

# The Golden Boy & The Prodigal

Jason Gray

There are two sides to every person  
Like the two sides of a dime  
Heads or tails it depends upon  
Who's watching at the time  
Though I hate to say it  
Mine is no exception  
One part is the prodigal  
The other part: deception

Like the prince and the pauper  
Like Jacob and his brother  
Each hide a different heart  
Each a shadow of the other  
Me and my doppelganger  
Both share the same blood  
One I have hated  
The other have I loved

One of them's the Golden Boy  
The man I'd like to be I show him off in the parades  
For all the world to see  
The other is much weaker  
He stumbles all the time  
The source of my embarrassment  
He's the one I try to hide

The Golden boy is made of straw  
His finest suit will surely burn  
His vice is the virtue  
That he never had to earn  
The prodigal's been broken  
And emptied at the wishing well  
But he's stronger for the breaking  
With a story to tell

I'm not easy with confessions  
It's hard to tell the truth  
But I have favored the golden boy  
While the other I've abused  
And he takes it like a man  
Though he's longing like a child  
To be loved and forgiven  
And share the burden for awhile

So take a good look in the mirror  
Tell me who you see  
The one who Jesus died for  
Or the one you'd rather be  
Can you find it in your heart  
To show mercy to the one  
The Father loved so much  
That he gave his only son...