward Son kept learning
But the wisdom never came
And he searched for years to find out
Who he was

At forty he was born again
In a peaceful place in a familiar land
Sheltered by a grace God revealed His truth
And day by day he grew to comprehend
Just who he was
Refashioned by the hand of love
In the image of God's only son
He was freed from the fall with the curse in
The dust
In Christ he found the essence
Of just who he was

And the Wayward Son stopped looking
For a path to lead him home
He received a revelation that gave him hope
And the Wayward Son stopped yearning
For the wisdom of the wind
And he began to find out
Who he was

As a newborn son I'm walking
On the path that leads me home
You know the spirit's revelation gives me hope
As a newborn son I'm growing
In the wisdom of God's plan
I must lose myself to find out
Who I am

I am no longer the Wayward Son